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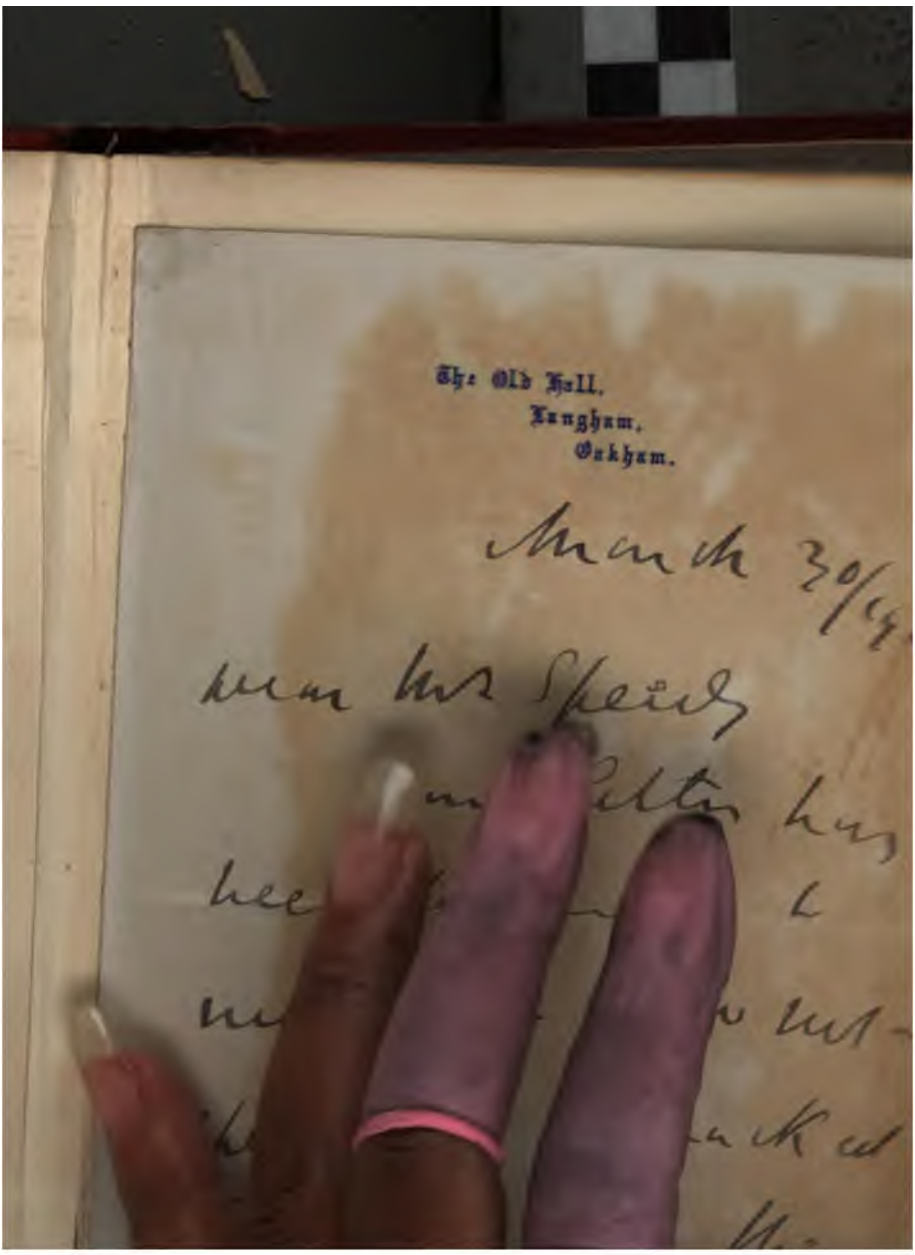
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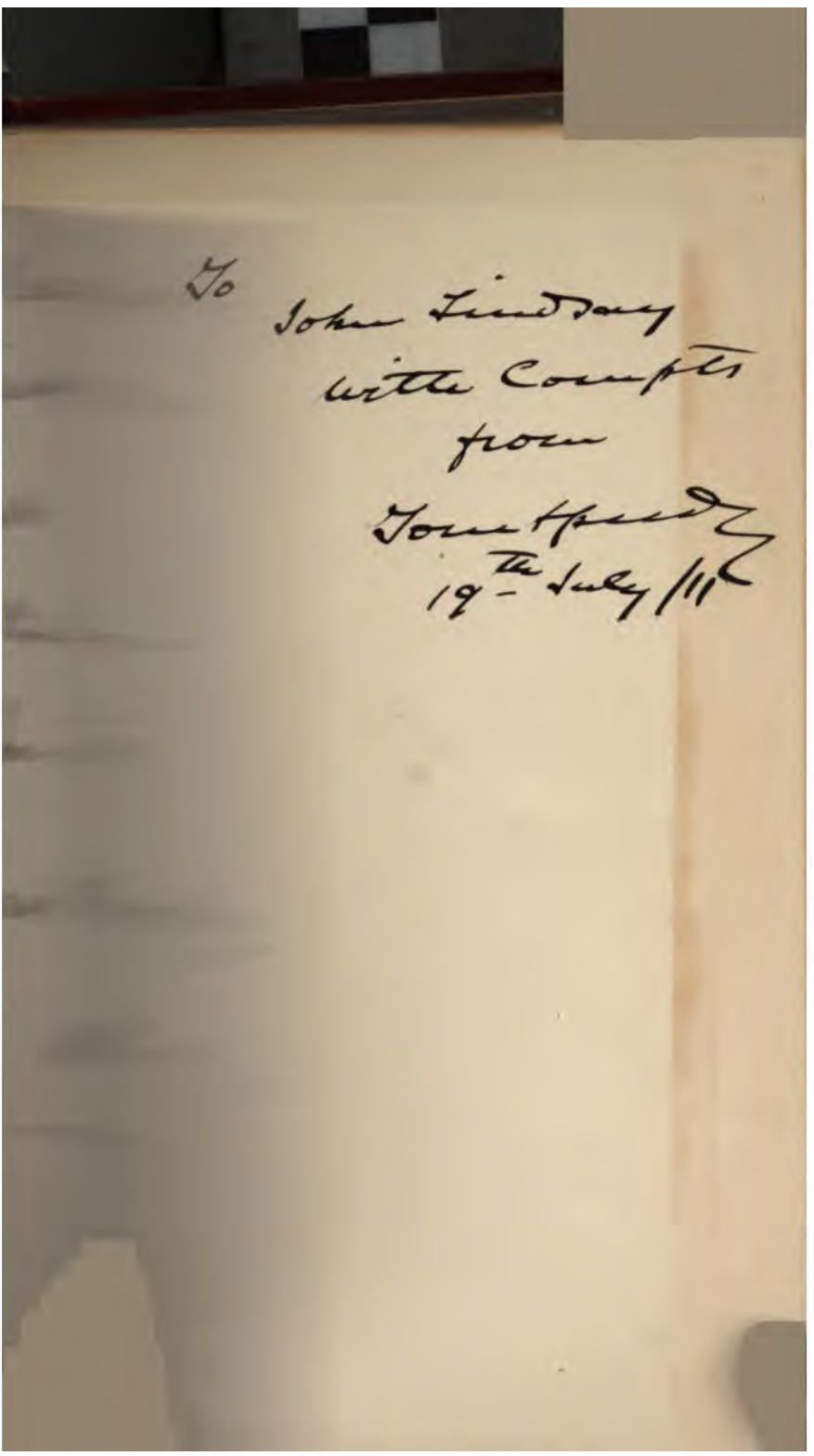
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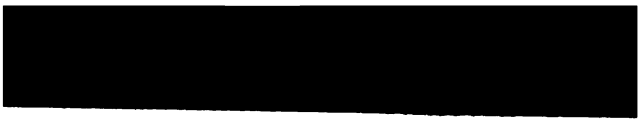

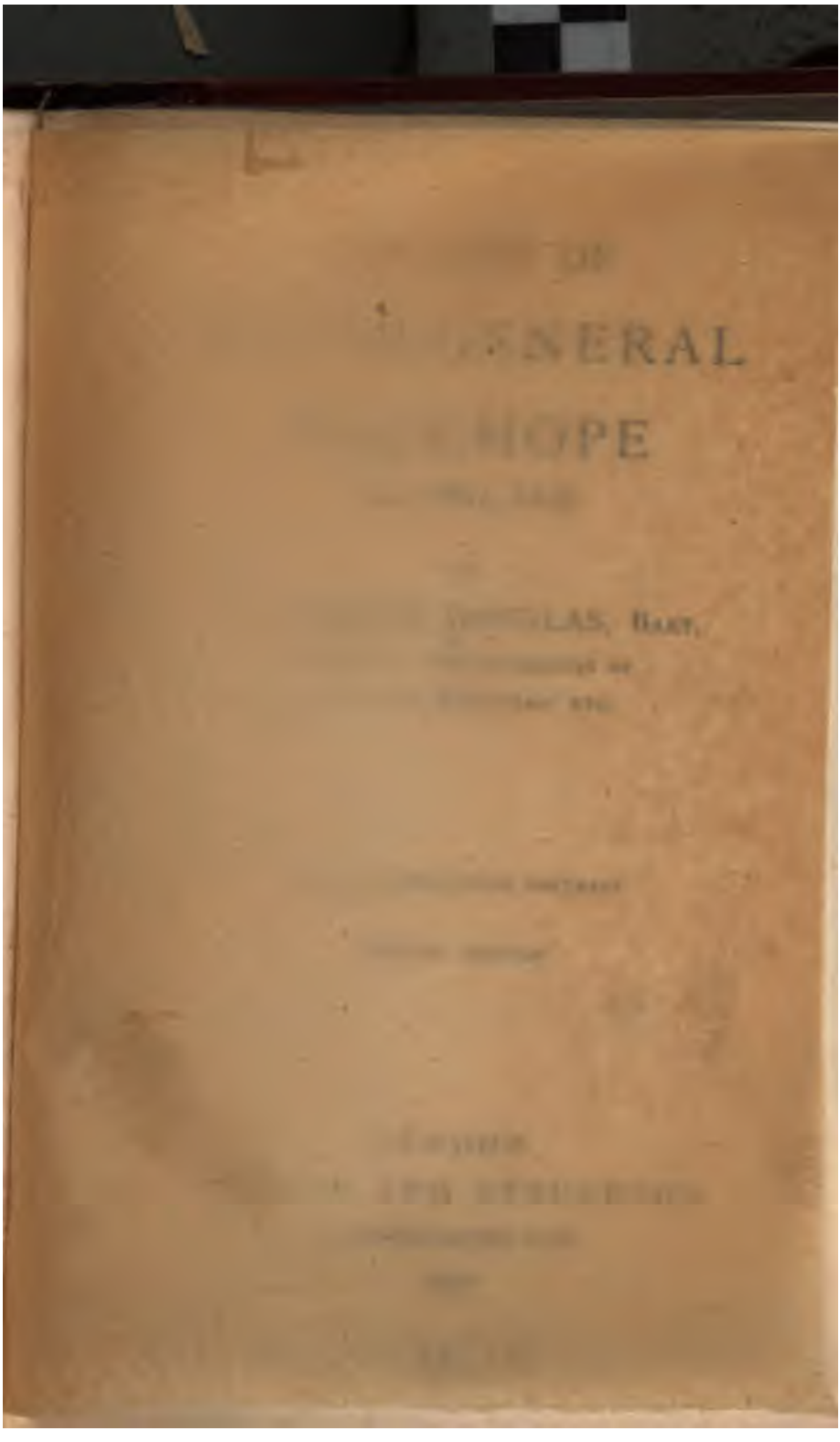

THE LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL WAUCHOPE

C.B., C.M.G., LL.D.

BY

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

AUTHOR OF 'THE DIVERSIONS OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN,' ETC.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION—EARLY YEARS WITH HIS PARENTS

It was on the dark afternoon of December 13th, 1899, that news reached Edinburgh that Major-General Andrew Wauchope had fallen, at the head of the Highland Brigade, whilst leading a night attack on the enemy's position at Magersfontein. As this news was quickly communicated by one to another, a deep gloom spread over many hearts, first in the capital, then in the suburbs, then in the surrounding country. Considering that, even at that time, the Highland Brigade was understood to have been severely cut up in the late engagement, this was but in the nature of things. And yet the sorrow—the word is not too strong—manifested by that entity so oft misunderstood, the man in the street, had in it something which at once distinguished it from that which follows upon most collective calamities. This something was a personal note: the name of Wauchope —of 'Andy Wauchope'—was breathed with tender and affectionate regret from almost every speaker's lip. Many had fallen; it was round the General's name that grief was precipitated. It is not always thus—perhaps not often—in a country where strong personal independence is carried to the point of a fault or a religion. And when, at a later hour, the sad

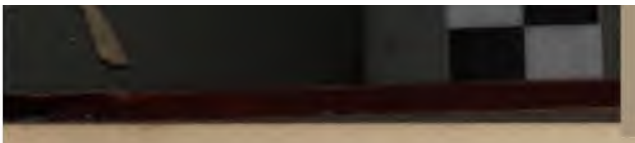
news reached the Border country—where, as well as in Edinburgh, the fallen leader had been a well-known figure—the feeling which it evoked was the same. So was it, there is good ground for believing, in some more or less modified degree, throughout the whole of Scotland. Over-emphasis in writing is a distinctive vice of the age, though not one with which the present writer is conscious of much affinity. This, at least, he strongly feels: that nowhere would it be more out of place to overstep the moderation of fact than in writing of such a man as Wauchope—one who was in his nature modest and of fine reserve, to whom anything approaching to advertisement would have been even more distasteful than to the average gentleman. The writer therefore restricts himself to stating with dispassion, in a spirit as of science, the fact which stands and is deserving record, that Scotland mourned for Wauchope as for one of the best-loved and most sorely missed of all her sons. 'There is no other Scottish soldier,' it was written at the time, 'whose death would have produced a like impression.'

Now Scotland's sympathies have ever been swift to respond to the appeal of military distinction, more especially when that distinction is embodied in the person of one of her own sons. Notwithstanding this, there may seem at first sight to be in Wauchope's case a certain disproportion between the recognition and the thing recognised. No one claims for Wauchope that he had proved himself a *great* soldier, though he may have had it in him to do so. No one, to be more particular, would think of ranking him alongside of a Colin Campbell, a Hugh Rose, or a Hope Grant. For

distinction such as theirs, he had lacked the first requisite—opportunity. As a general-officer he was all but untried in the field—his chances lay still in the future. Dying at the age of fifty-three, it is doubtful, in spite of his many and hard-fought campaigns, if he can be described with perfect fitness as a veteran. Nor, though his courage by the universal consent of those qualified to judge was of the finest, had any specially conspicuous act of personal valour happened to mark him off from his comrades-in-arms. As a soldier, it had never been his practice to fight 'for his own hand'; the aim which he set before himself was not the winning of personal glory, but to take his share of the day's work with the rest. But to the doing of that said day's work he brought a spirit, energy, devotion which are rare. He had that finest, happily not rarest, quality in a workman—the desire, the determination, to have his work well done. In him this amounted to a ruling passion. And when this becomes known, as it does not in any sphere whatever of labour or enterprise take long to do, the worker's individual share in the day's work is certain henceforth to grow and grow. It was as a plain regimental officer, then, not as a 'hero' or commander, that Wauchope's military reputation was made. His was the nature which entirely and unquestioningly sinks self in its endeavour for the general weal. In this he was whole-hearted, and in this consistent throughout. Whether this type of soldier is or is not in its own degree less valuable than the other types referred to, let me leave it to soldiers to pronounce. It is certain, it is indeed in the nature of

things, that this self-effacing type has met with far less than its due share of the attention it so easily dispenses with of the world and the biographer.

But, since Wauchope's merits were of this kind, it will be asked, How came they to receive such wide-spread recognition? They were not of the showy order, and though the circle of friends whom his noble and kindly nature had attached to him was a very wide one, that fact was quite insufficient to account for his reputation. The explanation lies partly in extraneous circumstances—circumstances lying outside his immediate professional work—which had attracted attention to him. For Wauchope was, in a sense, many-sided. But it lies much more in his character. He united in himself a certain combination of qualities which, if not unique, was rare; he realised in his own person a high type—one might almost say an ideal—of Scottish character. And that character, by his untiring devotion to duty, his constant and unvarying kindliness to all sorts and conditions of men, by other qualities as well, he had, without stepping aside from the walks of everyday life, impressed upon his countrymen. 'Even the man who brings our milk is mourning for him, as the whole town is,' wrote an Edinburgh lady, a few days after his death. 'Eh, he *was* good to cabmen,' said a cabman's wife at the same time. Another lady wrote as follows:—'I heard a little story in Lanark which may interest you, though it is only one of very many. The day the news of Magersfontein came, the Jubilee nurse was visiting a miner's wife, and found the husband sitting by the fire with tears rolling down



his cheeks. He told her he had been many years in the dear old Forty-Second, and that the General had been just like a father to them—they would never see his like again.' When Wauchope died there were many 'tributes' to his memory—tributes from quarters which conventional usage would describe as high and low. But, if I knew the man, the specimens which I have quoted (could he have heard them) were not those which would have touched him least. Of the two classes—those who erect barriers between themselves and their subordinates, and those who break existing barriers down—he belonged not to the former. And were I to describe him in a single phrase, I should say that he had, combined with the best qualities proper to the soldier, the genius of goodness and of loving-kindness. For there is a genius of the heart as well as of the mind, and it is perhaps the rarer of the two.

From the above it will appear that the task to be performed by Wauchope's biographer is a double one. In the first place, he must present a record of the incidents of an active military career. But the mere telling of the 'story of a soldier's life' is the lesser part of his undertaking. Through and beyond that record, he must endeavour to put before the reader a character-sketch of a unique and inspiring personality. And the combination of these two sources of interest should give to the result, among military biographies, an individuality of its own. How imperfectly this double aim has been realised in the following pages no one is more deeply conscious than their author. He may plead,

in partial extenuation of his shortcomings, that his task has been by no means an easy one—scarcity of document, scarcity even of oral tradition, being among the unsurmountable difficulties encountered by him. For, despite the generous collaboration of a large number of General Wauchope's companions-in-arms, the fact remains that, saving in exceptional cases, the busy life of the soldier employed on active service is not favourable to the amassing of reminiscence of the kind here required. And not more 'strict in his arrest' is Death than is Oblivion swift to spread her condor-wings—wide to envelop, powerful to enfold, and feathered with the night. Such waifs and strays of recollection as his best efforts have found still available, the author confidently offers to the public, as authentic, though imperfect, illustrations of a man whose memory and example are well worthy to survive.

ANDREW GILBERT WAUCHOPE was born at Niddrie Marischal, in a room which can still be pointed out, in the second oldest part of the house, on the 5th July 1846, and was the third of the four children of Andrew Wauchope, Esquire, of Niddrie, and Frances, his wife, daughter of Henry Lloyd, of Lloydsborough, County Tipperary,—his elders being a brother, William John, born in September 1841, and a sister, Harriet Elizabeth Frances, now the wife of the fourth Baron Ventry; whilst a second sister, Hersey Josephine Frances Mary, was many years younger than him-

self. Of the boys, the elder, William, took after his mother's family; whereas Andrew, from his earliest years, developed the characteristics of a Wauchope —somewhat modified, no doubt, by the Irish strain which was in him, and which later showed itself specially in his gift of speech, and strong, though restricted, sense of humour. It was partly on this account, perhaps, that at a very early age he became a special favourite with his father — a distinction which he retained throughout the remainder of Mr. Wauchope's life-time, and which he consistently repaid with a dutiful filial devotion. The two boys, Andy and his brother, were and remained through life devotedly attached to one another.

From the published account of the General's early childhood, one would gather that he spent that portion of his life altogether in his native country. This was by no means the case. The as yet barely articulate Andrew lisped in German, 'for the German came'; and, when wishing to speak English, would translate his thoughts word for word from the German idiom. For example, 'Now must I upstand' (*Jetzt muss ich aufstehen*), his elder sister remembers hearing him say. The explanation of this is as follows:—Mr. Wauchope, who was a keen sportsman, had at one time rented Belchester, near Coldstream, as a hunting-box; and, whilst following the Berwickshire fox-hounds from that place, had met with a serious accident—sustaining an injury by which his health was permanently impaired, and which finally caused his death at the age of fifty-six years. About the year 1851 he determined to try the effect upon his ailment of the famous

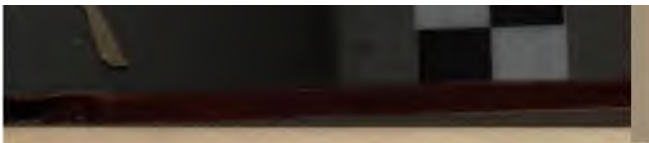
water-cure which had been established, by a physician named Priessnitz, at Gräfenberg, in the mountains of Austrian Silesia, not far from the Prussian frontier. To Gräfenberg accordingly he went, accompanied by Mrs. Wauchope and the children, where, having rented a house, he remained for about two years. During this period the young Wauchopes made acquaintance with the better-class children of the place, who became their playfellows; whence it arose that—German being the language in which this intercourse was carried on—the young Scots came to speak it naturally. It is also recorded that even their kind nurse, Mrs. Gairdiner, though long past the age when a language is easily picked up, attained at this time to speaking a mixed or hybrid tongue. But, as so often happens with knowledge acquired without conscious effort of the brain, as regards little Andrew at least, the language thus early learned was in after years completely forgotten. After leaving Gräfenberg, the family spent a winter at Nice, and before returning to Scotland visited Florence.

It was as a travelled child, therefore, that Andy—as, not only now but throughout life, he was most generally called—saw again the patrimonial estate which he had left as little more than a baby. To a lad of his keen, adventurous, and high-spirited temper, the place must at once have presented the most delightful of opportunities, of possibilities. An oasis in the midst of the Black Country which lies to the immediate south-east of Edinburgh, its spacious shrubbery-girdled house, its green parks, timber trees, and rivulet, would constitute to such a boy as he

a world of inexhaustible delights. Accordingly he loved it early; whilst to the very last evening that he spent there, and beyond it, his love continued to occupy a foremost place among those local affections which it was his nature to cherish with peculiar warmth. Nor was he now long in testing, from his own boyish point of view, the sporting capacities of Niddrie. His beginning was made in tree-climbing and bird's-nesting. Then there was angling in Niddrie Burn, which at that time still harboured trout, though these have since become extinct, as have likewise the Niddrie pheasants which later claimed his attention. Probably, to judge from a more mature standpoint, the proximity of a mining-district is not favourable to sport. But, for the present, Andy's opportunities amply sufficed him; and many a torn jacket and drenched pair of breeches bore witness to the zest with which he availed himself thereof. He has been described by one who remembers him at this time as a 'thorough little pickle,' and no doubt he deserved the character.

For the expanding mind, however, objects of interest were by no means confined to the home policies. Breaking bounds in one direction, he would be confronted by Craigmillar Castle—still preserving, as the soul of its huge body, associations of the lovely Queen of Scots; whilst, in another direction, his gaze would fall upon the sea—now so soon to fill a foremost and absorbing place in his young imagination. Here, also, lay Portobello sands, at that time a favourite spot for the exercising of troops—a spectacle on which the future Brigadier looked not in vain. So, since it is

the nature of childhood to imitate maturity, we hear of his putting the boys of the neighbourhood through their drill. He had also a second regiment under his command which was of mixed composition. After the outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854, his uncle, Captain George Elliot of the Royal Navy,—he had married Mr. Wauchope's sister,—was ordered with his ship to the Black Sea. The juvenile party at Niddrie was then recruited by the Captain's daughters—now the Countess Dowager of Northesk and Mrs. Dacre Butler—coming to reside there,—which young ladies, with his sister, and some boys and girls living on the estate, he formed into a household corps. Nor must it be understood that, merry as the little party was, its enrolment was treated purely as a joke. That would not have been in keeping with Andy's character; and, though the entire regiment was devoted to its commander, they knew that, when occasion required, it was quite within his power to be irascible, and were consequently just the least bit afraid of him. Those were the days of spirited attacks on, and defences of, the ice-house—a chamber of which the roof formed a mound of turf, constituting, in mimic warfare, an ideal position to hold or to assail. That Andy's mind was just then running upon military things is shown by his reply to the village schoolmaster, when called on to descend from the high park-wall upon which he had mounted to the peril of his neck: 'All right, Mr. Savage,' he shouted, with a wave of his hand; 'I 'm only viewing the enemy!' But his most remarkable performance of this kind is yet to be told. There were visitors at Niddrie, and he had marched his

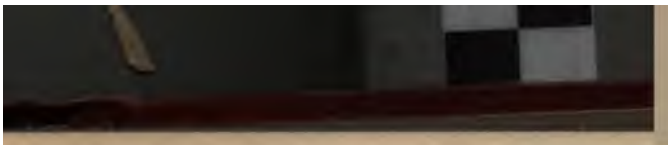


corps, of which he was justly proud, to the house for inspection, himself riding before on his black pony, Donald. He put his soldiers through their facings to the entertainment of the guests, who, however, were scarcely prepared for what came next. For, having given the word of command, 'March—forward,' he actually proceeded to ride into the hall, through the dining-room, and out on to the terrace at the back of the house, his well-drilled soldiers following, with drum beating and flag flying. Surely, for one who in time to come was to be famous as a leader, this early disregard of obstacles was no bad beginning!

Rich, however, as were the resources of Niddrie, they were perhaps surpassed by those of the second family property at Yetholm, to which the boy paid occasional visits. Here, indeed, were no enclosed park, no stately mansion; but, in their place, the green open country of the Cheviot Hills, Bowmont Water with its trout-streams, Yetholm Loch with its flocks of various wild-fowl, its shoals of perch, and its pike for which a trimmer might be set. Truly the paradise of any healthily minded boy who has preserved the natural instincts of the race! At Yetholm, too, one may assume that a greater freedom of intercourse with all conditions of men would naturally be his than within the gates of Niddrie Marischal. And to Andrew Wauchope, man and boy, such intercourse was dear. Already, at the age of eight, he made himself known to every soul in Yetholm village, and would run as he chose in and out of every house there. To all alike he was just 'Andy'; and, though during youth he was

the intervening miners' village behind them, and were safe at home once more. Meantime, in the house they had just left, their absence, and the failure to discover them by search, were causing consternation.

More surprising than to hear that he was shy with strangers is it to learn that the boy who was afterwards to be celebrated for his dauntless and unflinching courage was at this time highly strung and extremely nervous. He was likewise a prey to superstitious fear and to terrors of the imagination—more afraid to go upstairs alone in the dark than were the sister and girl-cousins, his playmates; nay, addicted upon occasion to leaving his own solitary bedroom, for company's sake, to sleep upon the floor of theirs. I have already hinted that his temper could be warm, not to say fiery. This was especially apt to be the case when any one, wishing to tease him, would address him as 'Carrots,' or otherwise rudely allude to the redness of his hair—a point as to which he was peculiarly sensitive. Indeed it is remembered that, at a later date, in one of his early letters from school, he reported progress by speaking of himself as 'becoming very brave' (as, upon parental exhortation, he had doubtless set himself to do) and 'not minding much now when the other boys teased him about his hair.' On this point, his kind nurse, Gairdiner, used to seek to soothe his *amour-propre* by saying consolingly of the auburn locks, 'Eh! *yon*'s no reid.' And it is characteristic of his grateful and affectionate nature that, long afterwards, when a young officer of the Black Watch, 'with all the world



before him where to choose,' he found time to travel twice to Dundee for the express purpose of visiting the old woman, then a pensioner of the family and bedridden. So that, if his temper was warm, his heart was certainly not less so. Another of his boyish virtues was unselfishness. 'Extraordinarily unselfish for a man,' says of him one of those who at this time and afterwards lived on terms of closest intimacy with him. And that, from a woman, is as handsome a concession as can be expected. Also, before concluding this chapter—though it belongs by date to his twelfth year—there is one little anecdote, told by a nurse of the family, which to me seems admirably to illustrate that sense of deep and far-away thoughtfulness which his aspect sometimes conveyed to those who were in his company, and which served to mark him off from commoner men.

In June 1858 he lost his mother. By this time he had made up his mind to go to sea, and was indeed being prepared to enter the training-ship. Strolling dejectedly near Niddrie in the interval before the funeral, he came upon the gardener, who was assisting in digging poor Mrs. Wauchope's grave. Him he addressed by name, and—dreaming, no doubt, in his mournful mood of a foreign or a watery grave as his own probable portion—to him said, 'You need not leave room for me—I shall not be buried there.' Viewed by the light of after events, this utterance seems prophetic. At the lowest estimate, it suffices to prove in Wauchope's case the truth of the poetic adage, 'A boy's thoughts are long, long thoughts.'

His sense of loss sustained by his mother's death was not soon or easily assuaged, and at least up to the period of his early manhood he would still at times experience a sensation as of her spiritual presence beside his bed at night.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOLDAYS—SERVICE IN THE NAVY

To resume the chronological narration of events, when in his tenth year Andy was put to a school at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire. This school, which had been carefully selected for him by Mrs. Wauchope, was in more than one respect a remarkable one. It had been founded some time before by a certain Dr. Heldenmeyer, who in earlier days had been an assistant-master under the celebrated philanthropic educationist, Pestalozzi, in his institution at Yverdun. Jean-Henri Pestalozzi had died in 1827; and, before young Wauchope went to Worksop, his former assistant Heldenmeyer had been succeeded in the management of the school by a Dr. Ellenberger, a Swiss gentleman of high character, who continued to conduct the establishment upon Pestalozzian lines.

It may be remembered that, in his *Livre des Mères*, the much-misunderstood reformer of Zurich had made a special appeal to mothers; whilst, in the sequel to his famous work of fiction entitled *Léonard et Gertrude*, he had sought to instruct these in the art of developing the affections of their children. Well, it seems more than likely that, during her long residence on the Continent, Mrs. Wauchope may have

read those books, and been attracted by them; whence her choice of the Worksop school for her younger boy. It is now most commonly considered that, though admittedly a man of genius, Pestalozzi was unpractical; but, in the fifties of the last century, the humanity of his system, together with his fascinating doctrine of developing the human faculties in conformity with natural progress, may well have appealed successfully to an enlightened and affectionate English mother. To Worksop, at any rate, Andrew was sent; and it is certainly not too much to claim that, were the school memorable for nothing else, its existence is justified by the share it had in producing the man whom he came to be. His own account of this experience of his, as he would give it later in life, was that he had been placed at the Pestalozzian school because it was known that there he would not be corporally corrected; but that being a very naughty little boy, he was not found to progress under this system, and so was removed elsewhither—an account, as I need not insist, due solely to his fondness for fun.

The means of intellectual training mainly relied on at Dr. Ellenberger's were mathematics and modern languages. The study of Latin may have been compulsory; but Greek, if taught at all, was certainly optional; so that Wauchope in later life would sometimes regret that he had received little or no classical education. Gymnastics filled an important place in the course. Diet, by comparison with more modern standards, was Spartan—meat being eaten but once daily—v surviving schoolfellow of the

General's recalls retiring to bed at night with stomach crying aloud for fresh supplies. The tone of school-life was exceptionally pure and high, the use of foul language being voted by the boys themselves 'bad form'; whilst that the school found favour among parents is proved by the fact that it would be patronised by the youth of entire families—brothers, cousins, and kinsmen of more remote degree succeeding each other in it. When at the fullest, it numbered as many as a hundred pupils.

It was as a 'little, red-haired, freckled boy' that Wauchope struck one of his contemporaries when he made his appearance at Worksop. Portraits of Dr. Ellenberger's scholars of that period show that they wore large white collars and full black bow ties, with hair hanging in heavy side-locks; and, in reference to the last, it is a curious fact that at this early age Wauchope had already developed the trick, which in moments of abstraction clung to him through life, of twisting a finger in his fore-lock. Indeed, it was on seeing him do this that a friend, who had been at Worksop with him and had not met him again until many years after, exclaimed, 'Ah! now I know for certain that you are the same Wauchope with whom I was at school!' Being the only Scots boy in the school, he was known to his schoolmates as 'Scotchie'; and it is noteworthy that when asked what profession he proposed to enter, he would, even at this age, invariably reply, 'I shall join the Forty-Second Regiment.'

Perhaps the school-days of remarkable men are not generally remarkable; if this is so, then Wauchope's

are exceptional. But from this it must not for a moment be understood that he is to be pictured as a faultless creature, of the type of Arthur in *Tom Brown's School-Days*. That would be altogether misleading. If Wauchope at this time displayed an excellent disposition, it was a disposition for whatever mischief might be toward at the moment. In that, indeed, he bore a foremost part. So that were there, for example, question of a 'barring out,' he was sure to be art and part of it. But, no doubt, it was in breaking bounds that he most distinguished himself. Among Dr. Ellenberger's charges, to enter the village of Worksop was strictly against rules. But Scotchie's escapades to that forbidden spot, to procure and fetch back 'tuck,' were notorious and remain memorable. It is also remembered that, when he received a hamper of good things from home, he would always gather his friends about him to assist at the opening. Nor was it only in lawbreaking that he showed his superior mettle. He is described as 'the hardest of boys.' So, in the game of 'shinny,' a variety of hockey which was played on the ground adjoining the school-house, he would never hesitate to 'go for' a boy of double his size; and when knocked over, as happened generally —no matter how roughly — he was never known to utter a word or sound of complaint. Being this sort of boy, it is not to be wondered at that, despite his tender age, he soon became a leader among his fellows—of whom some at least admired him enthusiastically. But, notwithstanding his hardiness, it is recorded of him that he was capable, in certain circumstances, of exhibiting strong emotion.

The description of one of his journeys, when returning to school, is characteristic. He had entered the railway-carriage neatly attired in an Eton jacket and grey trousers. But, before he had reached his journey's end, this immaculate get-up had undergone some sullying from the contents of a succession of pork-pies, which he had bought at the railway refreshment room, and of which he devoured the meat, flinging the crust out of window. On this occasion, also, he contrived to lose his railway-ticket, whence his fellow-passengers anticipated difficulties. Not a bit of it! For, with the good fortune which attends the happy-go-lucky, even this accident turned to his advantage. For, having been conducted into the presence of the station-master, he returned triumphant, announcing his intention to lose his ticket every time he travelled—the official having not only accepted his explanations, but treated him to tea, with jam *ad lib.* into the bargain.

Side by side with his boyish spirit there was in Andy a strong vein of romance. This showed itself in various ways. For one thing, following the traditions of his family, he was in early life a stout (if not always quite consistent) adherent of Jacobitism. So that one day, when the members of a family-party assembled at Niddrie were singing together the song of *The Blue Bells of Scotland*, on coming to the line,

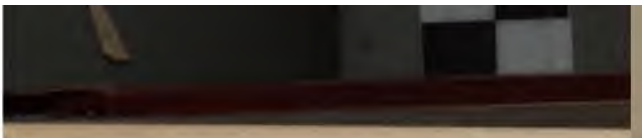
> 'He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne,'

Andy insisted on substituting the name of Charles for that of George, in defiance of the consideration

that Prince Charlie had never been *de facto* a king, or occupied a throne. At variance with this spirit was the profound admiration which, in later life, he developed for Cromwell, as also for Napoleon, founded no doubt in either case upon his love of good soldiership.

He was also much interested in the remarkable men produced in historic times by his own family. For example, he was extremely proud of two Wauchope brothers who had taken part in the defence of Limerick, and who, after the triumph of William the Third, rose to be generals in foreign services. Of these, by the way, one settled in France, becoming the founder of a French branch of the Wauchope family, which continued until lately in existence. The other served in the Spanish army. Again, in the dining-room at Niddrie hang two portraits, one of them representing that Sir John Wauchope who, departing from his family traditions, became distinguished as a Covenanter; the other a Wauchope of the preceding century, 'a man of rare ability,'[1] who, besides rising to the primacy of Ireland, and being present at the Council of Trent, must have been remarkable also in a very different line, since, notwithstanding that he had been blind from childhood, it is said that he would ride 'across country,' trusting entirely to his horse: well, it was a favourite subject of debate between Andy and one of his sisters whether it would have been more desirable to be the Archbishop or the Covenanter.

[1] *Life of Ignatius Loyola*, by 'Stewart Rose' (Lady Buchan), p. 256.



So much for the appeal made to his imagination by the glamour surrounding the royal Stuarts, and by the figures which had issued from his own race to leave a name and tradition behind them. Whilst he was at Dr. Ellenberger's school, however, it was an influence of a very different kind which was at work upon him. He read Captain Marryat's novels of sea-life, and their rich humour and gallant spirit of adventure captivated his fancy. 'Sailors are such jolly fellows!' he would say, characteristically, at this period; and an old woman-servant of the Niddrie family still remembers his kindly desire to induce her to read the books which had so powerfully and delightfully affected himself. Evidently, like many another, Master Andy had not yet mastered the truth that, in literature as well as outside it, one man's meat may be another's poison. Among the books of his choice, his favourite was *Peter Simple*; and one can fancy his vaguely recognising an affinity in that most charmingly ingenious of 'young gentlemen'—a gentleman certainly by no means in conventional style only. Now, probably there is not one boy in a thousand whose course in life is much affected by what he reads; Andrew Wauchope was, however, that thousandth boy. His passion for the sea was confirmed by a visit which he paid to the ship of his uncle, Sir George Elliot, probably at Portsmouth; so that, forgetful now of his earlier military aspirations, he made up his mind to enter the Royal Navy. In another case than his own, there might of course have been difficulties about his carrying out his intention. But, in this as

in most other things, his devotedly attached father was willing to let him have his way. Accordingly it was decided that he should go to sea.[1]

This decision rendered advisable his transference from the Worksop School to one where more specialised training would be available. He was therefore removed from Dr. Ellenberger's establishment, after the comparatively short stay of two years or less, to be placed at Stubbington House, near Fareham, Hampshire, which he entered in June 1858, when he had all but completed his twelfth year. The village of Stubbington is pleasantly situated, among the green fields, hedge-rows, and timber-trees of true country, distant about a mile from the Solent shore, and separated from Gosport by six or seven miles of furze-grown open. Stubbington House, which stands in good grounds of its own, must have

[1] Among the influences which served to turn the lad's thoughts seaward, that of one of his grand-uncles must on no account be overlooked. Robert Wauchope had been born at Niddrie in 1788; he entered the Royal Navy in 1805, rose to the rank of an Admiral of the Blue, and died in Edinburgh in 1862. His career was a stirring one, comprising participation in the war with Napoleon, voyages in treasure ships, the chase and capture of slavers, a personal interview with the ex-Emperor in his exile at St. Helena, and other similar incidents characteristic of those more adventurous times. He was, further, a man of considerable mechanical ingenuity—the inventor of the time-ball in use in observatories—and, lastly and most essentially, of the profoundest religious feelings. Young Wauchope, with his brother and a sister, visited him at his residence, Dacre Lodge, in Cumberland, when the Admiral took a strong fancy to the boy, who may perhaps have reminded him of a dearly loved only son whom he had lost. The result was that when, in 1861, he wrote a 'Short Narrative of God's Merciful Dealings' towards himself, he addressed the MS. to his 'Very dear Andy'—the fifteen-year-old lad who was entering his own profession. The narrative, which has been preserved, forms a document of much human, and no little historical, interest.

been rather an imposing structure even before it received the additions which, since Wauchope's day, have been necessitated by a large increase in the number of the pupils. It is of the Georgian type, contains at least one fine panelled room, and is traditionally said to have been built about the year 1715, by a person bearing the somewhat inauspicious and equivocal name of Missing, from the proceeds of a contract to supply the Army and Navy with flour and biscuit at the time of the siege of Gibraltar—that is, most probably, of the capture of that fortress by Rooke in 1704. Stubbington House School had been founded in 1841 by the Reverend William Foster, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who still presided over it; and at the date of Wauchope's entering, it numbered about forty alumni. It was at that time carried on as a training-school for the Army, Navy, and other professions. Youths would consequently continue their studies there up to the ages of eighteen and nineteen; and it is probably due to the fact of his being overshadowed by pupils so much older than himself that Wauchope seems to have left a much less distinct impression of his personality behind him here than he had done at Worksop. His stay here was also shorter.

In any case, my endeavours to recover traces of him whilst at Stubbington House School have not been successful. The present genial headmaster, Montagu Foster, Esquire, who though senior to Wauchope, was at school with him under his own father, remembers him only as a well-bred boy, wearing plaid trousers and a heavy gold watch-chain.

The colour of his hair still attracted the notice of his schoolfellows, for he was known among them as 'Reddy.' One of them, now a retired Captain of the Navy, with whom—though they were but for a short time together—he became great friends, recalls him as a 'kind, warm-hearted boy, very considerate to boys younger than himself.' Another, with him both here and on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, speaks of 'his cheeriness and sociability being in those days unequalled.' It is also remembered that his schoolfellows were not a little impressed by a visit paid to him by his uncle Elliot, who had then just been appointed Captain of the Fleet.

Of those schoolfellows, at least one has since risen to fame. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who was not only with Wauchope at Stubbington, but whose chest stood next his in the *Britannia*, and who through life continued on terms of warm friendship with him, thus writes of him: 'We met often about the world in different ports, and were mutually delighted at our meetings. He had a splendid character—bold, unselfish, manly, and chivalrous; and he commanded not only the respect, but the honest affection of all who knew him. He was a brilliant example of what a British officer should be in all his characteristics.' And again: 'Andy Wauchope was a grand and good man in every sense of the word—the Empire cannot afford to lose such men.' Wauchope and Beresford, the Scotsman and the Irishman, each enthusiastically proud of his own nationality, had many an argument together as to which nation produced the most interesting characters; and it is stated that, though

agreeing cordially upon every other point, as to this they never once agreed.

One anecdote of this period of Wauchope's life has been preserved. It is to the effect that, feeling the monotony of their daily life weigh heavily upon them, the boys of Stubbington one day agreed to draw lots to determine who should break it by running away from school, and that they even clubbed their money to defray the expenses of the truant. The lot fell upon Andy, who, true to his word, abode by the terms of the agreement, and left the school—arriving in due course in Paris (where his family then was), with no luggage save a monkey, which he had bought from an Italian organ-grinder at Boulogne. He was, of course, sent promptly back. In later life he often told and laughed over this episode. For my own part, I am inclined to regard the earlier part of it as a 'put up thing'—a boys' trick played off upon a companion whose character of simplicity, combined with strictness in observance of the obligations of honour, real or imagined, had to them seemed to present an irresistible opportunity for practices of this kind. In after-life Wauchope was used to remark that he had been at two schools, at one of which he was the best, at the other the worst, of the boys. From what we have seen of him at Worksop, it was evidently at Stubbington that he bore the higher character. And it seems not at all unlikely that a desire to pass promptly for the Navy may have brought about the change. So, in due course, he presented himself at the Naval College, Portsmouth, for examination by the Rev. Mr. Mayne —Second Wrangler of his year at Cambridge, and to

this day remembered for his exceptional skill and judgment as an examiner; and, having satisfied that gentleman's requirements, on the 13th September 1859 he entered the *Britannia* training-ship, under Captain Harris and Chief-Instructor Inskip, at Portsmouth. His stay at Stubbington House had terminated in the previous July.

In those days a naval cadet's term of service, before being drafted into a sea-going ship, varied from six months to twelve. Wauchope remained the longer time in the *Britannia*, his career there being uneventful, but noticeable for the fact that throughout it he continued to impress his comrades by his personality, and to win and hold their good opinion. By those among them with whom I have communicated, he is described as being universally popular, of a cheerful and straightforward disposition, though reserved, keen in all matters both of work and play, high-couraged and resolute. Rear-Admiral William Mann speaks of him in these words: 'A strong character, absolutely fearless, he was a leader of boys as he afterwards was of men; one that we all looked up to—the sort of boy one felt one could take no liberties with, and would love to gain the approval of. He never bullied, and couldn't be bullied. Always cheerful and hopeful.' I think that all those who knew Wauchope in later years will recognise in this portrait the boy as father to the man.

Physically he had developed since the old Worksop days, his appearance, when on board the *Britannia*, being thus described by another of his messmates: 'An admirable type of the well-born Scotch laddie,

he had reddish hair curling close to the head, a broad white forehead, and very bright blue eyes—rather high cheek-bones.' The same writer adds, 'I have seen his portrait since his death, and it gives him a very thin face; but of course as a boy his face was much fuller.' Speaking of his humour, another correspondent says, 'I can see the twinkle of his blue eyes before me as I am writing.' In the cockpit of the ship, where the cadets slept and made their toilet, his chest stood next to that of Mr. (now Captain) Horatio Kemble, with whom he shared a servant, one Nichols of the R.M.L.I.

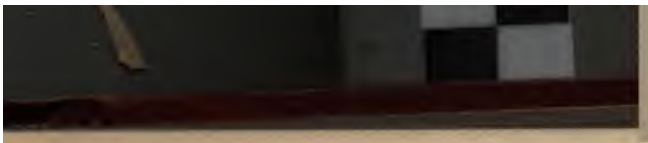
Wauchope was discharged from the *Britannia* on the 21st September 1860. On the 5th October following, an Admiralty Minute, initialed by Sir Robert Dundas, Lord of the Admiralty, appoints him as 'part complement' to H.M.S. *St. George*, Captain the Hon. Francis Egerton, then lying in Plymouth Sound. 'It was one of the happiest days of my life,' says he, speaking of himself, as, attired in his new uniform, he walked down the High Street of Portsmouth—the scene, by the way, of Nelson's last exploit on British ground, when he gave an enthusiastic mob the slip by passing through the courtyard of 'The George.' 'It was one of the happiest days of my life,—a day in which I felt myself identified as an officer in Her Majesty's service—more particularly as on the way down to the harbour I was met and saluted by a marine.'

The *St. George* was a screw steamship of 500 horse-power, carrying ninety-one guns and a crew of eight hundred all told. She was considered one of the

finest fighting vessels afloat, and is described as among the noblest-looking ships in the service. Her next commission was to carry the sailor prince Alfred, Queen Victoria's second son, then a lad of sixteen years of age, on a cruise to the West Indian Islands and the North American Station. In consideration of the Prince's presence, her officers had been selected with special care; and, apart from family considerations, it may be regarded as a proof of the good estimation in which Wauchope was held that he should have been among their number.

The log of the *St. George*, preserved in the Record Office of the Admiralty, shows that she remained at Plymouth until near the end of November, being alternately moored in the Sound and secured to a hulk in the Hamoaze, whilst her officers and men were employed as is usual under similar conditions. Such entries as 'Young gentlemen at gun-drill,' at cutlass or rifle-drill, or at knotting and splicing, or seamanship, are the nearest approaches we obtain to any reference to Naval Cadet Wauchope. On November the 25th the ship was in Portland Harbour, where, with short intervals spent in steaming or in sailing propeller up,' she remained until her return to Plymouth on December 15th. At Plymouth the New Year, 1861, was ushered in by the young officers in a somewhat hilarious manner. It was blowing a gale at the time, and they, a little elevated, made a 'tremendous row' in the cockpit, striking sixteen bells,[1] and so on. In the evening they had been ashore to see a panto-

[1] For the benefit of non-nautical readers, I may explain that sixteen bells are struck but once in a year, at midnight on the 31st December.



mime performed. Having proceeded from Plymouth to Spithead, and thence to Osborne, on January 7th the *St. George* was visited by Her Majesty the Queen. After this the crew were employed in taking in stores. On January 16th H.R.H. Prince Alfred joined the ship at Plymouth, whence she at once proceeded under sail, with wind right aft, on her voyage to the West Indies. Young Wauchope's dream was now realised; nor was it long ere the strength of his passion for the sea was to be rudely tested.

For the first three days after leaving Plymouth the weather continued favourable to the ship's course, and not altogether unpleasant. The Channel was, therefore, soon cleared, and the crew began to indulge in visions of a quick passage to Barbadoes, the first island they were to visit. These agreeable anticipations were, however, doomed to disappointment; for on the third day of the voyage the wind headed the ship, which thereupon began to knock about in a manner very uncomfortable to those within her. By this time, too, harbour luxuries in the shape of milk and fresh vegetables were exhausted, and the usual discomforts of a mid-winter cruise in the North Atlantic began to be felt.

The *St. George* was now off the Bay of Biscay, to the north-west of Cape Finisterre. The wind, which blew from the south-west, went on increasing in strength until the 25th or 26th of the month, and for several days the ship was driven from her course. On the evening of the latter day, the barometer fell still lower than before, and night closed in with as unpleasant a prospect of a hard blow as has often

been experienced. About 11 P.M. the gale reached its height. A close-reefed main-topsail, fore staysail and mizzen course were then the only canvas which could be shown to it, and that was momentarily expected to be blown away. The ship heeled over to an angle of thirty degrees, laying at times lee-chains under, and took in seas over her bows and waist continuously. The decks were all afloat—the cockpit having in it from twelve to twenty inches of water. It was here that the chests of the gun-room officers were billeted; and at last, as squall followed squall in quick succession and the ship continued rolling, these chests took charge, dashing from side to side in the water, with results disastrous to the contents of those which were not water-tight. In the mess-room, crockery was smashed, and books and instruments came to grief. During all this time, the moon shone and the weather was quite clear; so that the scene to any one who could have viewed it in an artistic sense must have been magnificent in the extreme. When daylight broke next morning, however, the aspect presented by the ship was one of the most dreary discomfort imaginable. So much, then, for Wauchope's first taste of sea-life. It was in itself enough to try the mettle of a seaman. But, in the boy's case, the disagreeables of the situation were heightened to positive misery in consequence of an accident which had befallen him on the night of the 25th January, when, in shortening sail in the dark, during a heavy squall, he had been caught in the coil of the jib halyards, which lifted him from the deck and threw him down, badly breaking his arm. On

the 27th January the gale moderated—only, however, to increase again, until a scene resembling that just described was re-enacted. This lasted for two or three days, at the end of which time the ship went about to the northward, shortly afterwards catching a fair wind which put her well on her course to Barbadoes—where she arrived without further mishap on the 21st February. Here she anchored in Carlisle Bay, where she found Her Majesty's ships *Nile*, *Styx*, and *Barracouta*; and where Wauchope found himself amid scenery celebrated in his favourite *Peter Simple*.

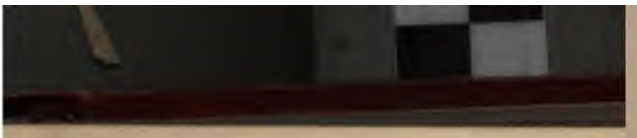
After the perils of ocean, the pleasures of the port. The island was *en fête* to do honour to her royal visitor, who, having landed 'under all proper salutes,' met with an excellent reception from the islanders. Bridgetown was decorated. Illuminations and a procession, a déjeuner, levée, and ball at Government House, and a 'dignity ball' followed; at some or all of which we may imagine Wauchope present—his arm, still carried in a sling, eliciting the sympathy of the fair and compassionate ladies of the place. Among their coloured sisters, his boyish face and bright colouring were the subject of much admiration, so much so that one of his messmates still recalls the embarrassment to which the modest lad was put by the frank declaration of a native washerwoman, 'Massa Wauchope, I do lub you so'—an incident, as may be imagined, which gave rise to a good deal of 'chaff' among his companions.

The days following the Prince's landing were devoted to visiting a sugar-mill and other sight-

seeing, to playing a cricket-match, and attending a review; whilst the evenings were spent in dancing. And the visit to Barbadoes was but the first stage in a royal progress made by the Prince through the adjacent islands, each of which, according to ability, did its best to welcome him heartily. The young officers of the *St. George* had every opportunity of thoroughly enjoying themselves. From Barbadoes the ship proceeded to St. Vincent, where an ascent to the craters of the Soufrière was the principal event. On the way down, two snakes which had been killed, of which each measured some four feet six inches in length, came into the possession of one of the midshipmen—Wauchope or another—who caused some amusement to those present by proceeding forthwith to pack them into his pockets, merely remarking as he did so that he 'hoped the beggars were dead.'[1]

On leaving St. Vincent, the *St. George* visited first St. Lucia, where a torchlight dance, performed by negroes, was one of the entertainments offered to the visitors; and, next, Fort Royal, Martinique, where four French men-of-war were lying, and where Wauchope may perhaps have recalled memories of the fair Céleste and the tender experiences of his favourite hero in romance. Thence—the French squadron accompanying—to St. Pierre, and thence to Dominica, Guadaloupe, Antigua, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Kitts, Tortola, and St. Thomas, in all of which islands the authorities vied with each other in doing

[1] The authority for this anecdote merely gives the initial, W., which may refer either to Wauchope or to another officer of the *St. George*, Watson by name.



honour to the royal visitor—the officers of the ship coming in, of course, for their share in the festivities. Their life, when not on duty, was, in fact, to a large extent a round of gaieties, which they varied by seining-parties, or by rides into the interior of the islands, by bathing, cutter-racing, and playing at 'swinging the monkey.' In other respects it was uneventful, the sight of an albatross or of masses of Gulf weed being the sort of incidents which diversified it. During this cruise, steam was only used when necessary to enable the ship to keep up to time in carrying out the programme which had been arranged for her.

Wauchope was now for a time to be separated from his companions. He had been returning in the dark from a ride at Santa Cruz, the seat of the Danish West Indian Government, when his horse fell under him, fracturing his arm a second time, almost in the same place as before. His good-nature made him an excellent subject for gun-room badinage, and henceforth his messmates poked their fun at him as being peculiarly brittle. The poor lad's case, however, demanded greater care than could be given on shipboard; so it was arranged when the ship sailed that he should be left behind. He was placed in charge of the Governor of the island, whose heart he seems entirely to have won; for the kindly Dane, when writing to report progress to Mr. Wauchope, used to say that the longer the boy could be left with him the better he would be pleased. Wauchope also remembered with gratitude, in later years, the kindness of a native woman named Dinah who had

acted as his nurse at Santa Cruz. When he rejoined his ship some two months later, he was jubilant over the 'high old time' which he declared he had spent on shore.

Recording as it does, with equal gravity, the breaking of a sherry-glass and the falling of a man from aloft, a ship's log does not afford very stimulating literary fare; nor, except in so far as they illustrate Wauchope's life are the movements of the *St. George* of interest to ourselves. In May 1861 she was at Bermuda; whence, in company with the *Nile* and *Jason*, she started for Halifax, Nova Scotia—the warships testing their sailing powers one against the other on the voyage. At Halifax, or between there and neighbouring ports, she spent the remainder of the summer and the autumn. The American Civil War, as will be remembered, was then raging, and her presence in these waters was calculated to produce a wholesome impression. For there was loose gunpowder about at the time; which, as it happened, a thoughtless prank of the *St. George's* middies came very near igniting. Some of these young gentlemen, skylarking about Halifax after a supper, had come on what they took for a phœnix doing duty for a sign, which they proceeded with some difficulty to unship. After acting in like manner to other signs, three of the lads were captured by the police and placed in 'chokey.' And now, lo and behold, it is discovered that the supposed phœnix is in reality the American eagle, displayed above the Consulate! In the inflamed state of public feeling the newspapers took up the incident, describing it as a 'secession act,' an insult

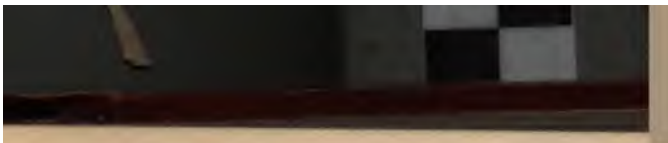
by British officers to the States; so that, had not the American Consul been a man of good sense and feeling, this freak of a few wild lads might have been followed by serious consequences. As it was, the offenders got off with the payment of a £4 fine and damages.

From a journal kept by one of Wauchope's messmates, I extract the following entry, under date June 12th: 'Fine day. I, Wauchope, and Francis went for a fishing excursion up the Basin. Caught five dozen fish. Encamped in the woods; made a slight supper; went to the Indian camp; had a little more supper there, and then went with one of them lobster-spearing at 10 P.M. Speared about half-a-dozen. We had not enough torches, or we should have got more.' This 'specimen day' of happy boyhood is one of the very few from Wauchope's life at this period now recoverable from the deepening shades.

Passing on to the winter, we find a prospect of active service now opening before the *St. George*. It had come about in this way. After having exercised considerable forbearance towards Mexico, England had at last agreed to co-operate with France and Spain in demanding from the Constitutional Government of Benito Juarez satisfaction for the claims of foreign creditors, redress for injuries to foreign subjects. Accordingly, having proceeded from Halifax to the Bahamas, in January 1862 the *St. George* cruised off the Mexican coast, visiting Sacraficios, Anton Lizardo, and Vera Cruz. But by this time the self-interested designs of the French Emperor had become

patent to the world, with the result that England and Spain withdrew from the Convention. A turn in the fortunes of the American War then induced Napoleon himself to withdraw his troops, and his tool, the unfortunate Maximilian, was left to pay for his ambitious schemes.

Whilst lying in the bay of Sacraficios, anxiously awaiting orders which should lead to some movement on active service, the crew of the *St. George* had received a communication of a very different kind—namely, that of the lamented death of the Prince Consort, which reached them through a Spanish newspaper. At the Havana, a few days later, this news was officially confirmed ; whilst, at Bermuda—her next destination, where she arrived on the 4th February—the ship received her recall home. On February 20th, when in mid-ocean, her log records the observation of a lunar halo, having 'a peculiar dark band running across the lower part from SE. to NW.' Next day a heavy sea ran from the southward, and the ship encountered a hurricane which far surpassed the storm experienced on her outward voyage. Rolling heavily, she took in a vast quantity of water ; whilst her starboard quarter boats were blown inboard, jamming up against the mizzen rigging, so that they had to be cut away in order to preserve the mizzen-mast. A picture representing the *St. George* under these conditions was painted by Admiral Beechey, and now hangs in Windsor Castle. She had also been painted, before starting on her present commission, by the Queen's Marine Painter, Brierley. On the 25th February she moored off Hawlbowline Island, Ireland,



and early in March was at Keyham Dockyard, Plymouth, to refit and make good defects.

Wauchope's experiences in the Navy were now almost at an end. A cruise in home waters, which took him northward as far as Cromarty Firth, southward as far as Brest Roads, and to Milford Haven on the west, occupied the months of May and June. A stay of a few days which was made off Burntisland enabled him to visit his father, in company with a party of his brother-officers. On June 30th he addressed to Captain Egerton the following formal letter:—

To Captain Egerton.

'H.M.S. *St. George*,
'Spithead.

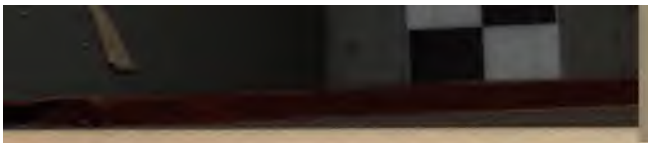
'Sir,—Having received my father's permission to make an application to leave H.M.'s Navy, to enable me to qualify for the Army, I beg you will be pleased to move their Lordships to grant me my discharge accordingly.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most humble servant,

'Andrew G. Wauchope, *Midshipman*.'

(It is perhaps worthy of notice that in this, the earliest of Wauchope's letters that I have seen, the character of his handwriting is already formed.) The application, in the Admiralty phrase, 'not having been made on account of any misconduct on the part of the officer making it,' was forwarded for their Lordships' approval —with the result that on July 3rd, 1862, Wauchope obtained his discharge from the Royal Navy.

Among his shipmates regret at the step which was to part him from them seems to have been universal. For, short and interrupted though his naval career had

been, it had yet afforded him time to impress those about him with his good qualities, which are still remembered after more than forty years. But on this point let some of his former brother-officers speak for themselves. Admiral Sir Charles Fane writes: 'He was then a most promising young officer, popular, and a favourite with every one on board, and when he left us was a loss to us in the Navy.' Mr. Francis Delmé Radcliffe: 'A boy of high principles, very conscientious, and of a chivalrous and romantic disposition. . . . he was very popular with his messmates, and also with the men, in whose well-being he took great interest.' Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Harris: 'Young Wauchope, when I first met him in the gun-room of the *St. George*, was a ruddy cheery, red-headed, very Scotch boy, very good tempered, and never put out by any of the chaff without which a gun-room mess of those days would have been not a gun-room. We all liked him immensely.' Rear-Admiral Charles Johnstone: 'The impression of him left on my mind was that of a very high-minded and, in that sense, promising boy. He was of a bright and cheerful disposition.' Captain Henry Walters, R.N.: 'I remember him as a charming companion, humorous, never a nasty thing to say about any one, always looking on the bright side of everything, exceptionally kind-hearted, and as a rule good-tempered to a degree, though I remember distinctly one of our messmates remarking to me on one occasion that "Niddrie"—as we generally called him when we did not call him Andy—"in a passion was a 'caution.'" So evidently he could be roused on occasion.'



A question which ere this must have presented itself to the reader is, What determined Wauchope thus early to leave the Navy? It has been seen that his entrance into it had been, all things considered, of very good hope for the future—indeed, more than commonly auspicious. For, among sailors, it is given only to the budding Nelson to distinguish himself during his first voyage. Well, the answer to the question is simply this—that, though in after life he would look back upon the bright side of his naval career, he was not happy in it at the time. His letters home were evidence of this, and there were various causes which might account for it. For one thing, the life of a midshipman of those days was not only rough —at which Wauchope was far too well-plucked a lad to flinch—but in other respects less desirable than it is now. Again, there exists some doubt as to whether he was in reality cut out for the sea-life—his accident with the running rope being thought to indicate a lack of that special sort of quickness which should characterise the good seaman. Probably he recognised this defect in himself, which would certainly weigh with the sensible lad he was in his decision as to a career. Certainly, in later life, his native modesty made him ready to acknowledge, with perhaps undue emphasis, his want of quickness. But there is little doubt that the really determining cause of his leaving the Navy must be sought in the *personnel* of the ship he sailed in. For, notwithstanding the care which had been taken in selecting her officers, it is indisputable that the *St. George* was not in this respect a happy ship. It is true that her Captain was one of

the best and kindest who ever sailed; but among the senior officers were two whose ideas of duty and discipline were, to say the least of it, most unfortunate. These have now passed to their rest, and it were therefore ungenerous to go into particulars as to their misdeeds. It is enough to say that the conduct of these gentlemen sufficed to disgust Wauchope with the service, and to drive him from it, and that he was not the only midshipman of the *St. George* so driven. As for the others, they probably had not the free hand which Wauchope's father gave him in the choice of a profession. Among themselves they formed a happy company, and they were perforce of circumstance obliged to put up with what he could prevent. Later in life Andrew judged that his father had been wrong in indulging him so far. But it is probable that Mr. Wauchope's strong religious principles made him fear the moral risks of the sea-life for his young son, and hence not unwilling to give him the advantage of continuing under his own eye until his character should have realised the high promise which it already held out.

CHAPTER III

PREPARATION FOR THE ARMY—JOINS THE BLACK WATCH—EARLY DAYS IN THE REGIMENT

IT has been seen that Wauchope's aspirations had now reverted to that first love of his Worksop days, the Army. But his education, so far, had been rudimentary. In order to enter the Army, further studies were necessary; and to a lad of his active disposition, to resume discarded harness, and after tasting the sweets of independence as an officer and gentleman, to revert to the condition of a pupil, must have gone much against the grain. Credit, therefore, is his due for the docility and good sense with which, during the next three years, he applied himself to the task of preparing for his new profession. These three years were spent chiefly at Niddrie, where he worked under a tutor—an arrangement which had been adopted in deference to Mr. Wauchope, the progress of whose malady (a paralytic affection) rendered him more and more dependent on the attentions of the younger of his sons, particularly now that the elder had entered the Army, and was absent with his regiment, the 6th Dragoon Guards.

Young Wauchope is said at this time to have applied himself specially to the study of mathematics; he also went periodically to Edinburgh to

receive instruction in French. In holiday seasons he made short excursions to Yetholm, which he always much enjoyed, and also paid two of his many visits to his married sister in the south-west of Ireland. During the year 1863 he and his father spent some time together at Cheltenham.

As for his amusements at this time, besides the fishing and shooting which his father's estates afforded, they comprised a pack of beagles, with which he hunted the country round Niddrie—his principal associates in this sport being two younger members of the families of Gibson-Craig of Riccarton and Trotter of Morton Hall, and a Mr. Craig, a paper-manufacturer of the district. He also raised a cricket-eleven at Niddrie, where the game was till then unknown; and it is recalled that, with the keen relish for rustic quaintness which at all times characterised him (and which afterwards procured him many a good laugh over the sayings of his soldiers), he hugely enjoyed the instructions given by one novice to another in these words, 'Man! juist tak' the bat in yer hand, an' gie the ba' a *thunderin' lick*.'

An anecdote of this period, though trifling, may serve to illustrate his tenacity. One day he happened to catch sight of a well-known local poacher plying his business in the Niddrie coverts. The misdoer took to his heels, with Andy after him. The poacher, who was a good runner, led his pursuer an exciting and fatiguing chase. At last, being nearly spent, he had recourse to cunning, and 'went to earth'—which he did by entering a tunnel on the railway-line near

Arthur's Seat, where, crouching in the darkness, he allowed the pursuit to go by him, and then emerged where he had entered. Meantime Wauchope still held on his course, until, discovering how he had been duped, he returned home exhausted by his run and even more chagrined by his discomfiture.

Of his habits during this and somewhat later times spent at Niddrie, the following particulars have been communicated by those who knew him well, and they are not uncharacteristic. Though his physique in later days was such that no fatigue or hardship seemed enough to tax its powers of endurance, he inclined at this somewhat critical period of life to be fanciful about his health, and would dose himself with camomile tea as a specific against *stomachtitis*—his own burlesque name for dyspepsia. In matters of diet, he was by nature rather lacking in judgment; so that, after a long experience of errors and repentances, it became his practice, as the dishes circulated at table, to glance inquiringly at his ally, Falside, the butler—who would respond, when occasion demanded it, by a warning shake of the head. In his own private quarters he favoured a fresh air system, and so would draw his bed out into the middle of the room, and, flinging open the windows, would sleep where the winds of heaven had free access to his person. Similarly, in place of keeping his clothes shut up within a wardrobe, he suspended them from lines which crossed his room, and kept them exposed to the air.

He became known for the Spartan simplicity of his taste in the matter of surroundings. A narrow camp-bed, a portable chest of drawers, a plain table, and

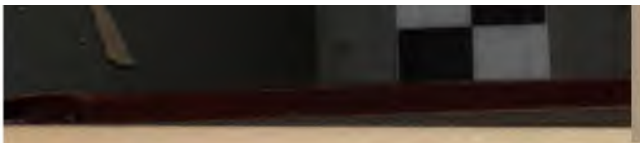
a 'regulation' chair or two, set on an uncarpeted floor: this composed the furniture of his barrack-room, whose sole ornaments were books and maps. Nor did he alter anything after he had become a wealthy man. So well known, indeed, were his habits in this respect, that once when the wife of a brother-officer had accepted an invitation to tea with him, 'A queer tea you'll get!' was the comment of her husband. And, sure enough, the brew which was served amid these severely plain surroundings was found to have been boiled! In this respect, anything was good enough for Andrew Wauchope. Nor was it that he did not appreciate 'comforts' when he happened to come across them. But, for himself, he preferred to cultivate a simple and frugal style of living, doubtless because he judged it more conducive to hard work, more consonant to the career which he had chosen. There was at that time, whatever now may be the case, ample room for a silent protest against excessive luxury among officers, and almost the only instance known to me of a snub (not a very harsh one) publicly administered by Wauchope occurred in that connection. One or two rather lately joined juniors—good fellows enough in other respects—had shown a disposition to pose as epicures. So, 'This won't do,' 'That is not as it ought to be,' were criticisms frequently passed over the mess-table—which with Wauchope went against the grain. 'Come!' said he, at last, when his patience was exhausted, 'you know you didn't get feeding like this in the —— Militia!' And the hint had its due effect.

As regards dress, Wauchope was at this early time

unusually careless. Perhaps professors of the science would affirm that he never quite outgrew this carelessness; and certainly these can point to stories which would seem to bear them out: one story, in particular, which tells of his starting to address a great meeting wearing an Ulster coat which had a huge rent full in the back—a rent which deft fingers just contrived to get repaired in time. For himself—who does not pretend to have served an apprenticeship with a Poole or Harborow—the writer can only say that to him the General ever appeared, in mere externals even, the quiet and unpretentious gentleman he was. Howbeit, during this early period of his life, his attire was apt to be, to say the least of it, unconventional. A battered straw-hat in winter, or shoes laced up with any fragment of twine that came most readily to hand, were among the features of it. He would seem, in fact, to have brought to bear on it the rough-and-readiness, without the neatness, of a sailor. He was not even very particular whether the clothes he wore were his own or not—for which reason his brother, who was the pink of neatness, found it convenient, when at home, to keep his wardrobe under lock and key.

As his time during this period was divided mainly between study and sport, this place in our narrative may serve as well as another to speak of him as student and sportsman. We have already seen that his native keenness of temperament made him eager in all sports and games. He was a clever cricketer, and a good man in a boat; but at no time, I think, was he more than a fair marksman. The wound

which he sustained at Kirbekan, from a bullet which entered his body below the collar-bone, for a long time incapacitated him from shooting; during which interval he was content to accompany shooting-parties of his friends over his own ground, carrying the gun which he could not raise. For it was at all times characteristic of him, whether in shooting or elsewhere, to be anxious for the enjoyment of others and careless of his own. But he liked all things to be done rightly and according to order. Hence his remembered rebuke to a young friend, who, in partridge-shooting, had made a 'wrong shot'—snatching a bird which belonged by right to some one else: 'My dear fellow, I am surprised at you, after the training you have had!' But, on an apology being tendered, he was immediately appeased. In arranging and managing a shooting-party he was first-rate; and, having once made his arrangement, he would shoot all day in a deluge rather than allow weather to interfere with his carrying it out. Over his shooting-parties—guns, gamekeepers, and beaters—he exercised the perfect control of an officer over private soldiers, keeping every one in order; and it is needless to add that this control was exercised to the great advantage of all. For instance, there was, on his Yetholm property, a certain field known as *Hen's Hole*, where the ground undulated abruptly, and where a head might easily be blown off by a shot fired at a bird as it disappeared over a ridge. In shooting this field, Wauchope always insisted on the observance of special precautions. Were others as careful, there would be fewer shooting accidents.



He was a good, if not specially elegant, horseman,—a rider by nature, gifted with hands as light as a woman's, and with a particular aptitude for making a screw go—a useful possession this, as he probably found, to a younger son with a passion for fox-hunting. He hunted principally with the Stirling and Linlithgowshire foxhounds—of which his brother for a time was Master—and with the Buccleuch Hunt in Roxburghshire. When hunting from Edinburgh, in his earlier days, he would hire horses from a certain well-known job-master, famous for the possession of some unrivalled screws; and, following the less luxurious customs of those days, would occasionally rise at six o'clock to ride twenty miles to a Meet. Once started on a run, he would often take a line of his own across country, and hardly anything save fatigue on the part of his mount could stop him. And yet he always rode with judgment, and was a man whom one would have trusted with any horse. In the field he enjoyed talking with all sorts and conditions of men upon all manner of subjects, but might also frequently be seen alone. As he grew older, too, and especially after the injury to his shoulder, he attached less importance to the actual sport of hunting. Thus it is recalled of him that once at Spottiswoode, when the hounds were having a particularly bad day, a fellow-sportsman rode up to him and complained of the poorness of the sport. 'Why,' said Wauchope, rousing himself, 'I think this is positively delightful!' and, gazing round him on the wide and somewhat bare landscape, he added emphatically, '*I love this country*,'—thus revealing on what his thoughts had been

dwelling, and wherein he found a pleasure which the other missed.

He was always fond of horses, and had an eye for them—of which fact an amusing proof has been furnished to the writer by Lord Wolseley. When the latter was Governor of Cyprus, it fell to Wauchope, as a Commissioner acting under him, to present an official report. Well, in the middle of this document —amongst matters of high and dry import—was interjected the unexpected and delightful sentence, 'I 've just seen *such* a thoroughbred mare!' Nor was he less a lover of the canine—among which his small bull-dog, 'Brindle,' is specially remembered. He also made it a practice to encourage the soldiers serving under him to keep dogs. Now a regulation prescribed that, when the regiment received its marching-orders, dogs owned by private soldiers must one and all be left behind. Wauchope, however, winked at their transportation from one quarter to another—contriving, as he passed along the railway-platform on his final tour of inspection, to be good-naturedly blind and deaf to the little creatures stuffed away within the carriages—supposing, that is, that any of these had so far forgotten their own interest as to make their presence evident. The result was that, no sooner was the regiment settled in its new barracks, than the dogs from the former station began, one by one, to reappear.

In his later years, Wauchope would sometimes declare that he had received next to no education. This was obviously an over-statement, and may be ascribed partly to the self-depreciation natural to a very modest man, partly to the generously exagger-

ated estimate of bookish attainments sometimes held by men of action. The fact remains that he was not a man of much literary culture, though of great appreciation for the same when he came across it in others. Caring little for general literature, he had certain favourite books. Among these, the chief were the works of Sir Walter Scott, of which he had an intimate knowledge, his favourite among them being *Old Mortality* and *Rob Roy*. He had begun perhaps by admiring them, as many do, 'on principle'; but their conquest of him became complete. So much so that, on one occasion, shortly before his second marriage, wishing to convey the impression of an absolutely enjoyable Sunday evening to be spent by him, he is remembered to have said, 'I shall go back to Niddrie, have some dinner, and then sit in my big chair and read Scott!' In particular he relished Scott's humour, so that, in reading the novels aloud, he would sometimes begin to laugh heartily at the mere approach to some ludicrous passage which happened to have lingered in his memory—a habit which was a little tantalising to the person being read to, who was of course still in the dark as to the joke. Mr. Kipling's books he did not like, objecting —I think from defective appreciation of the writer's intentions—to the tone in which the private soldier was there written of. It must be remembered that to Wauchope the private was a dear and sacred object, with whom no liberties must be taken; he even resented the use of the generic nickname 'Tommy.' His method and Mr. Kipling's were, therefore, different; but, if I understand the two men

rightly, the essential inspiration in both cases was the same. Finally, if Wauchope's early education had indeed been somewhat imperfect, he certainly laboured in later life, as few men do, to make good its defects. History and the literature of his profession were his particular studies. Moreover, when he had conceived his admiration for Napoleon the Great, he formed an interesting and valuable collection of books bearing upon the life of that worthy. He would apply himself to study, as he did most other things, in a way of his own ; and here again his temperamental ardour served him well. During the years when he was stationed at St. Elmo, the principal piece of furniture in his quarters was a bench, which ran the whole length of the room, and from end to end was laden with books. And at the same period, having by that time committed himself to his political career, he is remembered to have spent his days during a voyage to Malta, seated, from morn to even, beside an open port-hole, with a file of *The Times* before him, going steadily through whatever he judged might be of use to him in his coming campaign, and making excerpts from the reported utterances of Gladstone. It is not surprising that fellow-passengers not in his confidence were much puzzled to account for his occupation. Both at this juncture and previously, when his studies had been exclusively military, he was a great collector of newspaper-cuttings, with which his pockets would frequently be stuffed.

My account of his studies and amusements—for sport was almost the sole amusement he cared for, or

allowed himself—has carried me ahead of my narrative; but it is perhaps as well to have cleared off such details as these before coming to the more strenuous part of the story, which will leave little space for them. Though generally exemplary, and in relation to his father deserving of far warmer praise than that somewhat frigid word infers, Wauchope is not to be understood, during these three years spent at Niddrie, to have uniformly and without exception held aloof from such minor indiscretions as have in all times characterised the conduct of our generous British youth. In other words, his character at this time did not conform to the immaculate ideal as set forth in feminine fiction of the *Heir of Redclyffe* type. It was too human for that. For instance, there is a floating tradition of a wrecked Edinburgh cab, and of damages duly paid for the same by Mr. Wauchope, which, if substantiated, would indicate an occasional excursus into high-jinks on the part of young Andy and his companions. And, even if this story of reckless driving has no actual truth, it has most probably at least a typical one. Escapades of this kind were, however, mere casual occurrences. So far as was necessary, Wauchope stuck manfully to his books; and when the time arrived for his attainments to be tested, he was not found wanting. During the Army entrance-examination he stayed at No. 10 Eaton Square; and, having satisfied the requirements of the authorities, in November 1865, at the age of nineteen, he was gazetted to the 42nd Royal Highlanders, which he joined at Stirling.

Here, then, was the future General definitely em-

barked on that career of arms with which his name was destined to be associated, and to the heroic traditions of which his life was to add a mellow lustre of its own. To any young man whatever such an era is momentous, and we may be sure that by one so open to romantic impressions as was Wauchope nothing that was special in his own case would fail to be appreciated. We have seen that, as a child, his imagination had been attracted by the Army, whilst as a school-boy the goal of his aspirations had been that gallant corps of which he now found himself a member. What in particular had served to attract him to it is unknown; but there was certainly enough and to spare—whether, materially, in the spectacle of the regiment seen on parade or on the march, or morally, in its historical associations—to have impressed and fascinated a far duller mind than his. On the score of antiquity, indeed, there were other regiments with which the Black Watch could not compete —its distinctive history dating at that time but about one hundred and twenty years back. But for fine qualities manifested, for a distinguished record of service, during that period, it stood perhaps alone; hence its high reputation through the world, hence the unique position held by it in the affections of all true Scots, and the pride with which they regard it. Recruited from a race which naturally and by heredity combines in an unusual degree the qualities proper to the good soldier with those most generally associated with birth and breeding, its traditional character was that of a 'regiment of gentlemen,' uniting the highest courage in the field with the most exemplary behaviour

out of it. This is no place in which to attempt to summarise its martial achievements. But it may be permitted me to recall the facts that a crowded and eventful history included service in countries as remote and diverse as Flanders, North America, the West Indies, and in campaigns as varied as the Peninsular, Crimean, and Sepoy; together with participation in innumerable engagements, from among which perhaps stand out (to name but one or two) the glorious victories of Alexandria, Toulouse, and the Alma, and the scarcely less glorious defeats of Ticonderoga and Fontenoy. In more than one or two of these hard-fought battles the Royal Highlanders had borne the brunt. Whilst, of those incidents of individual experience which, perhaps even more than the heroism of masses, serve to stir the blood of the individual soldier and to keep alive the sacred fire within him, it is enough to allude to the capture of the standard of the French 'Invincibles' in Egypt, the burial of Sir John Moore at Coruña, the award of the 'red heckle' in recognition of gallantry in the Low Countries, and the adoption by Sir Colin Campbell of the 'feather bonnet' during the Crimean War. Such incidents as these are well worthy to rank beside the honours inscribed upon a regimental colour. And here was enough to fire or to melt the imagination of a young soldier such as Wauchope. We have seen that the appeal to him was made early, nor did custom stale its power. On the contrary, fuller knowledge served steadily to deepen attachment. Late in life he has been known to say that the two things which he loved best in the world were the City of Edinburgh

and his regiment. And Wauchope was a man of acts, not words; so that, so far as affects the latter part of his speech, this narrative must either bear him out or fail entirely in its purpose and justification.

It is not to be understood, however, that, to the common eye at least, Ensign Wauchope from the first stood out as a marked man in the regiment. I have, indeed, the best authority for stating that such was not the case. His military talents were developed slowly, the unique position which he afterwards occupied in the esteem of officers and men was attained to step by step.

But if to his own contemporaries at this stage he seemed but as one of themselves, there were others whose sharper or more practised vision had already detected something uncommon in him. For instance, I am assured by one that, even now, his superficial light-heartedness and readiness to enter into the amusement of the moment covered a serious way of looking at life, of which one notable feature was a Carlylean detestation of shams. As a soldier, too, he had begun to attract the attention of those accustomed to recognise soldierly qualities. Mr. Baird, for example, tells how he quickly won the approval of a certain grave old sergeant who had served in the Crimea, and who on this head was wont to express himself by declaring that 'that red-heided Wauchope chap' would either 'gang tae the deil, or dee Commander-in-Chief.' In the meantime, this veteran took the young officer under his own special patronage. But it is to Sir John M'Leod, the Colonel in command

of the regiment, that the credit of discovering the future General rightly belongs.

Those were days in which, at least among the younger officers, serious application to the study of their profession was highly exceptional. It was, however, a part of Wauchope's nature that, whatever his hand found to do, he should do with his might. And this applied not less to the routine of military duties than to other things. Well, this fact was noticed by his Colonel, who thereupon began to form a high opinion of his aptitude and ability as a soldier—whence arose a 'sensation' for Wauchope's immediate contemporaries. The adjutancy at this time was in the hands of one who, though a gallant soldier, cared at least as much for sport as soldiering —a state of matters by no means squaring with the views of Colonel M'Leod, who since succeeding to the command had determined to work up the regiment into what is professionally known as a 'soldier's regiment.' The adjutant now desired to be relieved of his office; the Colonel fumed and declared his intention to raise a sergeant from the ranks and appoint him in his room. But he was better than his word; and to the surprise of all who were less than sharp-sighted, he appointed Wauchope to the adjutancy. From his previous reference to the sergeant, it would seem that he may have harboured a doubt as to the wisdom of his choice. But never did appointment better justify itself. In Sir John M'Leod's words, Wauchope 'addressed himself to his new duties with the painstaking assiduity of his energetic nature, and continued to perform them to

my entire satisfaction.' One characteristic peculiarity of his conduct as adjutant was that he never failed to report to the Colonel any neglects or shortcomings of which he had himself been guilty. The date of his appointment was April 5th, 1870, and from this time forward his part in the practical jokes of his fellow-subalterns was abandoned. This was, in fact, the true beginning of the career of one who was later to be well described as the 'ideal regimental officer.' His newly developed ardour soon received a further stimulus. For it was about this period that the Government of the day, determining that military officers should be properly educated for their profession, established Garrison Classes for their benefit—through one of which he passed.

Yet, though these were the immediately determining causes of the change which about this time came over the spirit of his dream, it is practically certain that for a man of his earnest nature much longer to 'fleet the time carelessly as in the golden world' would have been an impossibility.

CHAPTER IV

ADJUTANCY OF THE REGIMENT—ASHANTI CAMPAIGN OF 1873-1874

THOUGH rich in development of character and the attainment of professional knowledge, the first seven or eight years of Wauchope's life as a soldier were decidedly uneventful. In October 1868 the regiment's head-quarters had been transferred to Edinburgh, and in November 1869 to Aldershot. In September 1871 it moved to Devonport, and in August 1873 to Portsmouth. In 1871 and 1873 it took part in Autumnal Manœuvres, held at Chobham and on Dartmoor.

Of these years there is not much for me to tell. Walking expeditions, with observation of the features of the country, continued to be Wauchope's favourite relaxation; and for the indulgence of this hobby the North Downs from Aldershot, and the wilds of Dartmoor from Devonport, afforded him the best of opportunities. Setting out generally on a Saturday, and working from the basis of Murray's guide-books, he developed a remarkable knack of finding his way across country by means of footpaths and short cuts, whilst his power of physical endurance enabled him to return unfatigued from excursions which had sufficed to exhaust his companions.

Besides walking for his amusement, he would take part in fox-hunting, as far as was practicable for a younger son whose moderate allowance from his father enabled him to keep but one horse. (In this connection it must be recalled that the estate of Niddrie was not then the valuable property which it has since become.) His grey charger, 'Lady Jane Grey,' was, however, celebrated as among mares a paragon; so that, when mounted on her, 'nothing could touch him.' Doubtful, however, of doing her full justice, when entering for a race, he put up one of his brother-officers. From Aldershot he hunted with the Hampshire (Garth's) hounds, from Devonport either with the Devonshire (Trelawny's), or with another pack, hunted at that time by two brothers whose extraordinary likeness to one another was often the means of puzzling strangers who went out with them. At Devonport he would also revert to an accomplishment acquired in his Navy days by rowing in the regimental four-oared gig. Excepting a fondness for inviting friends to dinner, he had no taste which was expensive to gratify, or at least which he allowed himself to gratify in an expensive manner.

In Wauchope's life these were years of routine-work—strenuous, no doubt, and of much value in the making of the man, yet lacking the stimulus of excitement and the interest of variety. That that routine-work was admirably performed is sufficiently proved by the testimony of the late Colonel Bayly of the 42nd Regiment, who, after giving it as his opinion that Wauchope made one of the best adjutants ever appointed, goes on to say that 'his charm of

disposition enabled him to gain the love of his men, whilst his tact and firmness enabled him to enforce the necessary discipline.' But however well he had discharged these duties, he was now to resign them. In order to make clear his motive for so doing, it is necessary to pass for a moment from the history of the man to that of the country.

With the commencement of the year 1873, the war-cloud had made its appearance on the horizon of the empire. It arose from the kingdom of the Ashantis—a country with which we had long had a warlike account awaiting settlement. Without here attempting to summarise the history of our relations with that martial but bloodthirsty race, it may suffice to say that at least four times already within the century we had been at war with them, and that these wars had repeatedly been disastrous to ourselves: notably, in 1824, when the Ashantis had defeated a small British force and had carried home as a trophy the skull of the British commander; and in 1863, when a war which had been rashly engaged in was abandoned in consequence of the ravages wrought by climatic sickness among our troops. Well, in 1872 negotiations were being carried on between ourselves and the Ashanti king, Koffee Kalkalli. These were mainly concerned with the captivity of certain Europeans in the Ashanti capital, and with a claim advanced by the Ashantis of rights over certain possessions which we had recently acquired from the Dutch. Into the history of these negotiations it is unnecessary here to go; it will suffice to say that, whilst they appeared to be proceeding amicably, an Ashanti army, estimated

at between twenty and thirty thousand strong, without warning crossed the river Prah, and advanced upon the British Protectorate. This was in January 1873. Our garrisons in West Africa were at that time unaccountably weak, so that the situation was critical—the more so because the native tribes under our protection were strikingly inferior in soldiership to the Ashantis, whilst their loyalty was not considered equal to the bearing of any great strain. Meanwhile, at home, the members of Mr. Gladstone's Government, preoccupied with domestic interests, seemed scarcely as yet to recognise the gravity of the case.

Even the events which followed were slow to rouse them. Having rallied the friendly tribe of the Fantis, Colonel Harley, Governor of Cape Coast, had advanced to meet the invaders; he was driven back under the very walls of Cape Coast Castle. And though, with the aid of a small reinforcement, Colonel Festing, who now assumed the command, succeeded in expelling the Ashantis from the town of Elmina, where they had established themselves, a reverse which was soon afterwards sustained by Commodore Commerell was sufficient to restore the enemy's reputation among the neutral tribes of the Coast, who accordingly began to turn openly to what they believed to be the stronger side. Meanwhile the sickness incident to the climate and the season was doing its work among our garrisons. At last, in the fulness of time, the necessity of more vigorous action was forced home to the Cabinet, and in the month of September, Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley was despatched to Cape Coast in the dual capacity of Civil Administrator and

Commander of Her Majesty's land forces in West Africa.

The prospect of active employment was as usual the signal for much volunteering among army officers of high spirit, anxious at once to serve their country and to increase their own military experience; and among those who sent in their names for employment on special service was Lieutenant Andrew Wauchope.

His application, however, was without result. As it turned out, he was not without a friend who was willing and able to advance his interest. Among the officers who had been invited to join Sir Garnet Wolseley's Staff was Captain G. A. Furse of the 42nd Regiment. Captain Furse, who had already served upon the Staff at Aldershot, as well as in successive manœuvres, was known to have an extensive acquaintance among army officers. Accordingly, during the passage (memorable for its discomforts) of the ss. *Ambriz*, bearing Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Gold Coast, the Assistant Adjutant-General of the expedition placed in Furse's hands a paper bearing a long list of names, asking him at the same time to mark with a cross any name which he considered to be that of a good and energetic officer. Now, besides belonging to the same regiment, Wauchope was to some extent a *protégé* of Furse. For instance, at the time when the regimental adjutancy had last been vacant, the following little scene had taken place between them. Wauchope had invited his senior officer to walk with him to Niddrie, and on the way had asked his opinion as to who was likely to be the new adjutant. 'My dear Andy,' replied Furse, guess-

ing the thought that was in his mind, 'had you shown more keenness about your duty, you might have had a chance.' Wauchope, in return, confessed that he had not the smallest claim upon the post. The same night, however, he went to Furse's room, and telling him that Captain Baird—his kinsman and mentor in the regiment—had informed him that Colonel M'Leod intended next day to offer him the appointment, asked advice what to do in regard to it. 'Take it, and consider yourself very lucky,' was Captain Furse's reply, 'and try to do justice to the Colonel's choice!' How faithfully Wauchope had acted upon this advice we have already seen. The result was that, as the *Ambriz* steamed on her way towards Cape Coast Castle, a big cross took shape against his name on the A.A.-G.'s list. And this, in its turn, had the effect of bringing him to the same destination as that brother-officer whose kindly remembrance of him he had such good reason to bless.

Eager for his first active, which was also his first foreign, service, Wauchope arrived at Cape Coast, in the ss. *Volta*, on the 30th November 1873. And here he at once experienced a second little stroke of good fortune. It happened thus. Among his recent shipmates had been Lieutenant the Hon. Henry Wood, of the 10th Hussars, who had come out to the Gold Coast to act as aide-de-camp to Sir Garnet Wolseley. At dinner on the night of his arrival, Wood was questioned as to his fellow-passengers, and mentioned Wauchope, describing him as the best adjutant in the service. On this Sir Garnet Wolseley became interested, remarking that 'they must look after that fellow'; and the end of it was that Wauchope received an ap-

pointment on the Major-General's Staff. For this appointment he had also been strongly recommended by his own Colonel, whose displeasure at his defection had been obviously short-lived ; but I quote the above incident as helping to show that Wauchope owed his emergence from obscurity as a soldier, not in any way to birth or influence, but solely to his good qualities and the impression made by them upon his fellow-workers. And I may here likewise point out that, as the Major-General was extremely strict as to the qualifications physical and professional of those employed upon his Staff, it is a further testimony to Wauchope's high reputation at this early stage of his career that he should have been among the number selected. He was posted to the regiment, composed of Houssas and other natives to the number of 540, which was known as Russell's, from its commanding officer, Major Baker Russell of the 13th Hussars. Its regimental head-quarters had then just been moved to Dunquah, a native village situated some fifteen or twenty miles from Cape Coast Castle on the Coomassie road, and thither accordingly Wauchope at once proceeded.

The position of affairs was then as follows. Barely two months had elapsed since Sir Garnet Wolseley's landing at Cape Coast, but that brief period had been turned to splendid account by the Major-General and his subordinates. Indeed, the first and in some respects more difficult half of the original plan of campaign was already an accomplished fact ; for, by the first days of December, the Ashantis to a man had withdrawn from the British Protectorate—recrossing the Sacred River,

Prah, and re-entering their own dominions. To this happy result a succession of small military actions had contributed. Of these the first—skilfully planned, and fought at Essaman, lying to the north-east of Elmina, on the 14th October—had had the effect of cutting off from the Ashanti army at Mampon its food-supplies drawn from the coast villages, and so causing the break-up of the great camp at that place. The enemy had thereupon begun falling back upon Dunquah, when the surprise of a camp at Iscabio had enforced the lesson of Essaman.

A repulse from our own post at Abrakrampa, where he had taken the initiative, and a further fight at Faysowah, had sufficed thoroughly to alarm him and to convince him of the expediency of retiring within his own borders.

Satisfactory, however, as all this was, the purely military operations had been, so far, the lesser part of the work accomplished. This had comprised negotiations, always tedious and often futile, with the native chiefs who were friendly to ourselves; likewise the toilsome drilling and discipline of native troops raised by their co-operation; item, the survey of the country, and the formation in the early days of the campaign of a cordon of military outposts round Cape Coast Castle. Add to all this the construction—in view of future operations—of complete systems of transport, commissariat, hospital, and intelligence; and it will be seen that the exertions of Sir Garnet Wolseley and his officers must have been well-nigh superhuman. Nor must it for a moment be forgotten that these were made in the face of the frequent illnesses and constant

sufferings inseparable from the most pestilent of climates.

With a view to minimising the ravages of pestilence, it had been hoped at the outset of the campaign that native and West Indian soldiers, acting under British officers, might suffice for the work to be performed. But a very short experience of the natives of the Gold Coast had served to convince Sir Garnet Wolseley that, without British troops, its effective accomplishment was impossible. Then the belief that—at least throughout the non-rainy season, extending from December to March inclusive—these might be employed without undue risk to life and health from the climate had justified his demanding to have them sent out to him. His letter to this purport bore date October 13th; and it was against the arrival of the expected battalions, and in view of their subsequent operations, that much of the work detailed above—notably that connected with transport, feeding, and the care of the sick—was required.

For, when the difficulty of the country is taken into account, it is evident that four months were but a scanty time-allowance in which to conduct an army from the coast to Coomassie, crush a powerful enemy, and return. It therefore became important that everything should be in readiness for the British reinforcement to march immediately upon landing, and that its passage up the country should be made as easy as possible. This necessitated in addition to the works above named, the construction of a road, furnished with sites for encampments, through the bush to the Ashanti frontier. The camps along the line of march

were carefully prepared. Site and water-supply having first been considered, they were furnished with huts for the men and officers, with a control store, hospital, and mess-shed. The huts, which were built of wattle and thatched with palm-leaves, were fitted with beds slightly raised above the ground. Also the road where it led through the camp was widened, and the surrounding bush cleared.

Upon this work Wauchope was now employed, and it of course took him up the country. Nor was it long ere the energy displayed by him in clearing and preparing the camping-ground at Yancoomassie Assin had won him the golden opinion of one so well qualified to appreciate good work of this kind as the indefatigable Major Robert Home, C.R.E. of the expedition. In the intervals of such work as this, the men under his command rendered valuable service in connection with the transport system. In Russell's regiment he had been placed in command of a company composed of Winnebahs, a coast tribe dwelling to the east of Cape Coast Castle. That the drill and discipline of natives such as these was no easy task has been recorded by the historian of the war, General Sir Henry Brackenbury, who represents, in an amusing passage, the black faces of the troops (in strong contrast to their white frocks) being turned to the left when the word 'right' was given, and breaking into complacent grins on finding themselves face to face with their next neighbours in the ranks. Wauchope's natural liking for drill must have been severely put to the proof. But his love for fighting men of all sorts would stand him in good stead. He took a pride in

the training of his 'black boys,' as he called them, and is even said to have succeeded in instilling something of his own spirit into them. His present employment, however, was not to last long. Among the regiments despatched to the Gold Coast in compliance with Sir Garnet Wolseley's requisition, was the 42nd Highlanders; so that, contrary to first expectation, Wauchope underwent no long separation from his old comrades. The regiment was landed at Cape Coast Castle on the 3rd and 4th January 1874—about which time Wauchope sought the Major-General in command and resigned his post upon the Staff. The conversation which passed between them was as follows: 'I am very sorry, sir,' said Wauchope, 'that I must leave you.' Sir Garnet asked if this was absolutely necessary. 'Absolutely,' replied Wauchope; 'for I could not possibly allow the regiment to go into action without me.'

For the present, however, no action being imminent, he remained with Russell's regiment. And when I mention that Russell's had been chosen to lead the advance into the enemy's country, it will be understood that he was there in a position entirely to his liking. The Major-General had directed that a camp should be formed at Prahsu, about midway between Cape Coast Castle and Coomassie, and not far from the Ashanti frontier, which should be capable of containing 2000 Europeans, with depôt of provisions and military stores. Russell's regiment—numbering 500, and including 12 British officers—was employed in the clearing of the camping-ground, and it will surprise no one to hear that the regimental lines attracted

the attention and moved the commendation of the General and the head-quarter Staff, on the arrival of these latter at Prahsu. On the morning of the 5th January—a bridge which was being built over the Prah being still uncompleted—the regiment was ferried over on rafts, to take up a position at Attobiassie on the north bank of the river—each man being furnished with supplies for a week and a reserve of ammunition. Arrived at Attobiassie, the ground was cleared, huts erected, and the continuing of the road was set about over perhaps the very worst ground encountered in the whole line of march. At Essiaman, the next point, a defensible post was constructed; and thence, on January 9th, 100 men of Russell's, under Lieutenant Wauchope, advanced half-way to Ansah. Meantime, far in the rear, the main column, acting under Brigadier Sir Archibald Alison, pushed its way laboriously between the green and living walls of the breathless and horizonless forest already traversed by Wauchope, whilst subsidiary columns, under Captain Glover and Captain (now General Sir William) Butler, acting in concert with it, converged upon distant Coomassie.

So far the enemy had offered no resistance to our advance. On the 13th January, Russell's regiment, accompanied by a rocket-party, was sent on to Accrofoomu, where a control store was to be built. On the 17th, having been ordered to proceed with great caution, and avoid engaging the enemy, Russell succeeded in occupying the crest of one of the Adansi range of hills, which constitutes the barrier of the Ashanti kingdom. From this point a view over end-

less successions of tree-tops melting into mist was obtained in the direction of Coomassie. Here he fortified himself, and thus secured a very important military position. On this occasion Wauchope's company, numbering 100, had acted as the reserve. On the 19th, still without opposition, Russell occupied Quisah, the first village of the Ashanti kingdom proper to be entered by our troops. On the same day Wauchope met an old and attached friend in the person of his own colonel, who had come to the front to take over the command of the advanced-guard — made up of Russell's and Wood's native regiments, Rait's artillery, and the head-quarters of the 2nd West India Regiment—and who appointed Wauchope his Brigade-Major. On the 23rd inst., the force proceeded to Fomannah, within thirty miles of their destination. Meantime Lord Gifford's scouts had gone before; whilst hard in the traces of the advanced-guard followed Major Home with his sappers, to form military posts in the villages occupied.

The difficulties of transport which had delayed the progress of our main column having now been overcome, it became important, owing to the ravages which were being wrought daily in our ranks by sickness, that decisive action should not be deferred. Accordingly our troops prepared to concentrate to the north of the Adansi hills, their communications with Prahsu being kept open by means of six fortified posts. Meantime indications were not wanting that the drama had begun to thicken. King Koffee had sent forward repeated, but unsatis-

factory, embassages. The payment of indemnity was offered, the white captives were released. Portents, both weird and horrible, marked the route of our advanced-guard: a white thread stretched from tree to tree, a rude representation of a gun studded with knives and planted in the path, a mutilated corpse impaled on a bamboo by the wayside. The fetish priests had been at work. The body was interred by men of Russell's regiment.

Creeping steadily onward, the advanced-guard reached Dompoassie on the 26th January. Next day Colonel M'Leod ordered a reconnaissance along a bush-path which branched off to the west of the main road. There was a slight brush with the enemy—who fled, pursued by the left wing of Russell's regiment—and a native village was burnt. In this affair the conduct of our native troops was blamed for impetuosity—there was no holding them back. On the 28th the head-quarters and a detachment of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers joined the advanced-guard, and a reconnaissance in force was undertaken. The village of Borborassie was surprised, the Ashantis taking refuge in the bush on every side. But, in rushing the village, Captain Nicol, Adjutant of the Hampshire Militia, who led the advance with a company of Russell's, was shot dead. He was the first white man killed in action north of the Prah, and his manly qualities having won him the respect of his comrades, his death produced a strong impression. For the following glimpses of Wauchope's characteristic conduct on this occasion I am indebted to an officer who served with him in the campaign.

'I remember meeting him,' writes Rear-Admiral Mann, 'in Ashanti, after a fight. We were burying poor old Nicol, who had been shot; and the nerves were strained. We had a few words on the general position. I forget the exact words he used, but perfectly remember leaving him encouraged and strengthened by his cheerfulness and confidence. That was the sort of man he was: *he had the power to give others strength.*' During the twenty-five years of life and activity which yet remained to Wauchope, it was natural that his character should be much more fully revealed to his fellow-men than it could be at this time. But this one remark of an acute and sympathetic observer shows us that, though that character might grow, it did not change; for I question if any truer word than the above was ever spoken of it! By the 30th of the month the advanced-guard had moved up the country as far as Quarman, where it entrenched itself. It was now evident that a battle was impending.

On the evening of the 30th January, Colonel M'Leod came in to the main column, then halted at Insarfu, from the front and announced that all further forward movements must be conducted with extreme caution, as a formidable army, assembled beyond Egginassie, two or three miles from our front, was prepared to dispute our advance. Accordingly, next morning at daybreak, our troops marched off to meet the enemy. To the 42nd Highlanders, under Major Duncan Macpherson, had been assigned the honour of heading the advance—a disposition, by the way, of the force under his leadership which

formed the ground of some irresponsible criticism directed against the Brigadier; who was now again taxed with favouring his own countrymen, as he had already been when he gave them precedence in landing at Cape Coast Castle. In answer to this, it is enough to say that Sir Archibald Alison knew well what he was about, though his very excellent reason for what he now did is not one into which it is here desirable to go. In the advance, Colonel M'Leod, having Wauchope with him as his orderly officer, had command of the left column, composed of Russell's regiment and a wing of the Naval Brigade. So that the posts of these two officers in the action which followed were not with their own regiment.

Of the battle of Amoaful the main features were as follows. Firing commenced at a little after eight o'clock, when Lord Gifford's scouts rushed the village of Egginassie, beyond which point were assembled the Ashantis in numbers unofficially estimated as from 15,000 to 20,000. But the density of the forest undergrowth amid which the battle was contested gave to the enemy, to a large extent, the property of invisibility. The brunt of the fighting was borne by the Highlanders. Following up the attack of the scouts, the 42nd had pushed on to the further side of the captured village, where, having deployed into line, they continued by means of well-directed volleys to drive the enemy before them. Pauses in the fighting, caused by the enemy's retreat, were employed by the sappers in clearing ground for a fresh advance. In the above manner the position was reached which had been selected by the Ashantis for a stand. It

was one of great natural strength, evincing the strategical judgment of those who were to defend it. On the further side of a swamp, which a sluggish stream intersected, rose in the form of a crescent an extensive ridge, of which the left extremity was thrown forward—thus enabling the enemy to bring their fire to bear against the left flank of their assailants. To the stirring music of their native pipes, the Highlanders now descended by successive companies into the swamp, directing their attack full on the enemy's front, and becoming quickly lost to sight amid the bush—so that from that time forward the progress of the battle was made apparent only by the noise and smoke of the opposing firearms. For the enemy stood his ground manfully, keeping up a determined fire, whilst at the same time making repeated efforts to envelop the left flank of the British. Indeed, how spirited was their resistance is shown by the fact that, of 27 officers and 489 men of the Black Watch who entered the action, no fewer than 9 officers and 104 men were wounded. Dogged, however, as was the stand of the Ashantis, the play of our artillery from the rising ground on the further side of the swamp was too much for them, so that they evacuated their position, and retreated, being pressed closely by our soldiers from behind. And though some further resistance was still to be experienced, by shortly after mid-day the gallant Highlanders were in occupation of the village of Amoaful, the objective of the day's fighting.

How, meanwhile, had M'Leod's column been employed? It had advanced through the bush with

the view of meeting the left flank of the Highlanders on their extension, for which purpose it was necessary that a pathway should be cut under a heavy fire from either side. The peculiar hide-and-seek nature of the country defeated the immediate object aimed at. Nevertheless, after seizing and clearing a hill, the left column became engaged with a body of the enemy which had become separated from the main one when the latter was driven back. Having dealt with the above, it emerged from the bush upon the Coomassie road, and kept up the communication with the advance at Amoaful. The part played by Wauchope in the day's fighting was the unconspicuous one of many another faithful and valiant soldier; nor are his personal impressions of it now recoverable. (What life and spirit, combined with the perfection of modest self-effacement, he would himself have imparted to these in the telling!) In common with others, he distinguished himself by courage and coolness, throughout the day never sparing himself, and contributing much under trying circumstances to preserve the prescribed order of the advance. Such conduct was characteristic of the man; for matchless as was his courage, he was never one to fight for his own hand, but always thought first of his place in the general organisation and of the men under his charge. To such as he the most prized of all military decorations comes less often than they deserve.

What certainly afforded him the sincerest pleasure the conduct of his own regiment. Speaking of share in the day's action—and we have seen that was the lion's share—the Brigadier-General had

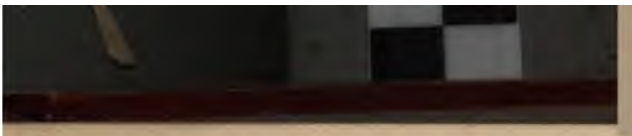
written thus: 'It is impossible for me to speak in too high terms of that magnificent regiment, the 42nd Highlanders; their steadiness and discipline, the admirable way in which they were kept in hand by their officers, and the enthusiastic gallantry with which every charge was executed, exceed all praise.'[1] Special commendations of individuals followed. When the news of the battle reached England, the newspapers also waxed loud in applause of the Highlanders and other troops which had taken part in it. Here is a sample of their eulogy. . . . 'Nor is the credit won by the Black Watch less because they showed in Ashantiland that courage, steadfastness, and dash at the right moment which have won them high renown in British military annals. We do not overrate the exploits performed by any of the famous regiments engaged. They only did what they have so often done before, face and overcome deadly odds and peril. But undoubtedly African fighting was a new experience for them; yet they proved again that they are alike in all fields. Surrounded by thousands of unseen enemies, far from all support or aid, compelled to move along narrow paths, and fight as it were in the dark, the handful of Britons, self-reliant, disciplined, daring, amply justified the confidence reposed in them by their commander and their countrymen.' Nor, in estimating the day's achievement, must it be forgotten that our troops had had to contend, not alone against the enemy, but against one of the most demoralising climates in the world—a climate which I have heard described by one who fought bravely in the campaign

[1] *Regimental Records of the 42nd Highlanders*, MS.

as of itself enough to predispose the strong soldier to a womanly break-down.

Wauchope's joy over the gallantry of his regiment was unhappily destined to an abatement. Among those wounded during the frontal attack on the Ashanti position had been his brother-officer, Major Baird. From the time when they had been thrown together in the regiment, Baird—who, be it said in passing, was a man of remarkably fine physique—had acted as Wauchope's guide, philosopher, and friend. As a kinsman, he had taken him under his protection, training him up in the way he ought to go, and not hesitating to reprimand him when he thought the occasion required it. Invalided home, Baird died of his wounds ere reaching England—regretted by every officer and man of the regiment, and not least, we may be sure, by Wauchope.

Before this, however, many things had happened. On the night following the battle, the troops bivouacked in Amoaful—a town constructed after the typical Ashanti fashion, round a square planted with trees. Sir Garnet Wolseley had now determined to diverge from the main road to Coomassie in order to destroy the important town of Becquah, lying about two miles to the west, which was reported to be filled with Ashantis. Accordingly next morning at eleven o'clock the force destined for this purpose was mustered in the captured village. It was divided into an advanced-guard and main body, the former being led by the tall figure of Colonel M'Leod, with whom of course was his orderly officer, Wauchope. A native pathway leading through dense bush conducted them to the



town, where Gifford's scouts forced an entrance. They encountered a vigorous opposition; but this did not last long, for, as the veteran M'Leod observed, the effects of the previous day's fighting was evident (though in opposite ways) both on our own troops and the enemy. After being occupied by the advanced-guard, the town was evacuated and burnt—the enemy, which had attempted to collect again, being dispersed by a few volleys. The return of the troops to camp was unmolested. Colonel M'Leod's conduct of this affair won the warm commendation of the Brigadier-General, and the Colonel in turn brought to favourable notice the names of his staff officers for their share in the proceedings.

The next day (February 2nd) the entire force advanced from Amoaful, the advanced-guard under Colonel M'Leod having orders to halt at Aggemmamu, some six miles onward, to report. Wauchope and his companions now proceeded over a track which bore marks of having been recently trampled by the feet of many fugitives, whilst from the thicket on either hand exhaled a sinister odour of dead men. But the conquerors' progress was not to be entirely uninterrupted. In ascending a broad patch of miry ground, after crossing a stream, the advanced-guard was fired on by a well-placed ambuscade, covering a larger force of the enemy. Fortunately the Ashantis had opened their fire out of range, or the result might have been serious. Major Russell now at once deployed his men in skirmishing order across the road, whence they poured the contents of their rifles ahead and into the bush on either side. But their shooting was unfor-

tunately wild. Whilst endeavouring to control them, Wauchope sustained a slight contused wound in the right hand from a slug. But he was not the sort of man to regard such trifles. His influence soon made itself felt, the Ashantis, estimated at 1000 strong, were driven back, and the neighbouring village of Jinbinbah was in our hands. The advanced-guard then proceeded to Aggemmamu, its progress being more or less opposed at each of three successive villages on the way. Certain critical points upon the road had been secured by leaving pickets behind. The same afternoon M'Leod scouted to Adwabin, where Ashantis were understood to be collected, but found them fled.

Sir Garnet Wolseley now resolved to secure Aggemmamu as a base, and to march his force on to Coomassie, which was but fifteen miles distant, as a flying column. On the arrival of the head of the column at Adwabin, on the 3rd February, Colonel M'Leod with the advanced-guard again moved forward. Before he had been an hour upon the road the attack of the day before was repeated from a precisely similar position. On this occasion M'Leod brought up the seven-pounder gun of the advanced-guard and opened with shell upon the ambush. We have seen that, on the former occasion, the rifle-practice of Russell's regiment had been erratic and wasteful; some companies of the Rifle Brigade had in consequence been called to the front. The united fire of these two bodies was now brought to bear upon the

who after a short, sharp action was driven

After this, however, owing to the repeated

ades encountered by the way, the progress of

M'Leod's column was necessarily slow, whilst almost every discharge of the enemy's musketry inflicted some loss upon his men. But in a case of this kind the post of danger is also the post of glory. The steadiness and self-control in reserving their fire now shown by the men of Russell's completely retrieved the character of that regiment, so that Wauchope's labours had not been in vain. In the day's fighting, they alone had three killed and over thirty wounded.

Early in the afternoon the advanced-guard reached the river Ordah, the head-quarters following closely. Here it was understood that a force of 10,000 Ashantis awaited them on the further bank, an equal number being still in our army's rear. Meantime, under cover of a flag of truce, a last effort had been made by the King to stay our progress. It was received for what it was worth. Yet he was allowed one more chance of meeting our terms by sending in hostages—of which, as was expected, he declined to avail himself.

The river being about fifty feet in breadth and three or four feet deep, it was necessary to bridge it; in the meanwhile Russell's regiment was passed over, to act as a covering-party to the Engineers who undertook this duty. On landing on the north bank, they proceeded to make a fairly large clearing in the bush, and a small entrenchment, where the remainder of the advanced-guard presently joined them. The bivouac of the main body formed three sides of a square, resting on the south bank of the river. At nightfall a tornado set in; heavy and long-continued rains soon saturated the flimsy shelter-tents of the flying column, and the night was spent in great physical discomfort.

The dawn came languidly. 'It seemed, says an eye-witness, 'as if the day sympathised with the waning of the once terrible Ashanti power, and lagged in its course to delay what had now become inevitable.'

But, in spite of adverse atmospheric conditions, the Engineers had continued their work through a great part of the night, with the result that by daybreak, or soon after, a complete bridge, furnished with hand-rails, spanned the river. On our side faint hopes were for a time entertained that, after the lesson of Amoaful, the enemy would not risk another stand-up fight. But it soon became apparent that he was prepared to make a last stand; and fight he did, though perhaps not with quite the same courage and tenacity as on the last occasion. In the comfortless dawn the camp had been early astir, the camp-fires forming centres of groups of drenched men and officers. At seven o'clock the advanced-guard began to move off. M'Leod commanded, and to some companies of the Rifle Brigade had been assigned this morning the post of honour in the front, which had been occupied by the Highlanders at Amoaful. The objective was the village of Ordahsu, about a mile and a quarter from the river. Hardly was the column clear of the river-bank when the enemy opened fire upon its head. 'No man,' has remarked a keen observer, 'is more cool in action than Colonel M'Leod.' Finding that the native troops (of Wood's regiment) were not making the most of their opportunities, he ordered up the seven-pounder gun and passed a company of Rifles to the front. Then he pressed slowly on towards the village, in face of a spirited resistance. Meantime, an uproar of cheering

and drumming on the right rear announced that the enemy had developed an attack on the flank of the main body.

About half-way to the village the road began to pass along a narrow ridge with a ravine on either side. Along this, under cover of the seven-pounder, the advanced-guard now felt its way—a few rounds being from time to time discharged from the gun, to clear the way for a corresponding advance of the column. In this manner Ordahsu was reached and carried by shortly after nine, though not without heavy loss sustained, especially by the gun-party.

The Highlanders and head-quarters followed M'Leod's column after an interval, having repulsed flank and rear attacks from the enemy. Meantime, the ground on either side the ridge-way had been cleared of covert, and a good deal of further fighting had taken place in and around the village. In fact the bush which encircled the latter, except where it was broken by the main road, is described as having for a whole hour presented the appearance of a ring of flame from whence issued a continuous roar of fire.

Colonel M'Leod's work with the advanced-guard being now finished, he was replaced in command of his regiment, and intrusted with the supreme task of breaking out of the village of Ordahsu and advancing on Coomassie. Placing himself at the head of his men, of which two companies were extended into the bush to right and left of the road, the gallant veteran[1] gave the word to advance: '*A* Company,

[1] A veteran in service, not in years, of which he numbered at that time but forty-three. He had entered the Army at fifteen.

front rank fire to the right, rear rank to the left. Forward!' And here I cannot do better than describe the scene which followed, not in his own words—for these are far too modest—but in those of Sir Archibald Alison, who was with him. 'On first debouching from the village,' says the Brigadier, 'a tremendous fire was opened on the head of the column from a well-planned and strong ambuscade, six men being knocked over in an instant. But the flank companies worked steadily through the bush; the leading company in the path sprang forward with a cheer; the pipes struck up, and the ambuscade was at once carried. Then followed one of the finest spectacles I have ever seen in war. Without stop or stay the 42nd rushed on cheering, their pipes playing, their officers to the front: ambuscade after ambuscade was successfully carried, village after village won in succession, till the whole Ashantis broke and fled in the wildest disorder down the pathway on their front to Coomassie. The ground was covered with traces of their flight.' Scarcely pausing to draw breath, the dauntless Highlanders swept on after them, and without further opposition that evening entered Coomassie.

In the meanwhile demoralisation had gained the native assailants of the captured village; they seemed to realise that their last hope was gone, and the loud blowing of their horns for retreat soon died away in the distance. Till now, King Koffee had continued to direct his army from a distant spot—where, beneath a canopy of plantain leaves, he sat upon a golden stool, surrounded by his chiefs. He could not bring himself

to believe in the approaching overthrow of his people. But the whizzing of a Snider bullet in his immediate proximity startled him rudely from his dream. He fled. The Ashanti power was broken.

Ere this, however, the active part played in the proceedings by the orderly officer to the leader of the advanced-guard had been brought to an untimely end. In crossing the exposed ground before Ordahsu, Wauchope had been severely wounded in the left shoulder by a slug from the musket of an Ashanti perched in a tree. That a man of his energetic and fearless temper, peculiarly exposed as he had lately been by the special nature of his duties, should for so long have escaped serious hurt was perhaps what was chiefly to be wondered at. Yet that he should be disabled at this crowning moment of the campaign is of a piece with the strangely bad luck which on so many other occasions was his portion. For to study the story of Wauchope's life is to run a risk of conversion to the pagan belief in Luck—assuredly, through life, he had far more of bad luck to contend against than falls to the share of most men. As an instance, his repeated accidents when on the *St. George* will be fresh in the reader's memory. Now look at his luck in the present campaign. First the call of duty to another part of the field had prevented his partaking in the glorious doings of his regiment at Amoaful; and now, when his comrades were starting on their march to King Koffee's capital, a grievous hurt sustained in the performance of a soldier's duty held him back from sharing in their triumph. And yet he had borne the burden and heat of the day as few had

been called to do. It was 'all in the day's work,' that is true; but it was 'hard luck' none the less. And he felt it so. Says one who saw him as he lay wounded, 'I quite remember the sort of worried, fierce look in his eyes—bearing the pain, but chafing at being laid low when he wished to be up and doing. "Eh, he is a gra-a-and mon!" said one of his Highlanders to me at the time.'

On falling, Wauchope had been placed in one of the ordinary travelling-hammocks of the country, which are provided with light movable roofs for protection from the sun, and had been deposited beside the way to await further attendance. As he lay there, a certain Good Samaritan (name unknown) passed that way. His attention was at first drawn to the wounded man by the peculiar blueness of the latter's eyes, and, having recognised him, he placed beside him a pint of Champagne—at that time and place a rare luxury. The hemorrhage from his wound had been very great, and to this timely draught, imbibed at that moment of exhaustion, Wauchope in after days ascribed the preservation of his life. With him had fallen Lieutenant Eyre of Wood's native regiment, whose wound unhappily was mortal.

Wauchope was carried into the field hospital. And now see what a saving power in man hath a sense of humour! For he had not lain there long before he laughed. The occasion was this. A sailor of the Naval Brigade had been brought in beside him. The poor fellow, who was badly wounded, was bewailing himself lustily, in language which was none of the most choice. But which of his various misfortunes

had he chosen to bewail? His wound? Not at all. That morning, instead of drinking his ration of rum, he had saved it for use later in the day, mixing it with the contents of his water-bottle. But the same bullet which had shattered his thigh had likewise shivered the bottle. And the question which was now exercising the mind of honest Jack was whether he was on that account to be done out of that there tot of grog!

Medical aid at last arrived, and, whether on account of the severity of the case or the patient's rank as an officer, Wauchope was one of the first to whom it was offered. But, with the true spirit of a Sidney, he insisted on waiting to have his wound dressed until all other serious cases had received attention, thus voluntarily in the interests of others prolonging the tax on his own endurance. The wound proved to be a serious one, and, to the regret of all who knew him, he was now invalided home. 'He was a universal favourite in the regiment,' writes his former Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Sir John M'Leod, 'and his temporary disablement was much regretted.' Not least among those who shared in this regret were the native troops of Russell's regiment, from whom he too parted with reluctance. It is said that they 'looked up to him as a father, and would willingly have followed him through any danger, even to death itself.'

For the sake of completeness I may be permitted to add that the Ashanti Expedition of 1873-74 terminated in a perfect triumph for its leader and the force which he commanded. Having entered

and destroyed Coomassie, Sir Garnet Wolseley imposed his terms upon King Koffee, and forthwith marched his army back to the coast—where it arrived just in time to escape the perils and hardships of the rainy season, of which a foretaste had already been experienced on the banks of the Ordah river. He had accomplished the object of his mission, and had done so within the limit of time fixed by himself. And not since the famous charge at the battle of Alma, twenty years before, had the Black Watch so greatly enhanced its reputation. Sir Garnet and his Staff, who were the last of the expeditionary force to return to England, were back at Portsmouth by the 20th day of March.

CHAPTER V

HOME-COMING FESTIVITIES—DEATH OF MR. WAUCHOPE —TOUR OF FRANCO-PRUSSIAN BATTLEFIELDS— MALTA—CYPRUS

By his service with the advanced-guard under Colonel M'Leod in Ashantiland, Wauchope had, so to speak, won his professional spurs. On the said body had devolved the duty of forcing all positions held by the enemy in front of our army, and that duty had been performed with admirable skill and gallantry.[1] On the conclusion of the war Wauchope was therefore offered the command of an unattached company, which he refused on the ground that he had not the least desire to be removed from his regiment. The professional reputation which he had won in time of peace as adjutant of his regiment had, however, been sustained and confirmed in time of war; he had been mentioned in despatches, and he now wore the medal and clasp awarded for the Ashanti Expedition. But for this distinction he had been called to pay a dearer price than most. I allude to the peculiar nature and consequences of the wound received by him at Ordahsu.

It is true that the fire-arms at that time in use

[1] Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatch to the Secretary of State for War, dated Coomassie, 5th February 1874.

among Ashanti warriors were not of a very formidable kind. They consisted mainly of flint-locks, of Danish manufacture, into the barrels of which gunpowder was loosely sprinkled without wadding, an iron 'slug,' or piece of unsmelted ore, being generally used for a bullet. This accounts for the fact that, despite the first-class opportunities enjoyed by the enemy, firing from under cover of the bush, the casualties on our side were, comparatively speaking, few and trifling. But it will readily be understood that a wound inflicted by one of the above-described missiles might in an odd case prove exceptionally troublesome. So was it in the case of Wauchope. Thanks to a naturally sound and vigorous constitution, his wounds healed rapidly; but the slug had obstinately resisted every effort made to extract it. And, for fully three or four years from the present time, it continued to be a source of physical trouble —nay, of actual and serious danger to life. For, being liable to shift its position, it might at any moment affect a vital part. To this precarious tenure of his life, among other causes, has been ascribed a gradual but permanent change which about this time began to declare itself in Wauchope's character. But of this more anon. It is to an Edinburgh surgeon, Professor Annandale, that the credit belongs of at last extracting the intrusive metal; and it would be wrong not to mention that, having submitted to the operation without an anæsthetic, on returning to Niddrie afterwards Wauchope spoke only to one servant, whose aid he required, of what he had just undergone, and this under seal of secrecy. The fact was that there

was a case of serious illness in the house at the time, and his thoughts being as ever of others, he wished to avoid having a fuss made about himself.

Upon the conclusion of the Ashanti Campaign followed the usual public recognition of the services rendered by the commander and his troops to their Queen and Country. Before embarking on their homeward voyage they had been fêted and thanked at Cape Coast Castle; their reception in London was one of great enthusiasm. Among other festivities in their honour, the Lord Mayor entertained the officers of the expedition at a banquet at which were present the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and various members of the Cabinet. As a junior, Wauchope was not, of course, called on to figure prominently on that occasion; but after his return to Scotland, a public dinner in his own special honour was got up in his own countryside. It was held at Portobello on the 12th June, and, whilst affording pleasing testimony of the good-will of the neighbourhood towards his family and himself, it is still of some interest to us as the occasion of the first recorded public speech of one who later on became a very popular public speaker. The characteristics of his style seem already to have been what they were in later years—a soldierly simplicity and unpretentiousness, rising when required to earnestness, which would sit with a becoming grace on the young hero returned wounded from the wars. In responding to the toast of the evening, his own health, which had been proposed by the Provost, who presided, he began by gracefully waving aside all

praise for himself, preferring to recognise in the banquet a compliment paid to the distinguished corps in which he had the honour of serving. Then—as he often did in later life—he proceeded to sum up the recent campaign in terms of his own—continuing characteristically, that if people *would* invade our territory and commit murders and other crimes, they must be prepared to face a terrible retribution. The British lion took a long time to rise—he was a grand old animal in his way. But when he *did* rise, his vengeance was apt to be speedy. He himself believed that the King of Ashanti by this time bitterly regretted the day when he first invaded the British Protectorate. He concluded with a few playful compliments to the address of the neighbourhood and its representatives.

There was nothing remarkable in this speech, but, so long as it is hearty and spontaneous, after-dinner speaking is not wont to please less well on that account; nor do we need the reporter's comment to assure us that the speaker secured a perfect ovation. Later in the evening, in replying to the toast of the House of Niddrie, he spoke more gravely—giving expression to the wish that, as that House had never in the past brought dishonour on the district, so it might never do so in the future. For himself, so far as in him lay, he would always try to uphold its honour. This was the deepest note he sounded that night. By the light of after events we know beyond doubt that the aspiration came direct from his heart, and it affords us valuable insight into the impulses which shaped his conduct at the time. For Wauchope was never one to wear his heart upon his sleeve; and,

except in moments of strong emotion or in the society of his nearest friends, was one of the most reserved of men.

On his return from the war he was quartered at Perth, where he undertook the Acting Adjutancy of the Regimental Depôt. Much of his time, however, was spent at Niddrie, where his health could receive the special attention which just then it required, and where his father (a much more cogent motive) stood more than ever in need of his attendance. Owing to the progress of the disease from which he suffered, Mr. Wauchope was now extremely infirm, and to his great regret had been unable to attend the Dinner at Portobello. More than ever he depended on Andy, whom he frequently summoned to his side by telegram, and who was always eager to support him with an arm in the sadly short walks about the grounds of Niddrie to which the invalid's failing powers restricted him. About this time the old pony upon which Mr. Wauchope had latterly been accustomed to ride became unfit for use; nor could Andy altogether regret this, knowing as he did that the time had come for his father to discontinue even that mild form of exercise. It was now plainly evident that the end could not be far off, and on November 22nd of this year Mr. Wauchope died. He was but fifty-six years of age. Andy felt his death deeply, for he had ever been the most affectionate of sons to the most doting of fathers; and, among the several influences which at this time tended to deepen his inner life and to make his outward conduct graver, his father's death must count as one. Besides the direct loss, the death of the

head of a house such as that of Niddrie can scarcely fail to bring with it, at least to the younger members of a family, a break-up of home and of many old ties and habits. It is creditable to both Wauchope and his elder brother that, notwithstanding the manifest preference of their father, no two brothers could well have been more mutually attached than they. And thus they continued to the end. Still William Wauchope had now been for several years a married man, with separate interests of his own, and it was not in the nature of things that Niddrie could continue to be to the younger brother all that up to now it had been. And we have seen that his attachment to the place of his birth, the home of his early years, was one of unusual warmth.

To resume. So profound was the impression made on Wauchope by his bereavement that it was feared at first that his health would suffer. Anxious to distract his mind from its grief, a kinsman and brother-soldier, the Honourable Fitzwilliam Elliot, who was then on leave from the Staff College, invited him to be his companion in a Continental tour, of which the main object was the inspection of some of the battlefields of the then recent Franco-Prussian War. The professional interest of the project appealed to Wauchope, and the two friends left London together for Brussels on the 8th December, travelling by way of Dover and Calais. In the Channel the weather was wet and stormy, and Wauchope's conduct on the steamboat was thoroughly characteristic of the kind-hearted fellow he was. During the entire passage he continued to hold his umbrella over a poor

sea-sick maid-servant, shielding her as well as he could from the rain, and from the seas that dashed over the boat. In thus looking after her, he himself got drenched ; nor did he receive one word of thanks for his trouble, for the girl was too miserable to realise what was being done for her.

Next day the two friends examined the field of Waterloo, walking from Braine l'Alleud—representing Wellington's extreme right in the battle—along the front of his position, by La Haye Sainte, to Papelotte and La Haye ; whence they returned by La Belle Alliance along Napoleon's position, and so through Hougomont to Waterloo. The associations of a spot so touchingly memorable to every British heart affected Wauchope powerfully—in the then condition of his feelings, perhaps even morbidly, and as he walked he kept muttering to himself the words, 'Holy ground, holy ground!' Next day he and his friend visited the barracks of one of the cavalry regiments of the Guard at Brussels, and were very civilly received ; but with Waterloo and the unheroic part there played by the Belgians fresh in his mind, Wauchope saw all things through much prejudiced eyes.

On the 11th December the travellers had intended to visit Quatre Bras and Ligny, but weather proving very unfavourable, they went on to Cologne instead. Years afterwards Wauchope completed this part of the tour on his own account, and was used to tell how, in endeavouring to obtain information regarding Quatre Bras, he underwent an experience familiar to investigators in all branches of research—being

corrected by the superior ignorance of the landlord of the Estaminet at the cross-roads, who assured him that no fighting had ever taken place in that locality, and that if it was a battlefield he was after, he must go to Waterloo.

Having been permitted to inspect the fortifications and a cavalry barrack at Cologne, the friends went on to Coblentz. There, while watching some recruits at drill, Wauchope was moved to strong disgust by the brutality displayed towards one of the squad by the N.C.O. in charge. Thence to Mayence and Wissemburg, where they walked over the field of the first battle of the war. Having spent the night here, they devoted the whole of next day to the field of Wörth, and at a late hour continued their journey as far as Metz, where they spent the next ten days.

This time was devoted to walking over the surrounding country, studying the details of the various battles fought there in the months of August and September 1870. Wauchope's companion already knew the ground, and was well up in the subject, without which it would have been impossible to overtake the work within the time named. He had also many friends among the officers of the garrison, so that he and his companion now saw much of German military life, in both cavalry and infantry—going over barracks, dining frequently at regimental messes, and taking part in seasonable festivities, of which a Christmas tree and distribution of gifts were incidents sometimes reverted to in after life by Wauchope.

His pleasure in all these doings was much tempered by his ignorance of the German language, for, as

generally happens in the case of foreign tongues, he had forgotten most of what he had picked up in infancy. His French, also, was unpractised. At this time, too, he was not well versed in the details of the great war, and could not naturally take much interest in going over ground at Spicheren or round Metz where there was nothing left to mark the various positions of the armies. In tracing the lines of the investment of Paris—whither the friends went on December 27th, and where they stayed a fortnight—he got on better; for here the remains of batteries and trenches were still visible, to aid the mind in picturing what had taken place. It is suggested that at this time he obtained greater pleasure from constructing imaginary pictures of what might have happened on a given piece of ground than from studying the ground in relation to what actually did happen there. Certainly during this tour he never studied a battle before visiting the battlefield; but, possessing as he did a good eye for country, he probably thought much of how things might or ought to have been done. Possibly this was not the worst way of going to work; for at that time the operations of the war were still too recent to be criticised correctly, and there was a strong tendency on the part of Staff College officers to accept as necessarily right, from a military point of view, everything that has been done by the Prussians. With these the *Official History of the War* was as a Bible; but of that book Wauchope knew nothing —indeed, in those days he had read but little modern military literature, and studied none,—having

still, for example, to make acquaintance with even so well known a book as Hamley's *Operations of War*. At a later time he strove manfully to make up leeway in his studies; but to the end he remained a practical rather than theoretical soldier. It must, of course, be borne in mind that for the ordinary line officer this was a very unstudious age. In Paris the two friends did not frequent society, their time being wholly taken up by long walks in the environs, except on a single day when they hunted with the Duc d'Aumale's stag-hounds at Chantilly. On the 12th January 1875 they left Paris for London. Thus ended the first of several foreign tours made by Wauchope for the purpose of studying his profession.

He divided the greater part of next year between Niddrie and the depôt. He had not altogether escaped the effects of the pestilential Gold Coast climate, the depression bred of which he was used in after years to liken to that accompanying the latter-day scourge of influenza. But his native air so far restored him that he sometimes spoke of it as having 'saved his life.' Still his wound continued to trouble him. In the month of November he rejoined the regiment at Malta, where it had then been for nearly a year—the present being the first of two periods of service which he was to spend with it in that island.

His comrades stationed at the Floriana barracks were rejoiced to have him back among them once more. But it soon became apparent to them that a change had come over him. We know that profound

religious convictions had repeatedly characterised members of the Wauchope family—in support of which statement it may here suffice to cite the instances of Wauchope the Covenanter and of Admiral Robert Wauchope, grand-uncle of the subject of this memoir. The late Mr. Wauchope, also, had been a man of strongly religious leanings, who had given his son the advantages of an early training in religion, and had been tenderly solicitous on his behalf as to the dangers of early exposure to the world. Wauchope himself was, therefore, in all probability predisposed to spiritual impressions. At a later period than the above, in his relations with Colonel M'Leod—to whom he looked up with a mixture of awe and strong admiration — he had again been brought into close contact with a piously minded man,—of whom, by the way, it is told that, when his orderly-officer lay wounded in Ashantiland, he himself carried a copy of the Book of Psalms to his cot-side. So much, then, for external influences. But in the life of almost every man of deep thought and feeling—and such a man, beyond all doubt, was Wauchope—there comes a time when he feels himself irresistibly impelled to re-examine his own position in relation to the deeper things of life. So far his Christianity—however sincere in itself—has probably been more or less an official or conventional thing, received upon trust; it is now, by an effort, or it may be merely an experience of the spirit, to be converted into a living reality. This conversion is what is sometimes spoken of by the professors of religion as the second baptism. Well, there had

recently been much in Wauchope's experience to awaken his deeper nature, and it seems certain that he now went through some process of feeling analogous to the above. The result was that religious truth was borne in upon his life with new force, and that he was enabled to accept the doctrines of Christianity —not (as many a sincere and well-principled man is perforce constrained to do) as a mere 'working hypothesis,' or best in its kind that can be got—but frankly and unreservedly. In him this change did not produce the commoner manifestations; for like a sensible man he kept his religion to himself, or at least never talked of it to his comrades. It was destined none the less to be deep and lasting, and fruitful of much good in his subsequent life. In bringing it about, a gentleman whose acquaintance he had made in Malta had been largely instrumental.

The Presbyterian Chaplain to the Forces in the island was at that time Dr. Wisely, who, having held his appointment for many years, had necessarily great experience of soldiers. To him Wauchope had brought a letter of introduction from a common friend in Edinburgh; it resulted in the formation of an intimate friendship, and it was to Wisely that Wauchope, amid his present heart-searchings, unburdened his mind,—on which subject I quote an interesting statement from Mr. Baird's Life of the General: 'He spoke freely,' writes the Presbyterian Chaplain, 'of the possibility, not to say probability, that his time on earth might be short; but he showed no craven fear.' He said he wished to know as much as was possible for him to know about the 'undiscovered

country' into which he might soon be going. 'I have seldom met,' continues the Doctor, 'a man further removed from fanaticism, and at the same time so full of reverence. From his earliest days he seems to have feared God. He had not, however, escaped from the doubts and difficulties raised by the sceptical spirit of the age. . . . He wanted to be sure that there was no mistake, and he took the best means of becoming sure. If any man will do His will, Christ says, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God. This is what Wauchope did. He put the desire to do God's will into every duty which fell to him. He followed on to know the Lord, and he came to know the truth of the Gospel, not only as a truth of faith, but a truth of personal experience.' In a word, his Christianity was as practical as was his soldiership.

But it was only under stress of strong emotion, or when circumstances compelled, that it found utterance. An example or two may serve to make this plain. On the occasion of the occupation of Cyprus by the British, Wauchope and his Company were told off to land at Larnaca before the rest of the regiment, and to proceed to the inland village of Cheflik. It was midsummer, the heat was great, and whilst they were on the march one of the party, Sergeant Samuel M°Gaw, fell dead of apoplexy. It was natural that his death should cast a gloom over his comrades, and this was intensified by the fact that he had been a particularly gallant fellow, having won the Victoria Cross at Amoaful—where, in the words of the *Gazette*, 'he had led his section through the bush in the most excellent manner throughout the day, although badly

wounded early in the engagement.' But the British were as yet strangers in Cyprus, and there was nothing for it but to inter the sergeant where he fell. Wauchope superintended the arrangements for the burial, and in the absence of a chaplain, himself stepped forward and raised an earnest extempore prayer above the grave. We are told, and can readily believe, that the incident made a deep impression on those present. The men of E Company then fired over the grave, and the march was resumed. The spot selected for the burial was under a large thorn-tree, upon the bark of which a brief memorial was inscribed. At a later period it was found necessary to remove the sergeant's body to another resting-place; but Wauchope, who was at that time resident in a distant part of the island, had no part in these proceedings.

My second illustration belongs to his last years, and may serve to prove the continuity of his religious life. In the course of an address to the Mission Sabbath School of New Craighall, in earnestly exhorting his hearers to study the Bible, he said: 'Ah, children! if you had seen men dying on the battlefield as I have, you would know that nothing gave them comfort like the Old Story.' One who was present, and who knew his usual reticence on religious subjects—for there was nothing more alien to his nature than sanctimoniousness—was much impressed by the fervour with which he had spoken, and shortly afterwards took occasion to mention this to Mrs. Wauchope. Her reply was simply, 'If you knew his inner life as I do, you would not be surprised—all his day's work is influenced by his morning's devotions.' So, to repeat Dr. Wisely's

words, he put the desire to do God's will into every duty which fell to him. It is from incidents such as these that we must form our idea of the experience undergone by him during his early stay in Malta.

It must not be presumed, however, that this inward change had altogether obscured his sense of humour, or the brighter side of his nature. He had always had a keen relish for the quaint sayings of the soldiers, and it was in Malta, one day when the regiment had marched out into the country, that he overheard a fragment of dialogue which vastly tickled his fancy. A private who had lately arrived in the island, and was eager to turn his foreign experiences to account, inquired of the sergeant marching next him respecting a priest, wearing a baretta, who had appeared in the verandah of a house by the wayside to see the troops pass, what manner of person that might be. To which the N.C.O. replied, in good broad Scots, and in perfect good faith, 'That 's what they ca' a Mehawmedan.'

Meantime his professional work kept him in congenial employment, though this was often associated with the usual cares and worries. For instance: when first he took over the duties of Musketry Instructor, the men's workmanship fell far short of the standard at which he aimed. He felt that it lay with him to improve it, and this purpose so filled his mind that his Colonel—the same 'Old Jack,' as he was familiarly called, who had so long ago recognised his worth as an officer—was heard to remark that Wauchope was making himself quite ill over this business. 'If he would only be anxious twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four I should not so much mind,' he added,

'but he is anxious all the twenty-four!' Well, in no line of life is it given to a man at once to be keen and conscientious in his work and to preserve his brow unwrinkled.

Wauchope had now been ten or twelve years a soldier, but promotion in the Black Watch was slow, and he remained a subaltern. This was like his luck. Even so, his prospects of a captaincy were vague, so that he was once asked by the Reverend Dr. Wisely if he had never thought of improving his chances by exchanging into some other corps. As on the occasion when he had been offered an unattached company, his answer was 'No'—this time a very emphatic 'No.' He would stick staunchly to the old regiment, he declared, and be content to take what came to him. In July 1878, though still a Lieutenant, he was appointed to command E Company—destined thereafter to be so closely and fondly associated with his name. But of this more in a later chapter. At last, on September 14th of the same year, he was gazetted Captain.

While stationed at Malta, he more than once visited England on leave. He also made two tours—of the kind for which his recent travels with his kinsman, now Colonel Elliot, would seem to have given him a taste—with an eye to the military possibilities of given countries. The first of these was a ride across Sicily —an island which was just then reported to be swarming with brigands.

His second tour was of a more adventurous kind, through the interior of Turkey.

These travels were necessarily extremely rough, but

for 'roughing it' few men were so well qualified as Wauchope. According to an expression of his own, in allusion to his aptitude for putting up with the hardest of fare, he was able to 'thrive on dirt.' It is regrettable that no record of these journeys has been preserved; but he was no diary-keeper, nor one to talk much of his own doings, and perhaps the only reminiscence of them which has survived is one of his arriving late at night at some wretched Turkish change-house or caravanserai. This was found to contain but one guest's bed, and that was occupied. But the Turks are evidently an obliging people, for, according to Wauchope's version, by a sort of Box and Cox arrangement, the occupant was at once kicked out of it, and he himself kicked in.

But the Turco-Russian War was not, after all, to be without its effect on his career. Turkey had been defeated, but the Treaty of San Stefano, forced on that country by the conquering nation, was more than the European Powers were prepared to admit. In order to give weight to her protest against it, England now summoned a contingent of Indian troops to Malta, and at the same time occupied Cyprus. Of the army of occupation the 42nd Regiment formed a part. The events which followed are well known. The Berlin Congress served its purpose of preserving peace, and among the various agreements which thereafter came to light was an undertaking by England to guarantee the Asiatic possessions of Turkey from invasion, in consideration of the right to occupy Cyprus. Thus Great Britain obtained another foothold in the Mediterranean. The Black Watch was

soon transferred to Gibraltar, but Captain Wauchope remained behind. The reason was this. The first British Governor of Cyprus was no other than Sir Garnet Wolseley, under whose favourable notice Wauchope had been brought during the Ashanti expedition. On taking up his new appointment, Sir Garnet had adopted the existing division of the island into six 'cazas' or districts—a division which still remains in use. To each of these districts he appointed a Deputy-Governor or Commissioner, appointing Wauchope to that of Papho, on the extreme east of the island. Here, then, was the subject of our story called on to figure in an entirely new capacity. The appointment was not one at which every man would have jumped; for there had been much sickness among both British and Indian troops employed in the recent occupation, so that at home the weather-cock public opinion had already veered to pronouncing the climate pestilential, and the island generally a bad bargain. But Wauchope was not the man to be deterred by considerations of this kind. Associated with him as Assistant-Commissioner he had Lieutenant (now Colonel) A. G. Duff, a young officer of his own regiment, who, throughout the period of his present labours, continued to render him valuable help.

The admirable manner in which his duties as Commissioner were discharged led to his further employment in Cyprus in the following unforeseen way. The Sultan having claimed certain property in the island as belonging to himself personally, the late Lord Salisbury, as Foreign Minister, determined to appoint an official who was conversant with the country to

inquire into the justice of this claim, and, on the recommendation of the High Commissioner, chose Wauchope for the purpose. After visiting every part of the dependency, and conducting a careful inquiry, Wauchope arrived at a decision which was at all points adverse to the Sultan. Yet so genuinely friendly were his manners, and so much tact and transparent honesty did he display, that, notwithstanding his decision, he contrived to preserve his cordial relations with the Sultan's advocate. His services on the occasion were recognised by the Government, who conferred on him, on his return to England in August 1880, the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Of this period a few characteristic personalia have been communicated to the writer. During Wauchope's first season in Cyprus malarial fever was particularly prevalent; he fell a victim to it, his temperature rising at times to 105°, whilst a large, hard swelling formed beneath his chin. But he allowed no physical pain or inconvenience to interfere with the performance of his work, continuing to discharge his duties in the Law Court with the same patience in exhaustive inquiry, the same scrupulous care for fairness as heretofore. Nor was any murmur ever heard to pass his lips.

That his duties were sometimes of the sternest will be shown by the following incidents, significant of the lawlessness of the caza. A young Turk, having violated a Christian girl, fled from justice to the mountains, and being pursued, refused to surrender. Wauchope saw that it was necessary to have him 'peppered,' after which his capture was easy.

The next story is yet grimmer. When Sir Garnet Wolseley took up the government of the island, the rivalry of conquered Greek and conquering Turk made the two nationalities extremely jealous of British preference, so that indications of favour were anxiously watched for on either side. On his part, the High Commissioner was equally anxious to convince both nations of his perfect impartiality—a task made somewhat the easier by the fact that, on the score of lawlessness, there was not much to choose between them. There was thus a certain fitness in the accident by which, a Turk having already been hanged, the next man sentenced proved to be a Greek —a noted malefactor of the Papho district, who had added murder to other crimes. To Wauchope fell the superintendence of the arrangements for the execution, and he set about it with his usual thoroughness. He had at first anticipated difficulty in finding any one to act as executioner, but a native official came forward who claimed this as his right and privilege. Then the scaffold was erected by blue-jackets from H.M.S. *Raleigh*—which had opportunely arrived off the coast —who likewise supplied and carefully tested a rope. It was owing solely to an excess of precaution that the affair miscarried; for too long a drop having been allowed, the rope unfortunately broke. Death had already supervened; but Wauchope took the accident so much to heart that it required the assurance of his ever-honoured chief, that 'ropes had broken before now,' to restore him to his usual equanimity. His method of signifying that the sentence of the law had been carried out was original. Doubling down a corner of

the death-warrant which had been forwarded to him, and having written across it, 'I certify that the man is dead,' he signed and returned it to head-quarters.

From such incidents as these it is pleasant to turn to the friendly relations which he managed to cultivate with his neighbours for the time being: with the local Greek Church bishop, for instance—a worthy old soul who had enough of the old Adam left in him to relish a St. Andrew's night banquet, in which good Cyprus wine figured, to which Wauchope and his subaltern invited him; or with his zaptiehs, for whom he organised pony-races, tactfully contriving that racial hatred should give way to sporting emulation.

A clever lady who at this time knew him well, and came to recognise his high qualities, has informed me that in the earlier stages of their acquaintance she thought him unusual both in manner and appearance, and deplored his total want of 'small talk'—a defect, by the way, which, in a man's sight, would of itself constitute considerable merit. There is doubtless justice in the observation; for certain young ladies, whose father was Wauchope's friend, recall how as children they would be stopped by Wauchope when he met them in their walks, how he would shake them kindly by the hand, and then, finding nothing to say, would shake hands and bid them good-bye.

When he spoke, however, it was to some purpose, and often memorably. For instance, he had always a warm sympathy with lovers, and a proportionate dislike of married ladies who flirted,—of one of whom—a handsome woman of the Hawksbee type, who had done considerable mischief among men he knew—he

remarked that she was 'a torpedo—a thing that blows up ironclads.' Another of his characteristic utterances occurred in an official report written in the following circumstances. The Medical Officer attached to his district had been reprimanded from head-quarters for failing to vaccinate the native population under his charge. But the doctor was not really to blame, his vaccine having run short, and a request for a further supply having met with no response. In backing up his subordinate, Wauchope used the following delightfully sententious phrase—now quoted textually by one of his colleagues after more than twenty years: 'A doctor without medicines is placed in a somewhat humiliating position. He can administer bread-pills; he can recommend water applications; but to heal he cannot, not having the wherewithal.' His official reports to his superior officers were at all times pithy —characteristic of the man and unlike those of other men.

My final anecdote exhibits him in another light. Whilst in Cyprus he inherited a legacy of £1000, which, by a somewhat unusual procedure — possibly at his own request—was transmitted to him in the form of a single bank-note. Impressed with the importance of taking good care of this precious paper, he placed it in his breast-pocket. Shortly afterwards, in the course of a walk, he happened to pass a well from which he wished to drink. But mindful of the value he bore about him, before drawing out a cup which he carried in the same pocket, he deposited the bank-note on a neighbouring rock, in what he considered a place of safety. Then,

having drunk, he went his way, forgetting its existence, which only flashed across his mind after he had walked some distance. He hastily turned back; but, remembering the number of people who habitually frequented the well, it seemed to him hardly possible that the note could still be where he had left it. None the less he determined to do the best that he could in the circumstances—with which view he induced all persons who met him as he walked to turn back and go with him towards the well. His object was to ensure that the note should not be carried *past* him; for having met nobody whilst travelling in the contrary direction, he legitimately inferred that there was small chance of its being carried *away* from him. On reaching the well, however, he beheld the treasure where he had left it—and so was enabled to dismiss his involuntary companions, which we may be sure he did with becoming apologies. Between the carelessness by which he lost the bank-note and the shrewdness by which he sought to recover it, there is a singular contrast which is characteristic of the man.

On concluding his work in Cyprus, he rejoined his regiment at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight. Shortly afterwards it was transferred to the South Camp, Aldershot; where, on the formation of Army Corps for 'Summer Drills,' it was brigaded with the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards and the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, forming the First Brigade, First Division. On the 26th May 1881 it returned after a long absence to Edinburgh, meeting on its arrival as a matter of course with a highly enthusiastic welcome.

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CHAPTER VI

WAUCHOPE AS COMPANY AND REGIMENTAL OFFICER

CLAIMING as we do for Wauchope that his special distinction as a soldier lay in his almost unequalled excellence as a company or regimental officer, it will not be out of place to furnish here a few examples of his conduct in that capacity. Nor is it needful that these should be presented in strictly chronological succession. It will be well to remember, however, that within the last twenty years a marked improvement in interest in, and knowledge of, their profession has been shown among military officers generally. This is not the place to determine the part played by competitive examinations in bringing about that change; let it suffice to say that there are probably few competent judges who would dispute the fact. The purely decorative or official soldier, of the Brummell type, is in fact now a thing of the past; and it is well that this can be said. There were of course efficient officers before Wauchope, as there were strong men before Agamemnon; none the less in this respect was Wauchope in advance of his time. In the movement indicated, he acted not only as a standard of excellence, but as a pioneer as well.

Perhaps it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties, almost the

last thing to occupy the thoughts of the average subaltern was his profession. He lived to enjoy life, got through his duties with the least possible trouble to himself, not infrequently spent more than his income. Against this state of matters Wauchope's influence—the powerful influence of a man of recognised high character and established standing in his regiment—was uniformly exerted. He encouraged the youngsters under him to do their work well and to keep out of mischief and extravagance, and was himself at all times ready and anxious to help them to the best of his ability. 'How he looked after me when I went into the 42nd,' writes a former brother-officer, 'and how one looked up to him in everything!' Says another, 'When once he knew and liked a man, there was hardly anything he would not do for him.' Or again, 'His truth and straightforwardness were inspiriting, his honourable aspirations were infectious, and every man felt the better for having known him.' 'He was the truest friend the regiment ever had,' wrote one of its colonels.

Enthusiast as he was for his profession, he had pleasant devices of his own for imparting instruction or directing the thoughts of his juniors into the desired channels. For example, at Malta, on a Sunday after church, he would invite some of the subalterns to accompany him on a ride. Then his practice was to 'take up a position'—that is, he would select a rising ground or other prominent object on the sky-line, and proceed to gain it by the best and shortest way he could find. As he rode, his eye was ever alert to the military possibilities of the surrounding country, and

he would point out how, for instance, such a wood might be held by so many men against an enemy. In this manner long distances were covered, and if it happened that his young companions were thereby made late for mess, then Wauchope would invite them to dine with himself at the Club instead.

As regards himself, it was his object to become conversant with every department of a soldier's duty, no matter what it might be. Thus, during one of his voyages to a foreign station, he amused himself by balancing his company's accounts—doing, in fact, what was a pay-sergeant's work. But to him that mattered nothing—his ruling principle was thoroughness all round. Here is another example which, I believe, would be notable in a company officer nowadays; how much more so in one belonging to the slacker times of twenty years ago! On the 6th August 1882, when the regiment was on the point of embarking for Egypt, his company was recruited by sixty reservists who had rejoined the Colours. Of course these men had to be clothed and equipped, which kept their officer occupied throughout the day. None the less, with the assistance of his Colour-Sergeant (Logan), he made up the clothing-accounts and ledger-sheets of each of the one hundred and fifty men with whom he had to settle; and this, notwithstanding the fact that there were but three days in which to do the work, and that he had to sit up all night to do it. The object gained was that every man of the company started for the war with accounts absolutely square. It is no reproach to say that in no other company of the battalion was this so much as attempted. This is

but one of innumerable acts of Wauchope's which made the name of E Company a proverb in the Black Watch. It is therefore not surprising that membership of that company came to be regarded as a privilege in the regiment.

In this connection, the following letters are reproduced—not, indeed, for their intrinsic interest, but as characteristic specimens of Wauchope's written communications with those who served under him, containing evidence of the kindly relations subsisting between himself and them, and exhibiting his close attention to the personal welfare of his men. They are addressed to Colour-Sergeant R. Logan.

To Colour-Sergeant Logan.

'Niddrie (?),
'*January 18th*, 1883.

'Colour-Sergeant Logan,—I hope that you will have got a watch which was sent to you by post. Pray accept the same as a mark of my respect, and let me take this opportunity of thanking you for the manner in which you have at all times served and supported me.

'I hope the sergeants of E are well. Remember me kindly to them. I am bringing out some small presents for them.

'If I can bring out anything for you, or any of the sergeants and corporals of E, let me have a line to New Club, Edinburgh.—I remain, yours truly, A. G. Wauchope.'

The regiment was at this time in Egypt. The next letter is a reply to one from the Colour-Sergeant announcing the death of a Lance-Corporal of the company, from cholera, in hospital at Suez; also a purchase of lanterns for the men's tents.

To Colour-Sergeant Logan.

'Cairo, *July* 31*st*, 1883.

'. . . I entirely agree with what you have done. I am very sorry about Duff; he always seemed to be a good man.

'I trust that our troubles are getting better. Well, take care of yourself, and with my best wishes for you all, I remain, yours truly, A. G. Wauchope.'

'New Club, Edinburgh,
'*December* 10*th*, 1883.

'. . . Many thanks for your letters, which as you know interest me muchly.

'You have done perfectly right about the £1, 5s. 5d.; I am writing to Sergeant Adams.

'In the event of a sudden move being certainly possible, please instruct Crowe [Wauchope's soldier-servant] to get my field-kit overhauled, especially the cooking things and the bed.

'It rejoices my heart to hear that the men are behaving so well. I thought better of C——. Let us hope that he is learning to be wise, which so very few of us are. . . .'

'Limasol, Cyprus,
'*July* 20*th*, 1884.

'. . . Your letter was forwarded to me here, and I received it on the 17th inst. (last mail).

'I am very glad to hear that you are much better. Sergeant Murrie did very well, but I hope to see you back soon. I am much better, and derived the greatest benefit from Troödos, and so did Crowe, who desires to be remembered to you. We are waiting for the steamer, which we hope will land us in Alexandria on the 22nd inst.'

'Cambo, Crail, Fife,
'*August* 21*st*, 1885.

'My dear Colour-Sergeant,—I send you my photo. I hope that you may always have a kindly feeling for your old Captain—certainly I shall always feel a keen interest in your welfare. . . .'

'NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB,
'*February 2nd*, 1886.

'QUARTER-MASTER SERGEANT R. LOGAN, — Yours of January 30th has just been received by me. Well, there can be no doubt that things must have been going wrong in E. I am sure Sergeant W—— is incapable of exaggeration in such a matter.

'However, neither you nor I can help it. It shows me conclusively what a loss I have sustained in you. However, that can't be helped, and must just be endured like a great many other things in this world.

'I cannot for the life of me understand why you should write so bitterly. . . . However, you are a strange man, and you must just do things in your own way. But there is no greater mistake than to create evils which do not exist.

'See Crowe off if you have time. When I get out, I expect you will hear from me very frequently anent the accounts.

'Well, good-bye for the present—you know very well that I shall always be very glad to hear of your welfare. . . .'

'KASR-EL-NIL, CAIRO,
'*March 7th*, 1886.

'PAY-MASTER SERGEANT LOGAN,—Will you be so good as to inform me with regard to Private Robert Douglas, who left Suakim in 1884, as servant to Lieutenant Gordon :—

'He states that at the time he left with a credit of £1, 10s. 11d. [*Pencil Note.—This in accordance with E Company Ledger of that date*], which has never been paid to him, although when serving with the 2nd Battalion he repeatedly complained —once at the General's inspection. I can remember nothing in regard to this case—you will be able to, I doubt not. His "small book" for February and March 1884 he would not sign. He returned to our company in September 1885.

'Private W. S——, 1st Battalion, returned from prison about the 1st November last. Now he complains that he has received no Nile clearance. The depôt Ledger Sheet shows a credit of £3 for Private S——, which the man states

that he has never received, and we can find no trace of the money having been paid.

'Hoping that you are in every way well and flourishing, I remain, yours truly,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE,
'*Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel,*
'*Commanding E Company.*'

The above letters help to show that, where the interest of his men was concerned, there was no detail which he thought beneath him, no trouble he begrudged. The following, addressed to Mr. Thomas Watt, late Colour-Sergeant, 1st Battalion Royal Highlanders, may serve to indicate what was no less true—namely, that his interest in his soldiers did not terminate with their period of military service. Indeed a claim on his good-will once established was, he considered, terminable only by death, or, it might be—but of this I am by no means sure—by misconduct. The letter refers to an endeavour to secure for Sergeant Watt's many and gallant services to his country the recognition of the much-prized 'Meritorious Medal.'

TO SERGEANT WATT.

'NIDDRIE, MIDLOTHIAN,
'*May 29th*, 1899.

'MY DEAR TOMMY WATT,—I have been fighting your battles to the best of my powers, but I cannot get a distinct promise. However, I think you had best leave the papers with me in the meantime. Come and see me some day.—Yours very truly,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

This is a typical specimen of much correspondence of like tenor or purport which has passed through the biographer's hands, which, though it would be weari-

some to the reader if produced at length, is yet eloquent of character in the writer. After this, one is not surprised to hear that, in all the home stations where he served—perhaps especially at York—Wauchope was much run after by old soldiers, and indeed by old Service men of all sorts. There were certainly none to whom he more gladly gave his time and labour; and though, as he says, he 'hated writing,' their letters were generally replied to by return of post. To how many men of this kind he in his time did a 'good turn' will never now be known. Those who have been heard to avow their gratitude to him are not a few.

One word as to his handwriting in correspondence. It varied with circumstance, from the small and neat to the large and sprawling. In composition his aim was not elegance but clearness—which he always attained — accompanied by rapidity. His letters abound in abbreviations, constituting almost a self-framed system of shorthand, and indicative of constant pressure on his time. But to take up the thread of the discourse.

His kindly intercourse with his N.C.O.'s was by no means limited to pen and paper. He was a good judge of character, and when he had found among them a man after his own heart, he would make a friend of him to an extent which, as between superior and inferior officer, is only practicable where mutual confidence and respect exist in an unusual degree. Such a man he found at Malta in the person of Mess-Sergeant Davidson, in whose company he spent much of his time in talking over regimental matters.

And those who incline to figure him to themselves as at all times direct of utterance may learn that, when occasion required, he had a quaint delicacy in his way of putting things which was his own. Thus sometimes of an evening, entering Davidson's office, he would exclaim off-handedly: 'Look here! I am not going in to mess to-night—just have some dinner, with a bottle of Champagne, sent in here for me, will you?' But the Champagne was not for his own consumption.

Coming in one afternoon and meeting Davidson, he asked him if he had been at some races which had just been held. The answer was No. 'Well, *I* have—and I've brought home your share of the winnings—here it is!' Again, when the time came for Wauchope to take his leave of the regiment, at Gibraltar, he called at Davidson's house to say good-bye. But the leave-taking went against the grain. Mrs. Davidson was at home, and he spent some two hours chatting in her company. But, though the sergeant was in his office close at hand, he would not have him fetched. Only, as he passed out, hurrying away, he shouted over to him, 'Ah, well! good-bye, Davidson.' That was all. That such relations of brotherly friendliness between commander and commanded are for the advantage of the Service does not, perhaps, need pointing out. They are also for the credit of our common kind. 'Faults he had none,' says Mr. Davidson, now a commissioned officer in the regiment; 'his greatest failing was generosity to the faults of others.'

By the way, the ejaculation of 'Ah, well!' was

highly characteristic of Wauchope—so much so that a clever caricature, preserved in the regimental mess, which represents him in meditation, his head supported by his hand, has a label bearing these words coming out of his mouth. They express the subdued or resigned rather than the sanguine side of his nature—a side which the persecutions of ill-luck had doubtless done not a little to develop.

As an officer he was a firm believer in the drill-sergeant; and when once thorough drill and discipline had been attained, he believed that the men could scarcely be too much in the open. Hence he was always ready to encourage healthy out-door sports and athletic exercises, and in so doing he never spared his own pocket, though native good sense kept him clear of the vulgar and demoralising lavishness which is an unpleasing feature of our time. Does not experience bear out the dictum that kindness which is apt to be overdone is generally intermittent and capricious? His kindness, on the other hand, was constant and could be counted on. At Malta he kept a small yacht of his own, in which he would occasionally invite the sergeants of his corps to cruise with him. In addition to this, for the benefit of his company, which turned out a good boating-crew, he had the best boat built at his own charge which Malta could produce. It was christened 'The Black Watch,' for there is much in a name, and he would sometimes steer it himself in rowing-matches with other regiments.

He liked to share in the men's labours, and so far as possible in their pleasures, and would even set them

an example of physical activity and endurance. For instance, when at Pembroke Camp, the soldiers had adopted from the Maltese the custom of the siesta. Wauchope thought that this indulgence might be carried too far; so one day, during a period of Military Training, when the men of E were preparing to lie down, he had them called together by the Colour-Sergeant. They fell in. He placed himself at their head, and accompanied by his subaltern, Lieutenant Percy Livingston, who was distinguished as a runner, led them at the 'double' over some rough ground in the neighbourhood. About three miles off was a certain ravine, which—from Wauchope's fondness for using it in his object-lessons, when illustrating the process of attacking, or crowning the heights of a defile—had come to be known to the company as 'Our Old Friend.' To this ravine the Captain now led his men, still at the double, and maintaining his position at their head. There they halted, and were permitted to rest,—upon which the soldiers, of their own initiative, in order to avoid taking cold by cooling too rapidly, began to practise such athletic exercises as putting the weight and the hop, step, and jump—which when Wauchope saw he was well pleased, for it showed their good disposition for exertion, and that there was plenty of work left in them still.

As Colonel he was still fond of taking the regiment out for long marches into the country—on which occasions he, of course, rode. But having one day overheard a man in the ranks grumble over the fatigue of the march, remarking that 'it was all very well for *him*, who had a horse . . . ' the next time he ordered

a route-march he came on parade on foot, and in that manner performed the day's journey with his men. Soldiers in matters of this kind are fairly 'gleg in the up-take,' and it is surprising how quickly the moral of such an act is grasped by a battalion.

Under his command, however, grumbling was exceptional; for, as a rule, every man was glad to do what he could for Wauchope. This is shown by the fact that, in route-marching, they would march cheerfully long distances for him, whilst murmuring over lesser distances done at the order of another. Another lesson 'in kind' which he gave them as Captain was as follows. One day, on the return journey after a march out into the country, the man who happened to be leading suggested to his neighbour, by way of a lark, that they should 'put on the pace, and warm old Micky's jacket.'[1] The hint was acted on; but Wauchope, who had chanced to overhear the remark, stepped out with the best of them—with the result of completely turning the tables on him who had suggested the ploy. Methods such as these, in such hands as his, are as insinuating as they are irresistible.

Here is an anecdote to which subsequent history has contributed a marked significance. In Malta, in 1886, whilst exercising his men in 'judging distances,' he is remembered to have directed special attention to the allowance which has to be made for a clear atmosphere by those who are accustomed to a misty one—the object aimed at naturally looking nearer in the one case than in the other. He summed up the admonition by adding, in allusion to the then

[1] Among the men Wauchope's nickname was 'Red Mick.'

recent Boer War, which had been allowed to terminate so disastrously at Majuba Hill, 'The Boers knew this, and we did not; therefore they shot us, and we did not shoot them.' (The terse and syllogistic style of the remark is eminently characteristic.) After this he ordered the N.C.O. to 'take answers.'

Compare now with the above the following evidence given before the Royal Commission on the recent War in South Africa:[1]—

'*Lord Methuen.*—"The shooting of the Regular troops was conducted under exceptional difficulties on account of the clearness of the atmosphere. . . ."

'*Sir John Hopkins.*—"May I interrupt for one moment to ask how the clearness of the atmosphere interferes with good shooting?"

'*Lord Methuen.*—"Because it is so difficult to tell the distances after being accustomed to the English atmosphere."'

Probably not all our regulars had had the advantage of training such as that described above.

In a similar connection it is worth pointing out that Wauchope, who, from his residence at Yetholm, was well acquainted with the Border hills, had often remarked on the splendid advantages possessed by them as a training-ground for troops, expressing the wish that the War Department could be induced to acquire land in the district for that purpose—thus anticipating the formation of Stobs Camp, which it required the lessons of the last Boer War to bring about.

His terse style in speech, and summary method of

[1] *Minutes of Evidence*, vol. ii. p. 121.

settling matters, are exemplified by the following: His company being in detachment at Salvator, a difference arose among the men as to what fare should be provided for the daily breakfast—some favouring porridge and milk, and others eggs. The Captain called a meeting to decide the weighty point, and when the men were before him, amused them by giving, with military brevity, the word of command, 'Stand up porridge; sit down eggs'—thus obtaining in a moment the results of a vexed debate.

Lectures were a strong point with him, and he lost no opportunity of giving his company the benefit. For example, on the hot afternoons in Malta, when the men lay down, he would regularly seat himself upon the barrack-room table and lecture away on Minor Tactics—hoping, rather against hope, as it would seem, that some of the good seed thus cast abroad might strike. His lectures on the Theory of Warfare were often illustrated by references to the successive stages of the battles of the Franco-Prussian War—of which by this time he had attained to an intimate knowledge. In later years, as, for instance, when quartered at York, and lecturing in the interest of certain fortnightly concerts which had been got up for his battalion, he utilised his knowledge of South Africa and of Turkey by choosing those countries for his subjects. It was also noticed that he would seldom lecture without touching on South Africa, whilst the necessity of holding Egypt was a text on which he never tired of dwelling. As to the lectures which at about the same time he was occasionally persuaded to deliver before civilian

audiences, it may be said that the interest and enthusiasm which they excited was remarkable, and indeed astonishing.

Among the married men serving under him he was, if possible, a special favourite, and for them he had doubtless a special consideration. What, for example, in a small way, could exceed the kindly forethought of the following? During the Egyptian Expedition of 1882 it was found when at Ramleh that no Postal Orders were available—hence no means by which money could be remitted to wives at home. Wauchope, however, had anticipated this, and in order to meet the difficulty had brought out with him a large number of Scots one pound notes, which he now distributed among the married men, and which came in very usefully.

Nor did his kindness stop short of the women not on the strength of the regiment, of whose existence the Army Regulation does not require that any account be taken—this, of course, quite irrespective of any consideration of character, for they are often the best of helpmates to their husbands. Thus when the regiment was moving from Edinburgh to York, these women—a large number—would in the ordinary course of things have been left behind, had not Wauchope stepped forward with a cheque to defray the cost of their journey. Not only did he do this, but on their arrival as strangers in the English city, he put himself to great trouble to find suitable quarters for them. No unique case was this, but a fair sample of his care and sympathy for a class who stood in special need of both.

Again, he was generally at hand while his men were receiving their pay, and would note the names of those whose pay had been for any reason docked. Quietly telling them to stay behind the others, he would then speak to each man separately a word of sympathy and admonition, expressing as he dismissed him the hope that he would try to do better in the future—a hope which he seasoned and enforced by a gift of money. Of course it is easy to say that to give money is not the best way to benefit a poor man; Wauchope probably recognised that it is at least the best and readiest means of assuring him that the interest shown in him is genuine, and not a mere indulgence of the human weakness for regulating the conduct of other persons. Yet I believe that, as between officer and men, such conduct was, to say the least, extremely unusual.

To inferiors his politeness was of the finest, and it is still remembered that he gave great pleasure to the men's wives, when in command at Edinburgh Castle, by taking off his hat when he met them, 'as if they had been ladies.'

Having the interest of the private soldier always at heart, he was opposed to giving him unnecessary or unprofitable work,—as an example of which it may be recalled that, during his tenure of office as Brigadier at Gibraltar, he knocked off several useless sentries, and also did away with the Southport Guard—thus adding to the number of the men's 'nights in bed.'

It is even suspected that his zealous advocacy of

the men's interests, if it did not make of him at times a thorn in the side of the higher authorities, may at least have seemed to these gentlemen as excessive in its pertinacity. So there was supposed to be a special significance underlying the generous testimony of General Thynne, commanding the York District, when, in the course of addressing the men of the regiment after inspecting them, he used the words: 'You ought to be proud of your Colonel, for he looks after your interests; and if you don't know it, *I do*.' From which it was shrewdly surmised that, in his endeavours to obtain some advantage for his men, Wauchope had been leading the gallant general a life.

From the same point of view, especially inopportune and ill-judged was his standpoint felt to be when, one night at a political meeting in Roxburghshire, he was called on to follow a very highly placed speaker who had just been assuring a large audience that the country had the best of all possible armies, and that the private soldier was the most fortunate of men. Surely those who had expected that Wauchope would docilely endorse every word that had been uttered by so high an authority must have strangely misknown the man; for he was one who, when he felt himself in the right, and when the interests of others for which he was responsible were at stake, would fight matters out to the bitter end, no matter who his antagonist. Accordingly, when he now rose to his feet, it was to curse rather than to bless; for he put the case of the private as it really was, adding an eloquent plea for an increase

of pay.[1] Among those who were present and listened to his speech, there were doubtless a few who felt that it had sadly disturbed the harmony of the evening. Others knew that they had heard an honest man—one who thoroughly knew what he was talking of—speak out his mind, and had seen a blow dealt to a Fool's Paradise.

But it would be misleading to convey the impression that Wauchope's methods, where his men were concerned, were all alike gentle and kindly. He could be terribly stern when the occasion really warranted it, and was, besides, quite capable of being a bit dry—I might say dour—when things were not going as he felt they ought to be.

For instance, once when the 42nd landed in Malta, the Gordon Highlanders, who were already there, proposed to 'treat' them, company by company—the A Company of the one regiment treating the A Company of the other, and so on. While this plan was being carried out, Wauchope entered the room where E Company was, and whether on account of some neglect of duty or for another reason, the proceedings did not find favour with him—as he showed by taking a barrel of beer, and, after kicking it down the steps of the building, requesting the men of the Gordons to be good enough to remove it.

'Look to your front! every man can look to his front if he can do nothing else.' This was a favourite

[1] 'When will our rulers awake to the necessity of paying the British soldier at the market rate of wages, as is done in the American army, which, as far as its members go, is, I think, the finest army in the world?'—Lord Wolseley's *Story of a Soldier's Life*, vol. i. p. 206.

form of exhortation with him when he saw men's eyes wandering on parade.

For chronic carelessness he suggested drastic correction. For example: 'If I could get you behind that wood, my boy . . .' he would say, when, as adjutant, he passed along the ranks and tapped his leg with his whip, addressing a drummer who was notorious for his slovenly appearance. And then, with whip or cane, he significantly indicated what in that case would follow. Nor, if all stories are to be believed, did he always confine himself in this kind to suggestion.

At any rate there is current among the men of the regiment a legend (for whose truth I do not vouch) that at least once he took an incorrigible with him into his own room, and there as a last resource tried the effect of a sound hiding, personally administered. The castigation (if administered at all) was certainly administered in the spirit of fatherly correction, and the man who received it had the good sense to see it in that light. Let us hope that it helped him to mend his ways. Had he chosen to enter a complaint with the authorities, it is probable that his position in the ranks would have become unenviable. For his comrades had good reason to know Wauchope, and they knew he was above all things just, and had their good at heart in all he did. But, as I have said, the story may after all very possibly be mythic.

The anger of a patient man is proverbially terrible, and the air and accent with which, on one occasion, after paying the company, he shook the money-bag in the face of a confirmed bad soldier, with the exclamation, 'There is mutiny in your face, sir!'—these things

remain indelibly engraven on the mind of one who was present, as an example of just ire—a very different thing, of course, from irritability, or a temper under insufficient control.

To sum up, while Wauchope was eminently beloved by all ranks, the secret of the extraordinary and unexampled confidence reposed in him by the men was their conviction at once of the justice of his dealings with them, and of his firm and whole-hearted devotion to their interest. In the ordinary life of peace-time, they knew that if he was strict and punctual—which he also expected all who served under him to be—they could depend on him for perfect fairness, whilst there was no labour he grudged in the service. And in warfare they were equally aware that his great personal daring was associated with excellent Scots caution when leading [illegible] the hardships endured at the period of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, he would actually rise from sleep an hour and a half before his men, and go forth to collect wood to light the fires for their breakfast; for he knew the instantaneous and wonderful effect produced by a cup of hot coffee upon a hard-worked and fasting man. On these occasions he was sometimes accompanied by his subaltern, Duff, and his colour-sergeant, Logan. At Assouan, in 1884, when he was Mess and Canteen President, he would sally forth on horseback in search of supplies at three o'clock in the morning, returning only when his duty called him. Or if it did not happen to call him at all that day, he might be seen coming in from his forag-

form of exhortation with him when he saw men's eyes wandering on parade.

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ing expedition, weary and worn, at any hour of the evening.

When in hospital at Suez, after being wounded at El Teb, he made a tour of the hospital tents and huts, found out all wounded men who belonged to his battalion, and got them to forward money home—himself undertaking all arrangements connected with the forwarding. He also questioned the worst cases as to what they intended to do on being discharged from the service, and urged them to correspond with himself, in order that he might, if possible, be of use to them in settling in life.

Finally, when at Gibraltar—holding the rank of a Colonel in the Army, but only that of a 'mud Major' in the regiment—during a temporary absence of the Governor he was appointed to act in his place. Yet, even then, he did not hand over his company, but would duly appear once a week to pay his men.

In conclusion, it is possible that some of the various little incidents here recorded may appear at first sight trifling. Yet I cannot help thinking that, in its own way, each one of them helps to show Wauchope as he was in his capacity as company or regimental officer. And of this there is little doubt, that they might easily be added to to such an extent as of themselves to form a book.

CHAPTER VII

TRANSVAAL CAMPAIGN—ENGAGEMENT TO BE MARRIED—EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN OF '82—DEATH OF MAJOR WAUCHOPE—MARRIAGE

AND now to resume once more our interrupted narrative. After his return from Cyprus in the late summer of 1880, Wauchope stayed but a short time in England. A chance of active service had again presented itself, of which he eagerly sought to avail himself. In referring to the origin of the Boer War of 1880-1881, we are on such familiar ground that detail is entirely superfluous. Suffice it, then, to recall the fact that in April 1877, Sir Theophilus Shepstone had annexed the Transvaal to the British Empire. The inhabitants of the country were at the time divided in their views of the measure; which, however, once fairly accomplished, appeared to give general satisfaction. 'It was amply justified,' says the latest writer on the subject,[1] 'by the situation in the Transvaal, by its hopeless bankruptcy, by the general anarchy prevailing, by the decay of civilisation, by the failure of the Boers to hold their own against the natives in the Transvaal, by the danger of Zulu invasion, and by the legitimate desire of the

[1] L. S. Amery, *The Times History of the War in South Africa*, vol. i. p. 60.

Imperial Government to bring about a South African Confederation.'

The immediate result of annexation was a revival of order and prosperity in the country annexed, and, side by side with this, the development on the part of the Boers of a tendency to question their own wisdom in having parted with independence. For the revolt which broke out in December 1880 three main causes are assigned by the authority just quoted: namely, the anti-British intrigues and agitations of Mr. Kruger, the Midlothian election-speeches of Mr. Gladstone, and the reprehensible failure or neglect on the part of the home administration to implement its promise of a free representative government to the country which it had adopted. The two months or so which followed the outbreak of war are among the darkest in our modern history. They witnessed the disastrous affairs of Bronkhorst Spruit and the Ingogo Height, and the British defeats of Laing's Nek and Majuba. The last named was followed by an armistice, to which succeeded negotiations by no means creditable to the national spirit or traditional independence of Great Britain. Finally, by the Pretoria Convention, signed in the following August, Mr. Gladstone, disregarding alike engagements with native chiefs and the just expectations of Boer loyalists, agreed to a humiliating peace. From whatever point of view it may be judged, this step was a mistake; since it is obvious that the magnanimity of the vanquished is but too liable to misconstruction, whilst the value of graceful concessions from an opponent supposed weaker than oneself is oftener than not

undervalued. 'I will comply with my adversary's requests as soon as I have repaid the thrashing just received from him,'—this is perhaps as far as international generosity, under present conditions, can safely go. But to repeat this is to insist on a moral which no longer requires to be pointed. If a mistake was made, it is one which we as a nation have since done our utmost to correct, and of which the correction has cost us dear.

Wauchope was in the Transvaal during these events, and we may believe that his high spirit felt our national position at the time as few could feel it. Referring thereto long afterwards, he spoke of 'those terrible times in 1881, when we suffered the terrible disgrace from which all our after troubles there arose. It was the vacillation and weakness and change of policy,' he added, 'that caused all the trouble then.'

As soon as the opportunity of active service had occurred, he had applied at the War Office for employment, had been accepted for Staff duty, and received a commission to go out to South Africa at once. Indeed, so short was the time allowed him for preparation, that he was unable even to visit Aldershot, where the regiment then lay, and was compelled to content himself with telegraphing to have a small kit made up and forwarded to Southampton to meet him ere he sailed next day.

But though he was present in South Africa during the war, Captain Wauchope's orders kept him employed upon the line of communication, and he was thus denied the consolation of taking part in operations at the front. The time spent by him in the

country was, however, very far from being thrown away. It served for one thing to convince him of the immense importance of the South African question —to which, as we have seen in the case of his lectures on military subjects, he never tired of drawing attention. And secondly, it enabled him to form a far juster estimate of the strength of the Boer nation and its warlike qualifications, than was held by one soldier in a thousand in this country. Hence, at the outbreak of the recent Boer War, in October 1899, when the termination of hostilities was being foretold for the approaching Christmas, and when one high military authority had fixed the Derby Day as the date by which the British army would have returned from the campaign—at that very time, Wauchope gave it as his opinion that the war would last not less than two years; whilst in writing to Colonel Davidson, late of the 42nd Highlanders, he made use of the significant and ominous phrase, 'We shall want all the recruits you can pour out.' He returned to England in the summer of 1881, rejoining his regiment in Edinburgh, and being on duty at the Queen's Review, which was held there on the 25th August, and which is chiefly memorable to those who attended it on account of the wetness of the day.

A change in his worldly circumstances had in the meantime become imminent. His brother, Major Wauchope, to whom he was warmly attached, and of whom he has been heard to speak admiringly as 'the straightest of men,' was now suffering from an incurable malady. Major Wauchope's marriage had been childless, his brother

was his heir of entail, and the prospects of the latter had therefore materially altered. The change had also an indirect effect. Some years before this he had made the acquaintance of Miss Elythea Ruth Erskine, second daughter of Sir Thomas Erskine, Baronet, of Cambo, in the county of Fife, a young lady who united great personal beauty with an equal charm of character. With her he had fallen in love at first sight; but, conscious of the mediocrity of his circumstances and ever modest to a fault, he had persuaded himself that he was not justified in coming forward as a suitor for her hand. Now, however, those circumstances were altered. He was a favourite with Sir Thomas Erskine, who had a genuine appreciation of his character, and he began to visit Cambo more frequently than before.

In the family circle there he was to find that warmth and sympathy for which he had by nature a strong desire and relish, but of which the break-up of his home at Niddrie had early deprived him. For Lady Erskine in particular he cherished an affection of unusual depth, whilst her younger daughters were to him as sisters. Indeed, in the truest sense he may be said to have become one of the Cambo family, and for some twelve years from the present time the home of the Erskines was as his own home. This, however, is an anticipation. In November 1881 he became engaged to Miss Elythea Erskine. In the following January he and his company were transferred to Maryhill, Glasgow. In April he attended the regimental ball in Edinburgh with his affianced, coming from Balmoral for the purpose. It may perhaps be worth recalling that the Music Hall, where the ball took place, was for this occasion

decorated with sphinxes and other objects in the Egyptian taste. I may add that Wauchope was a good dancer and keen.

Egypt was just then uppermost in the minds of Englishmen; but, within less than three months of the date of the Edinburgh ball, its associations were to assume a very different character from those of the ball-room. The position of affairs in that country was briefly as follows. Its deplorable financial condition — the result of combined extravagance and corruption — had necessitated an international arrangement by which France and England came to exercise over it what was known as the Dual Control. But the interests of the two controlling members in the country controlled were unequal. Those of France, in fact, could scarcely be said to extend beyond a care for the proper financial administration of a principality in which her subjects had invested money. But, for England, all that affected a territory which lay full across her route to India must necessarily be of paramount importance, and had long been recognised in that light. France was thus less ready than England to intervene actively in Egyptian affairs. And that active intervention would be called for was now becoming daily more evident. The flooding of the country with foreign officials in connection with the working of the Dual Control, together with unpopular reforms which had been carried out, had not unnaturally set up a National opposition, of which the cry of 'Egypt for the Egyptians' represented the aim. The method by which that aim should be attained was not at first

clearly defined, but in due course the inevitable strong man emerged to direct the movement. In September 1881 a rising on the part of a portion of the Army had coerced the Khedive, Tewfik, into dismissing his Ministry; and from that time forward, Arabi Bey—a soldier of fortune, by birth a fellah of Lower Egypt—who had led the insurrection, was definitely recognised as the head of the National or Military party. He became War Minister under the futile and undecided Tewfik, and it was further evident that he enjoyed the countenance of no less a person than Tewfik's suzerain the Sultan.

The 'insurrection of the colonels,' as it was called, though bloodless, had practically brought Egypt under the control of the Army. Arabi himself controlled the Army, and his natural astuteness led him to hope that the diverse interests of Great Britain and France would leave him free to follow his own course. A crisis was obviously imminent, and rumours of projected massacres spread alarm among the foreign populations of Cairo and Alexandria.

On June the 11th a serious riot broke out between the natives and foreigners of the latter city. Its origin was not clear, yet the fact remained that the British Consul was severely handled, whilst several British and French subjects lost their lives. Arabi Pasha, who had practically thrust aside the Khedive, claiming to draw his authority direct from the Sultan, had ere this set to work to fortify Alexandria, and was now pushing on his defensive works with vigour. English and French fleets had appeared before the port, for the Dual Control had guaranteed Tewfik's

power; but the unwillingness of France, coupled with England's respect for the existing agreement, had so far prevented action. Meantime disorder prevailed, two-thirds of the European residents fled from the country, the integrity of the Suez Canal was jeopardised. At last Great Britain resolved to act alone.

Her preparations being complete, Sir Beauchamp Seymour, the admiral in command of the British fleet, put forth an ultimatum requiring the surrender of the fortifications commanding the entrance to the harbour, which had become a source of danger to the shipping. From this action France dissociated herself, withdrawing her fleet from Alexandrian waters, and thus virtually terminating the Dual Control. The ultimatum not being complied with, on the 11th July Alexandria was bombarded. The main result of the day's fighting was, of course, a foregone conclusion. But the force at the disposal of the British admiral was inadequate to prevent some deplorable consequences. When the course of events had declared itself, Arabi had drawn off his army. Control was thus removed from the elements of lawlessness in Alexandria, and during two days that historic city—once the headquarters of learning and capital of the world's commerce—was given up to rapine and massacre. Then, after some brisk police-work by our blue-jackets, order was restored, and the city was handed over, somewhat the worse for wear, to the Khedive who had deserted it.

In this manner the combined circumstances of an armed rising under a leader who was part patriot part

adventurer, of the indecision of a prince who knew not whether to side with the insurgent or against him, of the French defection and the inaction of the Porte, had forced on England the task of armed intervention in Egypt. Her next move was to send out a military expedition, and on July 4th secret instructions were issued to the officers in command of certain regiments, directing them to be prepared to embark their men at shortest notice. On the 21st of the month these orders were communicated to the Royal Highlanders, and on the evening of the 2nd August the battalion marched out of Edinburgh, proceeding to Woolwich Docks, and thence to Gravesend, whence on the 9th of the month it sailed in the transport *Nepaul* for Alexandria. The 'send-off' from Edinburgh had been an unusually enthusiastic one—men, women, and children, in vast numbers, assembling in the streets to take their leave of the regiment. That this scene affected Wauchope deeply is proved by the fact that ten years afterwards, when addressing a meeting of old members of the Black Watch, it was still fresh in his memory. The interval had made him familiar with political enthusiasm as manifested towards the most popular of then living demagogues, but he denied that the hearts of the people went out towards their political leader as they had done towards the soldiers. And, on behalf of the soldiers, he gratefully acknowledged the might of sympathy.

The battalion reached Alexandria on the 20th August, proceeding thence by train to Ramleh, where it joined the Highland Brigade—then consisting of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, 1st

On the 31st August delay at last ended, and Sir Archibald Alison's Brigade proceeded to Port Said and thence through the Canal to Ismailia, where it arrived on the following evening. There the men were still lodged on shipboard, being employed during the daytime in supplying the necessary fatigue-parties for disembarking stores and loading trains and boats. By September 7th the railway-line—the state of which had so far retarded movement—was in fair working order. On the 9th, orders having been received for Sir Archibald's Brigade to advance to the front, the regiment disembarked and marched to Magfar. Next day the march through the (cultivated) desert was resumed as far as Tel-el-Maskhuta, and on the 11th the Black Watch was encamped at Kassassin, where the British Army was now being concentrated. A second action had been fought from there on the 9th instant, but Wauchope was still in plenty of time to take part in the crowning fight of the campaign.

Before the commencement of the war, the Commander of the Expedition had foreseen that its result would probably be decided at Tel-el-Kebir, an extensive fortification situated in mid-desert, some thirty miles west of Ismailia and fifty north-east of Cairo, and having its south-western extremity resting on the railroad and fresh-water canal. This stronghold was well known to Arabi from his having commanded there as a colonel in the Egyptian service; it was also the gateway to Zagazig, the main point of concentration for the rebels, and to Cairo. Sir Garnet's plan of action was, then, after winning his battle, to push on cavalry in advan[illegible] should arrive in Cairo before

the inhabitants had recovered from the first shock of the news of their countrymen's defeat. By this means he hoped to save the southern capital from the pillage which had befallen Alexandria; but for this purpose it was necessary that the enemy should be not merely dispersed but crushed.

From observations made by himself and his Staff in the earliest hours of the morning, the General Commanding was aware that the enemy's outposts and pickets were not sent out from the entrenchments until day broke, which in that country and season happened at about 5.45 A.M. This piece of information confirmed him in his previous project of a night attack. The chief argument in favour of the above was, of course, the inestimable advantage of securing the cover of darkness under which to cross the zone of fire immediately in front of the entrenchments. On the other side of the account must be set the difficulty of successfully piloting an army in the dark through a desert which was pathless and almost without landmarks. The conditions of approach bore a certain resemblance to those of the fatal battle of Magersfontein fought some seventeen years later, and it has been suggested by a very high military authority that Lord Methuen may have modelled his attack in the latter instance upon that of Sir Garnet Wolseley, of which he had been a witness. If this was so, then at least one factor of enormous importance had been left out of the calculation—namely, the entirely different character of the enemy about to be attacked. To recognise this now is, of course, to be wise after the occasion. In the winter of 1899

we had still much to learn of the Boer's fighting character, whilst the fact is now scarcely disputed that tactical training as carried on at Aldershot for many years previously had been hopelessly inapplicable to his case.

To resume. The front of the fortified position held by the Egyptians extended to the great length of four miles. In view of this, the General Commanding—whose aim was to secure 'as many independent chances of success as could be arranged without unduly weakening the attack delivered at one spot'—had assigned to each of his two Divisional Generals an independent sphere of operations. Hence resulted a considerable interval between the Infantry Divisions—an interval in which was concentrated the entire strength of the Army Corps' artillery. Hamley's Division (the Second) was to direct its attack upon a part of the defence-works which when reconnoitred by day rose conspicuous above the rest—to reach which his men would have to march in a due westerly direction, keeping somewhat to the north of a ridge which on its south side sloped to the canal. To avoid confusion at starting, the lines of direction were indicated by posts placed after sunset by the Royal Engineers. The Cavalry and Horse Artillery were stationed on the extreme right, so as to be ready after the surprise to sweep round the enemy's left flank; the Naval and Indian Brigades were on the left and in rear, following the main body of the army at an interval of an hour. The Army was to be prepared to march at 5 P.M. o'c 12th September, from about which tim daylight on the fateful morrow

no bugle was to sound. Every soldier would carry one hundred rounds of ammunition. Finally, in order to avoid the fate of the Gauls at the Roman Capitol, precautions had been taken against meeting dogs, cattle, geese, or the like.

The night proved exceptionally dark—so dark, indeed, that great difficulty was experienced in making use of the Engineers' starting-posts. By about 11 P.M., however, the troops were in the places assigned to them. Alison's Highlanders and Graham's Brigade formed respectively the leading brigades of their Divisions—the former being guided by Lieutenant Rawson of the Royal Navy, an officer familiar with the desert and accustomed to steer his course by the stars. For, except those heavenly beacons, there was no means of guidance.

It was about 1.30 A.M. when the movement of the troops from their temporary bivouac began. The distance to be traversed was about four miles; the rate of progress, allowing for interruptions and unforeseen accidents, had been estimated at about one mile per hour—the object aimed at being to arrive before the entrenchments when day was on the point of breaking. The Highland Brigade marched in column of half-battalions, in double companies—the Black Watch, which was on the right of the Brigade, having Wauchope's company with the A, B, and F Companies in the front line, the second line following at an interval of about one hundred yards. The distance between half-battalions was some forty or fifty yards; that between the regiments of the Brigade from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. Silence

was rigorously insisted on; smoking and the striking of lights were of course prohibited; officers had been instructed to give their words of command in as low a tone of voice as was practicable. Cloaked thus in darkness and thus swathed in silence, our force of 17,000 men and forty-two cannon moved onward over the desert. It is said that within a few yards of their front no person would have guessed that an army was in motion. The hour was big with fate. A more imposing or impressive conception than that of the muted progress through the night of this invisible pageant, imagination scarce can body forth. The difficulties of steering the right course were immense; for, though the stars that would be over Tel-el-Kebir during the small hours had been noted during reconnaissances, the drift of clouds obscured them now. Only the North Star and the constellation of the Little Bear remained visible throughout the night. An examination of the wheel-tracks over the desert, made after the battle, showed that the artillery had deviated northward from the right line. To prevent the various portions of the armament losing trace of one another, connection by means of a series of files had been established between them. Yet even so there was great risk of bewilderment. Staff officers despatched with orders to a distant part of the force had to trust solely for finding their way to a general sense of the direction. At one moment disaster was near arising from this cause—indeed was narrowly averted. To some miscalculation of bearings, one body found itself confronted by another advancing. In the darkness the on-comers

were naturally mistaken for enemies, and it was due solely to the alertness of our officers that they were not greeted by a discharge of rifles. Had this happened, it would certainly have been fatal, not merely to some lives, but to the success of the attack. That an accident such as this would profoundly impress so careful a leader as Wauchope is beyond doubt, and it would naturally be present to his mind in the later advance, amid similar conditions, on Magersfontein. On a mistake of this kind being recognised, the troops were halted and carefully reformed ere the march was resumed. When something like half the journey had been accomplished, the Highlanders were allowed to halt and lie down for a short rest.

A second disturbing episode of the march was the appearance, ere its time, of a streak of light to eastward. The hour being unknown and watches useless in the darkness, it was feared that this was the precursor of the dawn. If so, the expedition was too late! But the warning light disappeared as it had come. It was afterwards explained to be a comet which had first become visible to Europe on that day. But to the army, in the meantime, it remained unaccountable.

Contrary to previous calculation, the Highland Brigade was the first to strike the enemy's lines. Its advance had been timed to a nicety. The first warning received of its position—when about 250 yards from the entrenchment, where it arrived just at dawn—was the firing of three shots by the enemy's scouts, who then immediately fell back. It has since been ascertained that at this time the distribution

of the army over the desert was that of an irregular echelon, having, of course, the left—the Highlanders—thrown forward. Hence, says the Official Account, 'the history of the seizure of the works, for the first ten minutes to a quarter of an hour of the fight, is the history of the advance of the Highland Brigade.'

Sir Archibald Alison at once gave the order to fix bayonets, without halting and without sound. There was an instant of suspense, then the long silence broke indeed. The enemy's bugles sounded the alarm, a shell passed whizzing over the Brigade, for a mile or more the entrenchments were lighted up with the continuous fire of Egyptian rifles.

On the side of the British, the signal for storming was instantly given. Bugle after bugle sounded the advance, and as they charged a ringing cheer burst from the men of the Brigade. By the closing up of intervals, their formation had now assumed the form of two nearly continuous lines. At the order of the General of Division the rear companies of the Cameron and Gordon Highlanders were held back as a support. A picture of Wauchope as he stood at the moment of the onslaught, with sword raised at arm's length above his head, has remained photographed on the memory of one who was near him at the time.

The loose sand of the enemy's steep scarps afforded treacherous foothold, whilst his fire told heavily on the attacking line. In crossing the trench, into which he had been one of the first to leap, Wauchope fell or was knocked down. But for a wonder—so consistently adverse was his luck—he escaped unwounded. A bullet through his helmet and another through the

scabbard of his sword constituted the total of that day's dilapidations. Nevertheless, on the strength of this accident, a report of his death went abroad, so that after the fight was over, the Duke of Connaught was heard to regret that 'that good fellow Andy Wauchope had been killed.'

In the Regimental Records of the Black Watch the account of what followed is meagre and laconic. Only to him who reads between the lines is its splendid significance apparent. It runs thus: 'The regiment, without firing a shot,[1] stormed the fort and that part of the entrenchments which had been assigned to it by the Commander-in-Chief. In twenty-five minutes the enemy was in full flight, and never rallied for one moment.' Yet the resistance, whilst it lasted, had been resolute and the fire most trying. As compared with those sustained by the rest of the army, the losses of the Highlanders were great; for, as at Amoaful, they had borne the brunt of the fighting. In amplification of the above it may be added that the Highland Brigade made its entrance into the enemy's works in the form of a wedge, the Black Watch and Highland Light Infantry being momentarily retarded by having struck on the fortifications where they were strongest and of boldest outline. The carrying of the inner and reverse works then proceeded, the enemy's guns being rendered useless as they were captured.

In the bloodshed inseparable from an occasion such as this, Wauchope had naturally borne his part. But it was that side of warfare which was repugnant to his finer feelings. When the conflict was over, he,

[1] That is, until the summit was reached.

with his subaltern, sought a momentary repose and shelter from the risen sun, seating themselves upon the mud floor of a room in the neighbouring barracks. A sergeant of the regiment stumbled by accident upon this place, and seeing by whom it was occupied, would have withdrawn. But Wauchope in his own kindly way called him back, naming him and adding, 'Come in, come in, and sit down; you have as much right to be here as we have.' About eight inches of his blood-stained sword protruded from the end of the broken scabbard, and, as he sat, he surprised his companions by the ejaculation, 'I say, Duff, what brutes we men are!' He referred of course to the recent slaughter. A sorry reflection this when made in cold blood. But after all it was a soldier's work in which he had been engaged, and it had to be done.

Pleasanter to contemplate, however, than this Homeric reminiscence is the account of Wauchope's labours after the battle. I have said that the losses of the Highlanders had been heavy; it was at such a time as this that the Captain's ever-active sympathy for his men was most active and most tender. So now he went carefully over the battlefield, singling out the living from the dead, giving them to drink out of his water-bottle, superintending, or himself aiding in, their removal from the ground. In the hospital he was equally assiduous in ministration. Such scenes as these, we are told, never failed to fill him with sadness.

On the afternoon of the same day, September 13th, the battalion proceeded by train to within a few miles of Zagazig, where it arrived next morning. Having secured the railway plant, it proceeded to Belbeis, an

important junction on the desert's edge, where it remained for nine days, without tents and enduring considerable privations. Here Wauchope, as usual, thought less of his own discomforts than of those of his men. His colour-sergeant gratefully recalls, when food was short, being beckoned under a wagon where his Captain was seated and supplied with biscuits and a flask of wine, which he was commanded to eat before he stirred from the place. On another day he received a basket of fruit from the same quarter. No doubt there are many others who could tell similar tales. It was here also, as has been already described, that Wauchope would rise early to prepare fires for the breakfasts of the men of his company.

On the 23rd the battalion proceeded to Camp Ghezireh near Cairo, where it was again brigaded with the Highland Brigade under Hamley. The fruits of victory had now begun to be enjoyed. In congratulating the Brigade on its steadiness throughout the night march and determined courage shown in the storming of the works at Tel-el-Kebir, Sir Archibald Alison had compared its conduct to that of the 'historical Brigade which Sir Colin led up the grassy slopes of Alma'—a noble compliment and well-earned. On the 16th the Queen had congratulated her army on their 'bloodless occupation of Cairo, capture of Arabi and other rebels against the authority of the Khedive, and termination of the campaign.' The war was over. Wauchope's services in it were recognised by the British and Egyptian Governments by the presentation of the Egyptian medal with clasp and of the Khedive's Star. The

battalion remained at Ghezireh until towards the end of November.

Ere this, however, Wauchope had returned to England. The disease from which his brother had been suffering had entered its final phase, and on November 28th Major Wauchope died. Robust-looking man though he had been, he was but forty-one years old. Andy was now laird of the Niddrie Marischal and Yetholm estates; but, except in so far as it affected his duty, we may be sure that that was the last aspect of the occurrence which he regarded. The severing of so old and intimate a tie must have grieved him very deeply. As an illustration of the terms of boyish playfulness with one another on which the brothers had remained, the following little episode is to the point.

During William Wauchope's tenure of office as an M.F.H., he was much annoyed by a certain owner of land situated within his 'country,' who, because he himself preferred shooting to hunting, persisted in destroying every fox he could lay hands on. Andy, who at the time was hunting with his brother, entered warmly into his feelings. Well, the obnoxious person —a *novus homo*, as I think—was about to come up for election to that stronghold of the county gentlemen of Scotland, the New Club of Edinburgh. His misdeeds had lately been particularly heinous, and on the eve of the Club ballot, the Master and his brother, sitting up late together in confidential talk, mooted the question of 'blackballing' him. Once suggested the notion gained upon them. It seemed, indeed, no more than the just punishment of egregious wrong-

doing—there could be no other view of it. Yes; the morrow was a non-hunting day—they would go into Edinburgh together, and put their idea into practice. So they parted for the night, their minds fully and irrevocably made up. But a few minutes later the door of the Master's bedroom opened, and Andy *en déshabillé* put in his head. 'I *think* we won't,' said he deprecatingly. That was all, and then and there the cherished project fell to the ground. It takes a sweet nature to be thus persuasive, or thus persuaded. And now, as I have said, the old pleasant tie was severed for good and all.

But a yet nearer and dearer tie was on the point of being formed. The duration of the Egyptian campaign had been a time of great anxiety for the family at Cambo; who, besides their prospective connection by marriage, Captain Wauchope, had a son among the troops engaged. Fortunately the unfounded report of Wauchope's death at Tel-el-Kebir did not reach Scotland. Nevertheless Miss Erskine's suspense at that time was not only acute but prolonged; for, though the news of her brother's safety reached Cambo soon after the engagement, the returns of killed and wounded in the Black Watch had taken longer to make up and did not come to hand until some time afterwards. But now at last anxiety was fairly past, and the wedding, which had been postponed once already on account of the outbreak of the war, need be delayed no longer. It was arranged that it should be celebrated quietly at Cambo on December the 9th. As things turned out, however, but for exceptional determination and perseverance on the

bridegroom's part, it could not have taken place upon that day.

It must be realised that Cambo is situated in the outlying seaboard district which terminates in Fife Ness—the East Neuk of Fife as it is called—a tract of country which was until recently a household word among Scotch folk for its 'out of the world' and exclusive character. Twenty years ago there was no railway-station nearer to Sir Thomas Erskine's seat than either Anstruther or St. Andrews—neither of them less than eight miles off. This in itself would have been nothing had not an inopportune and protracted snow-storm chosen just then to block the roads. Add to this a game of cross-purposes, and the situation has romantic possibilities enough to serve, without heightening, for the use of Mr. Thomas Hardy.

In the circumstances above indicated, after due deliberation on the problem of the journey, Captain Wauchope had decided to take the more round-about route—judging that St. Andrews would be more likely than Anstruther to furnish the means necessary amid present difficulties for accomplishing the final stage. To St. Andrews accordingly he went; but it so happened that, the Anstruther road being the nearer as well as the clearer of the two, it was from Anstruther that Sir Thomas Eskine was expecting his son-in-law elect.

Arrived amid the wind and foam of the little University town, the bridegroom found himself pulled up short. The storm still raged, the roads were pronounced impassable, no job-master could b[illegible]ced by money or persuasion to forward him

upon his way. Thus was he thrown back upon himself; but he was equal to the occasion. Hiring the two best horses which the livery-stable could produce, and having transferred his effects to extemporised saddle-bags, he set forth in defiance of weather, drift, and wreath, a servant of his own attending him. Their journey was toilsome, dangerous even, and lacked not its mishaps. For before they had gone far, the depth of the confronting block drove them to what Wauchope, when he told the tale, described as a 'flank movement.' In other words, they were compelled to leave the road and take to the fields. Here the Captain's horse fell, and rolling through drifted snow into a ditch, narrowly escaped being buried alive. Nor were the united efforts of the rider and his henchman of avail to extricate the beast. Well might the latter, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, protest that, in comparison with this, 'Egypt wasn't in it.' But at last assistance was procured from a farm, the horse was set upon his legs, and the travellers resumed their journey.

Meantime Miss Erskine had driven to Anstruther to meet her bridegroom, where of course no bridegroom was, and had returned disappointed to Cambo. Still, all 's well that ends well. Thanks to his pluck and energy, the Captain duly reached his destination —way-worn, perhaps, but sound of limb, and in ample time for the ceremony, which next day took place as arranged.

Thus were the circumstances attending his first marriage by no means the least characteristic of his life.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE IN CAIRO — CHOLERA — DEATH OF MRS. WAUCHOPE—SIR GERALD GRAHAM'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MAHDI—EL TEB—AGAIN SEVERELY WOUNDED—PROMOTION—THE GORDON RELIEF EXPEDITION

THE wedding over, Captain and Mrs. Wauchope took their departure for Edinburgh, returning to Cambo on December 23rd to spend Christmas, and leaving again before the end of the year. On February 13th, 1883, after a short stay in London, they started for Cairo, where Wauchope's battalion still occupied the Kasr-el-Nil barracks.

At Cairo Wauchope and his bride spent a very happy time together, and in view of what the future held in store it seems doubly hard that this should have been curtailed. To Mrs. Wauchope the East was new. The beautiful and bizarre city, with its motley indwellers; its tortuous lanes and over-hanging houses; its mosques and minarets; its palaces, tombs, gardens, cisterns; its bazaars with their display of gold-work, woven fabrics, and strange sweetmeats; its groves of palm, mimosa, and acacia; its neighbouring pyramids, and its associations of Saladin and the Egyptian Caliphs—these things were amply sufficient to impress and fascinate the mind of a new comer.

And, besides this, we may be sure that Wauchope would lose no time in interesting his wife in the company and the regiment which filled so large a space in his own life. He found in her an apt pupil, who was able to render him material assistance in his care for the welfare of his men. The young couple inhabited one of the large hotels of Cairo, made many riding-excursions together, and enjoyed a good deal of the society of Dr. Grant, well known as 'Grant Bey,' and, I believe, of the present Lord Kitchener. But, as I have said, this pleasant existence was not to last long. Though blessed with a healthy climate, Cairo was this year visited by epidemic cholera; which, having first appeared at Damietta, in Lower Egypt, towards the end of June, spread thence along the valley of the Nile, reaching the capital on July the 15th. Several cases occurred in the regiment, which, on the 20th of the month, was transferred to Suez, where a cholera-camp was formed. But before this it had been decided that, in order to be out of the way of infection, Mrs. Wauchope must return to England. And as her husband could not at such a time desert the post of duty, unwelcome as was the parting to them both, she went alone. After being detained in quarantine at Venice during very hot weather, she reached London on July 17th. In August the regiment again shifted its quarters—this time to Geneffeh, between Suez and Ismailia, and early in September it returned to Kasr-el-Nil.

Meantime Wauchope, acting as Brigade-Major, had been left behind in Cairo in charge of a small detachment. The epidemic raged around him, and

his own men did not entirely escape.[1] This afforded just the sort of opportunity in which his strong qualities would especially shine out, and we are not surprised to hear that he was indefatigable in his exertions on behalf of the sufferers, thoughtless of risk to self in his visits to their bedsides in hospital, open-handed in contributing to their comfort, and earnest in cheering and encouraging them. By August 16th he is able to write to a friend at home that 'cholera is dwindling down rapidly.' He adds: 'It is an awful pestilence; 176 soldiers have been attacked—139 deaths. I have been in perfect health, and as Brigade-Major to the troops here have had my work cut out for me.' It was not until October 25th that he found it possible to rejoin his wife at Cambo. From November 26th to December 22nd they stayed together at Niddrie, thoroughly enjoying a picnic-like existence in the old house, where the prospect of a prompt return to Egypt made it seem useless to inaugurate a regular establishment. Then, after spending Christmas and the New Year at Cambo, they went to London, where on January 25th Mrs. Wauchope gave birth to twin boys. At first the young mother appeared to be doing well; but on February 3rd, to the unspeakable grief of her husband, she was taken from him. Their married life had lasted less than fourteen months, and during four of these they had been separated. Let me here close this sadde[illegible]pters in Wauchope's history, for the sequel i[illegible]ss sad than the commencement. On Mrs[illegible] death her little boys were re-

[1] See Le[illegible]ant Logan, dated July 31st, 1883, p. 116.

moved to Cambo, where Lady Erskine and her daughters did all that was possible to supply the place of a mother to them. There they remained until three years later, when, in April 1887, Willie, a remarkably clever and promising child, died after a short illness. In the same month his brother, who had never shared his bright intellect, took scarlet-fever and became dangerously ill; and though by the help of devoted nursing his life was spared, he remained disqualified from taking his part in life.

To return to the father, it is generally agreed among his friends that from this time forward the seriousness which had first noticeably characterised him after the Ashanti campaign, and which had been broken in on by the past year's great happiness, became deepened and intensified. It is no conventional form of speech to say that it took him many years to get over his loss. His grief was that of a strong, deep, self-contained nature; and as one looked on his fine, austere, but never ungenial countenance, one could not but feel that the wounds incurred in old campaigns were not the only ones from which he suffered, and that those other wounds were the more difficult to heal. None the less is there one alleged token of his sorrow which we are compelled to deny. It has been said that, in the first overpowering pain of his bereavement, he would gladly have availed himself of the opportunities of the campaign in which he found himself engaged to throw away a life which had become burdensome to him. But besides the evidence from character—in itself conclusive to those who knew him well—there is sufficient external evidence

for rejecting this story. Cases of the kind alleged—where grief has completely mastered a brave soldier—there have doubtless been, and they can but call forth deep sympathy. But Wauchope was far too fine a fellow, too strong in moral self-control, too deeply religious by nature, for conduct such as has been suggested. Uniformly fearless, he would as little have courted danger for objects of his own as he would have shirked when duty called him to face it. For to him this would have meant a dereliction of what he held most sacred in the world.

One striking instance of his power of self-control is afforded by his conduct while in hospital after being wounded at El Teb. His loss was at that time still fresh, so that between grief and physical pain his lot for the time must have been a particularly cruel one. Anxious to know how he had borne it, some friends who were warmly interested in him took the first opportunity of inquiring from eye-witnesses. To their surprise, it was replied to them that Wauchope had been the 'life and soul' of the patients in hospital. But, to any one who had had experience of his power of putting self aside in the thought of others, the anomaly is easily explained. This statement, as I need hardly add, does not suggest the conduct of a man who would allow desperation to master him. But I am here in advance of my story.

In the midst of his great sorrow one great consolation was vouchsafed to him. For to a nature such as his, the one possible distraction at such a time lay in the call of duty to active employment, and such employment now lay ready for him. On the 13th

February his battalion had received orders to hold itself in immediate readiness to proceed to Suakim, on the Red Sea, as part of a Field Force under Major-General Sir Gerald Graham, destined to operate in the Eastern Soudan. At six o'clock next morning the regiment was paraded in marching order (grey serges), all present, and proceeded to Suez, where it embarked on board H.M.S. *Orontes*. Off Suakim it was ordered to continue its journey as far as Trinkitat, where it disembarked late on the evening of the 21st February. There it was detained for a week by scarcity of water and by delay in the arrival of transports; and there it was joined by Wauchope, who had sailed from England nine days after losing his wife, and was not to return there until May of the year following. A letter dated from H.M.S. *Helicon*, February 18th, and addressed to A. D. M. Black, Esquire, his lawyer and intimate friend, affords some insight into his state of mind at this time. 'We have had a gale of wind since we left,' he says, 'and I am writing now under the utmost difficulties. . . . If this weather continues, we shall be late for relief of Tokar, and I shall lose professionally, for I am appointed Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General to the Expedition. But I care little now—I feel as if the spur to my ambition was no longer there, as if I cared not now what may befall me.' Later on, alluding to his infant children, he adds: 'Poor little things! I know you will be good to them should they be orphans—and it is not unlikely.'

A word or two to recall to the reader the occasion of the present campaign. The lapsing of the

Dual Control, just prior to the bombardment of Alexandria, had thrown upon England the onus of maintaining order in Egypt; and that this promised to be no easy task was shown by the fact that, hardly had Arabi's revolt against the authority of the Khedive been reduced, when it became necessary to deal with a second and certainly not less formidable rising. The leader of the new insurrection was Mohammed Achmet, the son of a carpenter of Dongola, in Nubia, who some three years before this time had put forth a claim to be recognised as the 'Mahdi' foretold by Mohammed, and in this character had declared war against the Egyptian Government. As to his true character there is room for wide divergence of opinion. Let us cite the verdict of one who not only understands the Arab better than most British writers, but who also has less of insular fixity of standpoint than is generally found in our native histories of our own times. Says Sir William Butler in his *Life of General Gordon* (p. 193): 'To his friends he was a genius, a guide, a Mahdi; to his enemies an impostor, a villain, a fanatic; to history he will be a man who proved his possession of great genius by the creation of empire out of nothing, and by the triumph of his revolt of Islam over the highly disciplined efforts of the most powerful of European nations.' That much at least seems incontestable.

Supposing that his main aspiration were really to unite in one confederation the inhabitants of that almost limitless tract of unreclaimed world known as the Soudan, Mohammed Achmet could scarcely

have chosen a more suitable moment for his attempt. For the condition of that country was ripe indeed for revolution. In 1879 'Chinese' Gordon had resigned its government, to which he had been appointed five years previously—his withdrawal being the signal for a new outbreak of all those forces of disorder which he had contrived to hold in comparative restraint. Slave-dealers resumed the cruel and wholesale traffic which his rule had interrupted—thus goading to madness those desert races which Egyptian over-taxation had already roused to the extreme of discontent. The fire lay ready for the fuse, and the Mahdi—whose efforts so far had been directed to forming useful connections and to establishing a reputation for personal sanctity—was quick to perceive his opportunity. One advantage he enjoyed which could not have been foreseen. It lay in the sympathy of Gladstone[1] and the marvellous supineness of the then Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville, whose policy—called by courtesy of non-intervention—carried pusillanimity and vacillation to a point which they had scarcely reached before. Committed though he was by the bombardment of Alexandria to the armed support of the Egyptian Government, he now decided that Egypt should relinquish the Soudan. But, before relinquishing it, it was at least necessary that the Egyptian garrisons, fiercely beleaguered in various towns and stations of the desert, should be relieved and fetched away. Attempts to relieve garrisons thus situated had, however, already proved fatal to the expedition of Hicks Pasha at

[1] Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. iii. p. 144 *et seq.*

Kashgate, and to the force commanded by Baker Pasha at the first battle fought at El Teb. It was abundantly evident that the Egyptian army was unequal to its task—which was therefore now assigned to British troops.

The little army assembled for the purpose numbered in all 206 officers and 4233 men, and formed two Brigades under the respective commands of Sir Redvers Buller and Major-General John Davis, with which were associated a Naval Brigade, Royal Artillery, Mounted Infantry, and Cavalry. The Black Watch (1st Battalion) formed part of the Second Brigade. Starting from Trinkitat on the 28th February, it bivouacked that night at Fort Baker, which had been seized two days previously. Though the distance was short, the march thither had been not without difficulties, it having been found necessary in one place to cut down acacia-trees to form a corduroy road across morass. And here I may explain that the first object of the present concentration of troops had been the relief of the neighbouring garrison of Tokar. But the garrison having surrendered a few days earlier, it seems to have been determined to utilise the expedition by striking a blow at Osman Digna, the Mahdi's redoubtable lieutenant in the Eastern Soudan, and capturing his fortified works at El Teb. There were also British dead who had fallen in the recent fight there awaiting burial.

At eight o'clock on the morning of February 29th the march was resumed from Fort Baker. The formation adopted in the advance was that of a rectangle, having an interior space of about 500 by

150 yards. The Black Watch advanced in line, and when halted formed the rear face of the figure—being drawn up 25 yards to the rear of its right and left faces. The intervals left at the angles were designed to be filled by the guns and Gatlings which accompanied the force. The front and left of the square were covered by a squadron of the 10th Hussars, the right by a troop of the 19th Hussars, the remainder of the cavalry being in rear. Detachments in charge of a gun or two had been left behind at the last halting-place, as well as at the base of operations, to secure them. The men marched with water-bottles filled, carrying one day's rations. A heavy shower which had fallen before daybreak made the ground—consisting of low sand-hills overgrown with bush—at first very heavy; so that, as the Naval Brigade and Artillery dragged their guns by hand, frequent halts were necessary to rest them. The only transport animals present were those employed to bear ammunition and surgical appliances, which occupied the centre of the rectangle.

After a misleading report of the enemy's presence, at about 11.20 o'clock Sir Gerald Graham unexpectedly found his square in front of an entrenched position, which had somehow escaped the notice of the reconnoitring party. The entrenchment was roughly semi-circular in form, and was armed with two Krupp guns, captured at the rout of Baker's force. Fire was now opened from it on the British square, which, however, continued its advance in silence until it came opposite to the left flank of the position, towards which it was then fronted (its proper

left face being thus turned to the enemy). From this time the progress of the battle may be divided into four movements.

The men, being halted, were now ordered to lie down until our guns, playing upon the enemy at a distance of about 900 yards, should have silenced his battery—thus preparing the way for our assault. And here it may be mentioned that, among the peculiar horrors of this battle—of which there were several—not the least was the odour of death arising from the bodies which had fallen in the recent action fought in the neighbourhood. The practice made by our gunners, which was carried on with great coolness, proved remarkably accurate; so that, with the help of the machine-guns of the Naval Brigade, in less than half an hour the two Krupps had ceased to respond to us. The gunners employed to work them, being taken slightly in reverse, had indeed been driven from their posts. They were ascertained to be Egyptians from the garrison of Tokar, and their marksmanship, faulty at first, had rapidly improved, so that, before ceasing fire, they had dropped several shells within our square. The desertion of the enemy's guns concluded the first act of the engagement.

It was now the turn of the infantry to come into action. Accordingly, moving by its left face, the square advanced upon the two-gun battery, on which rested the enemy's left flank. The orders were that up to within 300 yards of the position firing was to be by volleys only, independent firing commencing afterwards.

Having thus approached within a short distance of the works, the fighting-line then raised a cheer and rushed upon them—the blue-jackets rendering valuable assistance with their guns, and the remainder of the square following them up to the music of the bagpipes. But the Soudanese, as recent fighting had proved, were a very different sort of enemy from the Lower Egyptian. Instead of awaiting the assault, they rushed forward to meet it. Nor, so long as life remained, did the fixed bayonets, or the deadly fire of Martini rifles, upon which they flung themselves, avail to check their onslaught. Armed with spears and rudely-shapen swords, the work of native smiths, they fought with the desperation of fanaticism, dashing recklessly against the square, and provoking a series of hand to hand encounters, under the strain of which our formation lost some of its famed power of resistance. But though a few of the Soudanese entered, none left it alive.

Whilst it lasted the contest was fierce, but it did not last long. The square was reformed, the advance resumed, and though still subjected to a succession of fierce rushes on the part of the enemy, by 12.20 o'clock[1]—one hour, that is, after the first opening of the enemy's fire—our troops were in possession of the battery. Colonel Burnaby, reputed the strongest man of the British army of his day, and famous for his memorable ride to Khiva and his narrative recounting the same, was the first to mount the enemy's defence-works. He was closely followed by some

[1] The Regimental Records of the Black Watch give an even earlier hour.

soldiers of the Black Watch. No sooner was the position seized than the Krupp guns were wheeled round and directed against the remaining battery of the enemy's crescent-shaped entrenchment.

As yet, however, the battle was but half won. The British square was now turned to its rear—which brought the First Battalion Black Watch into the front place—with the object of 'rolling up' the enemy in his position from left to right.

But, ere this movement could be executed, occurred the cavalry charge under Brigadier-General Stewart, which, however brilliant and dashing in itself, has been much criticised on the ground of prematureness. Sweeping round to the rear of the enemy's position, and passing by the present right face of the square, the hussars fell upon the enemy, which was there collected in large numbers, perhaps with the intention of forming a reserve-force. But though the execution thus effected was considerable, it was dearly purchased by a long list of casualties.

To return to the infantry. Though one of the enemy's batteries had fallen, there remained the second—placed roughly at a right angle to the other, and strengthened by a number of rifle-pits, which had been dug with science, and were occupied by resolute men, prepared to sell their lives dearly. This point, indeed, formed the strength of the enemy's position. It was defended with extraordinary determination; nor were the rifle-pits carried until the last of their defenders had been shot down. The advance of our soldiers, however, was irresistible. Perhaps the hottest of the fighting took place around a certain brick

building in the village, which had been loopholed by the Arabs, and within which when it was carried, one hundred and sixty of their bodies were discovered. It was one o'clock ere the enemy showed signs of retiring, and an hour later ere their remaining battery was seized. The Arabs then drew off in the direction of Tokar or of Suakim, our soldiers crowded to the wells of El Teb, and the victory was complete.

Before this, however, Wauchope's share in the battle had terminated. During the advance on the guns, his position on horseback as a member of the Staff had made him conspicuous as a mark for the enemy. As he rode, he reconnoitred the position through his field-glass—having done which, he returned the latter to its case, but neglected to replace the case where it usually swung at his back. In after years he would tell how this trifling neglect, due to the preoccupation of the moment, was probably the means of saving his life. For, a moment later, a bullet struck the glass, but for the intervention of which it is believed that the shot must have killed him. As it was he was badly wounded. Yet he had no thought of leaving the field. At last his pallor, following loss of blood, attracted the attention of Sir Redvers, who endeavoured to persuade him to have his wound attended to. Wauchope, however, scouted the idea, protesting that it was unnecessary, that he felt 'as fit as a fiddle,'—till at last the Brigadier took the only course which, in these circumstances, was likely to be effective, and declared that he was in the way. After that, of course, there was nothing for it but for Wauchope to retire. Says Sir Gerald Graham's

despatch, published in the *London Gazette* of May 6th, 1884, '. . . both before and during the action—even after receiving his wound—he did good service, and would not go on the sick-list until compelled to do so.' The shattered glass, which had rendered so important a service, is preserved at Niddrie House with other relics and war-trophies of the General's.

Along with the rest of the wounded, he was taken back to Trinkitat, and thence to Suakim, and placed in hospital. But, hating inaction as he did, he was the reverse of a good patient, and it was difficult to keep him there. So, a few days after being wounded, he might have been seen seated on the Red Sea shore, among military stores of various kinds, calmly entering a note of certain provisions which were being landed. He would make himself useful in this way at least, if no other was possible. Doubtless, too, he intended that this should serve as a demonstration of recovery, and a first step to a return to the front —for which the news of the cutting up of his regiment at Tamai must have made him restlessly anxious. But, strong as it was, his constitution was not equal to his demands on it. As the result of his wound, peritonitis was set up, and his share in the present short campaign was thus definitely closed. His services were recognised by his being mentioned in despatches, by two clasps, and by a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy, dated May 21st. He had become a Major on March 14th of this year, and thus gained two steps in as many months. Referring to this in a letter addressed to Mr. Black, he says, 'I am to be made a Lieutenant-Colonel, which is an enormous promo-

tion for me. As I am situated, my Lieutenant-Colonel service enables me to qualify at once for full Colonel. I ought to be a young Major-General if I live.' His wound proved much more troublesome than had at first been expected, but he derived much benefit from the mountain air of Troödos in Cyprus, where, during the summer, he paid a visit to an old military friend.

A further letter to A. D. M. Black, Esq., dated Kasr-el-Nil, May 15th, 1884, shows him in much better spirits than an earlier one quoted from. After touching upon the decline of trade at home and abroad, he continues: 'Things here are going from bad to worse—we have a really rotten Government. . . .' Then he goes on: 'By the way, please pay Mansfield Mackenzie' (Mr. Black's partner) '£5, which I lost in a wager. Give him my love. It would do his lungs good to come up with us to Khartoum, and then we would employ him in "conveyancing" the Soudan over to somebody or another—with fortalices, and manors, and biggings, thereunto belonging, etc. etc. I shall be glad to see one of my sons in the Law, but I should prefer the Advocate line. And yet I don't know—it all depends on the brains.'

The subjoined letter, addressed to Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Norman Macleod,[1] of the Black Watch, refers to an incident at the battle of El Teb. It was written before Wauchope had recovered his health, and exhibits in a very characteristic manner his unfailing desire to forward, so far as in him lay, the interests of those who served with him.

[1] Mentioned in Sir Gerald Graham's despatch, dated March 31st, 1884, for 'coolness and gallantry in action.'

To Lieutenant Macleod.

'Cairo, *June 6th*, 1884.

'My dear Mac,—I got yours this mail, and have been thinking much over it.

'In my report I brought your name forward for a conspicuous act of cool gallantry, just such as the V.C. is wont to be given for, and then I described the particulars. Graham, for some reason or another which I can neither fathom nor divine, declines to recommend you, because your getting it would reflect on others. By what argument he arrives at that conclusion I cannot make out. He does not attempt to deny that you deserve it. But then what can one do? Graham refused to forward it at the proper time; is it possible to make him do it hereafter? And if he did, could the matter be now arranged? The game of fighting for a V.C. is always a losing one unless done and finished on the spot—that is my fear. I will write Wolseley and tell him the whole thing, but frankly, I tell you I don't think he will move in the matter.

'I think you have been abominably treated, and the whole regiment thinks the same. However, it must be a source of satisfaction to you to know that your having deserved the V.C. is a fact known to all. . . .—Yours always,

'A. G. Wauchope.'

Returning now to the history of affairs in Egypt, it will be remembered that, after the victory of El Teb, further advantages over Osman Digna's followers were gained at Tokar, Tamai, Tamanieb. After this, in pursuance of its policy of evacuation, the British Government of the day withdrew our force from the Soudan. This step was much criticised at the time, and there is little doubt that it was received by the enemy in the light of an acknowledgment of weakness. Still less that, by retiring from a present difficulty, that Government vastly increased the work to be done

in the not distant future. In this respect the case of the Soudan resembled that of the Transvaal. In January 1884 General Gordon had been sent back to Khartoum to superintend the work of evacuation. But the evacuation of a beleaguered town is not always feasible at will, and that was soon the condition of Khartoum. Realising how critical were his own position and that of the well-affected inhabitants who relied on him for protection, as early as the beginning of March Gordon had urged on the home Government the desirability of relieving him. To these representations the Government for a long time continued obdurate. But, surely, the whole sad story is too fresh in men's minds, too deeply engraven thereon, to call for recapitulation. Suffice it to say that it was August ere the business of relief was definitely set about. Once the expedition was decided on, the necessary preparations were pushed on with wonderful activity. That there was no time to lose was indeed abundantly evident. But the difficulties even of preparation were great. Those who wish for a stirring and graphic account of them can scarcely do better than turn to Sir William Butler's *Campaign of the Cataracts*—a work in which a man of action, who is also a poet, has placed not only the practical, but also the spectacular and poetic sides of a great undertaking before the eyes of times to come. Our business here is to follow the movements of the Royal Highlanders, with a special eye for Colonel Wauchope's share in them.

On September 16th the regiment was inspected at Cairo by Sir Garnet Wolseley, who, after paying it

the high compliments due to its efficiency and conduct in the field, alluded to the coming campaign as likely to be one not so much of hard fighting as hard work. . . . 'I shall want you to show that you can work hard as well as fight,' he said; 'and if there is any fighting to be done, I know that I have only to call on the Black Watch, and you will behave as you have always done.' Among the remarkable gifts of the victor of Tel-el-Kebir military prescience holds a foremost place, and his prognostication in this instance was as usual verified. The transport of an army by water, in the face of superhuman difficulties of navigation, through a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles of blank, resourceless, and practically unbounded wilderness, was indeed a colossal undertaking. But it is by encountering difficulties that character is moulded, and human nature becomes interesting to the spectator in proportion to the struggle in which it is engaged, the degree of resistance which it is called on to exercise. Hence the lasting fascination of the story of the Nile Expedition.

Starting on October 5th, the regiment proceeded by rail to Assiout, and thence in boats to the First Cataract at Assouan. Here an unexpected check occurred; for, two cases of smallpox having appeared in Wauchope's company, the Black Watch was cut off from the expedition, and placed in a mild form of quarantine. An irksome hindrance this, when time was of such infinite value, and when all were anxious to be pushing on, and to be 'in' whatever might await the Expedition. Still there was nothing for it but to submit and make the best of things.

During this period of suspended operations, it was important to keep the men amused, with which object a series of theatrical representations was inaugurated. The camp having been pitched in a palm-grove, a theatre of palm-trees was constructed, on the stage of which Wauchope—the born comedian, whose talent none would have suspected—repeated his success won long before at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. As was his manner always, he had thrown himself into the business of the moment, though one cannot but believe that his thoughts were otherwise occupied. It was also long since he had played his part, and his recollection of the words being imperfect, one day during a 'stand easy' when the corps was exercising, he pulled the play-book out of his pocket and began to con it over. So absorbed did he become that the regiment moved off without his knowledge, leaving him solitary in mid-desert in an attitude of deep contemplation. A sand-storm which was blowing at the time completes a striking though unrehearsed tableau. On another occasion he appeared on the stage in an absurd get-up, designed to travesty that of his friend the Commander of the Expedition.

Such were the lighter occupations of the time. During work-hours Wauchope was indefatigable in preparing his men, by means of daily instruction, for the arduous duties which lay before them. Here his early experience as a sailor was of great service, and among other things he is remembered to have given lessons in the art of splicing a rope. But all the while he was inwardly chafing lest the present enforced delay should make him too late to take part in any

fighting which might await the Expedition. As his bad luck would have it, this delay was protracted. For, after his period of quarantine had expired, he had still to await the arrival of the Canadian boatmen, who had been specially engaged for the present service, and without two of whom on board it had been ordered that no boat was to commence its voyage up the Nile. The Canadians, by the way, aware of the dependence placed on them, in some instances abused their power. It is said that the value of their services varied very considerably. In certain cases they were not only useless, but troublesome into the bargain, taking exception to informality of speech on the part of the officers they served, and perversely declining to be hurried. When at last the Forty-Second got under way, it was found that there were still not enough Canadians to go round the boats, and it was afterwards remarked with some satisfaction that it was not those which were without them which got on worst.

Owing to the causes assigned above, Wauchope's company was the last to leave Assouan—whence it started with orders to push on with the utmost speed possible, sweeping up as it went all details and detachments which for any reason had been left behind upon the route followed by the main body of the Expedition. Hence it came about that Wauchope had an unusually large number of boats—about sixty, I believe—under his command. Boats had been specially constructed for the present service, and the Colonel had employed his interval of leisure in instructing his men how to enter and leave, load, unload, and otherwise manage them. For a maximum of

speed compatible with proper navigation it was quite safe to rely on him.

It was not till now that the tug of war began, and a tug of war it proved to be indeed. Cataract and current, broken water and rapids had to be surmounted and struggled with as best might be—a work not only of appallingly hard labour, but of varied danger too. But this was just the sort of occasion to which Wauchope rose; these daily trials were the touch-stones which revealed the grit of his character. There are many incidents to prove this, of which here is one. In the risky proceeding of ascending a cataract, in addition to the rope by which it was towed, each boat was secured by a 'life-line'—that is, a rope stretched at right angles from the boat to the shore, of which the object is to prevent the boat getting its broadside to the force of the water and so being capsized. One day when superintending the passage of his flotilla, Wauchope saw that one of these life-lines had got out of hand, and that the current, having caught the boat to which it was attached, was carrying it out into mid-stream. Seeing this, he at once intervened in person, rushing forward and grasping the rope, and—though it tore through the flesh of both hands to the bone, and dragged him out up to the middle in the river—keeping fast hold of it, and thus preserving the boat from swamping and the man who was in it from drowning. But so severe was the laceration of his hands that for weeks he had to keep them bandaged—no slight aggravation of the hardships and discomforts of a campaign.

If I have written thus far without showing that few

if any officers of the British Army have been more considerate of their men than was Wauchope, then have I written in vain. What I am aware that I have not yet fully shown is how stern a disciplinarian he could be when occasion called for it. Let me repair my omission. The reader will easily realise that the circumstances now described brooked no trifling; the vital importance of losing no time has already been insisted on. In the procession of boats strict orders had been issued that each boat should follow without deviation in the course laid down by the leading boat, commanded at this time by a young officer who was something of an expert. On no pretext whatever was there to be any indulgence in 'taking a line of one's own.' Well, having arrived at a point where the channel forked, and having duly made his observations, the young officer saw reasons for following the rougher and less inviting of the two streams. He did so, and with one exception the other boats followed him. The exception was a boat commanded by a sergeant (who shall here be nameless) who now, dressed in a little short-lived exultation, made good progress up the smoother waters. When Wauchope realised his defection, there was nothing for it but to halt the procession, and, after consultation, to send a boat in pursuit. For there were the best of grounds for believing that the channel taken by the sergeant would bring him up in a *cul-de-sac*. The pursuit downstream, up the side-channel, and back, delayed Wauchope's progress by some twelve precious hours in all, and his righteous anger was in consequence extreme. He declared then and there that he would

have the sergeant shot (as it was competent for him to do) for disobedience of orders whilst in an enemy's country. Accordingly that night the death-penalty hung over the misdoer's head. Next day he was reprieved, but the impression made by the Colonel's sternness lasted throughout the campaign, so that no more was heard of his orders being disregarded. This incident occurred just to the north of the Amarah Cataract.

Painfully the Expedition pushed its way up the mighty river, the only variation in its toil being from land to water—from the Nile to the desert rocks and sands which formed its shores. Living was hard; for, of the stores carried by the boats, only common rations were allowed to be consumed, the more luxurious provisions packed below them being held by command in reserve. Where it was possible, these supplies were supplemented by 'living on the country.' Upon this regimen, seasoned with hard labour, officers and men were not long in becoming 'fine-drawn.' To sleeping on the desert they soon grew accustomed—that was by no means one of the worst of their discomforts. But the impossibility, after a while of changing their clothes bred a plague of body-vermin, which thrive rarely in a desert, where it appears that they develop an amphibious habit unknown in other places. And it was 'the langer the waur.' Still there was Gordon to be relieved ahead of them, and no one ever thought of giving in, or if he did, it was but for an instant. Nor, mercifully, does any one at this time appear to have regarded the possibility of his own best efforts being in vain.

Like the worthy Scot he was, the Colonel had taken the Presbyterian Chaplain who accompanied the regiment under his own special protection, inviting him to voyage with his company, where he could personally look after his comfort. The Rev. John Mactaggart is acknowledged to be a man of great courage and coolness in action, and it is worth remembering that the courage of the Army Chaplain, if of a different quality, is no whit inferior to that of the soldier himself. For he faces death without the martial enthusiasm, the 'blood up,' the hope of distinction, which sustain the latter, supported only by his own quiet sense of duty. Mr. Mactaggart has thus described to the writer some of the difficulties of the voyage. There were places, he says, where the current of the river was compressed between rocks, where a boat's crew would pull for half an hour at a stretch without gaining an inch. 'This is heart-breaking work!' one of the men would perhaps then say; when the pastor, mingling sympathy with admonition, would reply, 'Yes, my lad; but if you stop for a moment to think of that, it is all up with you.' And then presently the boat would begin at last to make headway. The Chaplain adds that, in spite of all difficulties and discouragements, the next morning the boat's crew would turn to their work as readily as ever. It is scarcely possible to cut down closer to the quick of humanity than this. True that it is only by struggling against adverse circumstances that human nature comes to its own. But, though that knowledge may be enough for those engaged in the struggle, it ought not to be enough for us who 'sit at home at ease.' Wauchope once said that he felt

ashamed at what he had to ask his men to do, under the tropical Egyptian sun, for the wage of tenpence a day; and this remark of his was quoted in the House of Commons by a Secretary of State for War. The fact was that the Colonel had the heart to feel for others, and to make their difficulties his own. To the Chaplain, who had then recently experienced a run of bad luck—withheld recognition of service and the like—he spoke these cheering words: 'It was the same with myself—everything was going against me when the tide turned.' Of course the tussle against the forces of nature was not of one equal severity, or no human endurance could have stood it. So at Sarras, just below the Second Cataract, where there was a fine sheet of smooth water, Wauchope, fearing the rebound of his men's spirits, found it expedient to caution them against 'Derby racing,' as he put it.

Nor must it be supposed that no humorous incidents relieved the mental strain of the journey. There is one in particular which shows Wauchope's resourcefulness in an amusing light. When the boats under his command, after catching up the remainder of the fleet, had arrived at Korti, where the General had his headquarters, Wauchope received an invitation to dine with Lord Wolseley. But the hard labour of the route had told heavily on his wardrobe, so that his trews were simply riddled with holes. The only spare pair he had with him was in no better condition—how then was he to cut a decent figure in the presence of the superior officer to whom he so looked up? He was not long in answering that question. Necessity is the mother of invention, and, judging it extremely unlikely that any

pair of holes in the two pairs of trews would be in exactly the same position, he put on one pair over the other, and thus attired successfully evaded the disgrace of honest Humphry Clinker.

One of his repartees of this period is worth preserving. Staff-officers had been told off to different districts on the river-banks, whose business it was to guide and instruct the crews in their passage up the rapids. Sometimes, to those who were labouring hard, advice tendered from this quarter would seem rather officious than helpful, and so on one occasion a certain smart Staff-officer found it necessary to protest against the neglect of his directions—which he did in these words, 'I say there! do you know who I am? I am Colonel —— of the Guards.' Upon which a roughly-attired worker in the boat paused for a moment in his labours to reply, 'And do you know who I am? I am Colonel Wauchope of the Black Watch—so honours are easy!' A good rebuke to the snobbishness which shows signs of invading our army.

Evidently also he was one of those who believe that there is much in a name; for, happening one day to see a boat named *Flying Scotsman* in the act of drifting back towards Cairo, he promptly issued an order for the erasing of the ambiguous name.

By some means or other, Wauchope had conceived an altogether misleading notion of Abu Fatmeh, at the head of the so-called Third Cataract. This is a spot at which, by dint of hard pumping of Nile mud, a certain meagre breadth of greenery on both sides the river has been won. He, however, had conceived of it as the most delightful of oases, his ardent imagination

had coloured the conception, and at last he had come to hold it out before his men in many a struggle as a sort of Promised Land. When his eye beheld the reality, he was grievously disappointed—not on his own account, one may be sure—and one can picture him, after taking his fill of contemplation, at last throwing up his hands, giving vent to his resigned ejaculation of 'Ah, well!' and turning to the next work in hand.

Associated with the same place is another little incident which also helps to reveal character. A Staff-officer, Colonel (now General Sir Frederick) Maurice, R.A., had been sent on in advance of the Relieving Column to form a depôt of provisions there. He had been instructed that he would find a large supply of biscuits awaiting him, but the reality fell far short of the promise. Seeking a set-off against the deficiency, Maurice contrived to get wind of a corn-growing district at no great distance. There he bought corn, and having with great difficulty procured women to grind it, he obtained a supply of good fresh bread. This done, he would ride down to meet the boats of the Expedition as they came in, and offer to those in charge of them their choice of bread or biscuit. In thus doing, he was employing a little innocent disingenuousness to conceal his own weak points; for though acting as if the choice made were a matter of indifference to him, he was secretly anxious to avoid a run upon his small stock of biscuit. The supply of bread, on the other hand, was not likely to be exhausted. It will readily be understood that in most cases the fresh bread was chosen as an acceptable variation on

the monotony of desert rations. Indeed the purveyor not only had his unexpressed wishes gratified, but also received not a little praise for his cleverness in providing the change. But when Wauchope in his turn came up, his choice fell upon biscuit, for which he assigned the reason that his men were now so inured to desert fare as positively to prefer it—adding on his own part that it would be a pity now to expose them to the risk of hungering after dainties which would not generally be available. This was the man all over, whose scorn of luxuries was once forcibly expressed by himself in the assertion that he could 'thrive on dirt.' But Colonel Maurice was disconcerted.

Gallantly as he kept up his own spirits and those of his subordinates, there is no doubt that the hard labour, heavy responsibility, and anxiety of his present position told even on Wauchope's constitution. So, after showing some signs of overstrain, at Handak, below Old Dongola, on the Christmas Eve of 1884, he became ill. The symptoms were those of poisoning, accompanied by delirium; and the crisis whilst it lasted was severe. But the next day he was better; his subalterns—Lieutenants Souter and Livingston—fed him up, and he was soon himself again.

A glance at the map will show that near Korti, where the expeditionary force arrived in January, there is an abrupt bend in the river Nile—necessitating, for those who are ascending it, a journey of about 150 miles in a retrograde direction. And it will be remembered that at this point the army which was now marching on Khartoum was divided—a Desert Column, under General Sir Herbert Stewart, being

despatched by the most direct route to Metemmeh to communicate with Gordon, whilst the remainder of the force, under General Earle, continued its route circuitously by the river. The instructions of the latter party were to punish the murderers of Colonel Stewart and the other European emissaries from the besieged city, and, advancing by Berber, to co-operate with Sir Herbert Stewart's column in its attack on the Mahdi before Khartoum. Earle's force contained about 2900 men, and comprised the Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, Staffordshire Regiment, and Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, besides a squadron of the 19th Hussars, a battery of Egyptian Artillery, the Egyptian Camel Corps, and 300 camels. With it, of course, went Wauchope. Chaplain Mactaggart narrowly escaped being left behind by it—a fate which actually befell his brethren of the cloth. But, thanks to his own fine spirit, and to Wauchope's staunch backing, an exception was made in his favour —with result that he was the only chaplain present on the field of Kirbekan. Lastly, the small friendly native force known as the Mudir's was to march parallel with our army along the right bank of the river.

The River Column was now to sever its connection with its base, being constituted henceforth a 'flying column.' Its proper labours were also at last about to begin; for so far its progress, however arduous, had been pacific. But it was now to be pitted not only against the forces of nature—an enemy, whose numbers were variously stated at from 3000 to 7000, being understood to be awaiting its advance in a wild

portion of the neighbouring Monassir country. Accordingly, after concentration at Hamdab, some fifty miles above Korti, we read in the Chaplain's journal, under date January 23rd, 'Discipline begins—we are now in the field of action.' Two days later, being now at the Isle of Ooli, he notes, 'Half-battalion Black Watch in kilts for action.' I may here mention that up to this time the last communication received from Gordon (December 30th) had been the written message, dated December 14th, 'Khartoum all right.' It was accompanied, however, by a verbal message of a less reassuring character. News of the Desert Column's hard-won victory at Abu Klea had reached Hamdab on January 21st.

On the 26th January the Black Watch entered the Edermih, or Fourth, Cataract, and—severe as their labour had hitherto been—it now became severer yet. Desert plains had disappeared from the landscape—the river, intersected by numerous islands, being here hemmed in by rocks. Also, an element which had till lately befriended them now took the other side. This was the wind, of which the prevailing direction was from north to south—contrary, therefore, to that in which they were now travelling. In the next cataract—the Rahami—by dint of hard toil from dawn to dusk they covered in four days a distance of seven miles, losing one man by drowning and two boats. 'Heart-breaking work' indeed!

On February 4th the Black Watch concentrated in a welcome oasis at Birti, whence the enemy had fallen back on their approach. Here, as a punitive measure, the houses, date-palms, and water-wheels of Suleiman,

the murderer of Colonel Stewart and his companions, were destroyed. Next day the members of the Staff received a memorable telegram from Lord Wolseley. It contained the fatal intelligence that a reconnaissance under Sir Charles Wilson had reported Khartoum in the hands of the enemy. In other words, the whole of the vast labour performed by the Expedition had been in vain. Short of annihilation, a more crushing blow could scarcely have fallen on the British force. For the present, however, it was judged prudent to keep the news back from the junior officers and the men. Wauchope's rank entitled him to the sorry privilege of being apprised of it, but he kept his counsel well. 'There was nothing in his behaviour or expression,' writes his subaltern of the period, 'to lead us to suppose any disaster had taken place.' In the meantime the advance was stayed.

On the 8th orders were received to advance on Abu Hamed, and the same afternoon our scouts fell in with the enemy. He was posted upon some rocky outcrops—koppies they would be called in Southern Africa—from 50 to 80 feet in height, his right flank resting on the river. Among the rocks stone breastworks had been erected, whence his rifles commanded both road and river—thus effectually barring the way to our force. On his left rear, a marble-topped ridge, of remarkable appearance, about 300 feet in height, held a portion of his force. A few shots were now exchanged. On the 9th as the enemy still occupied his position, it was resolved to attack him on the following morning—the attack being directed so as to

turn the position on the ridge. That night, after a day of toilsome navigation, seven companies of the Black Watch bivouacked within a mile of the scene of to-morrow's operations. Dispositions were made for the advance next day, and for the protection of a zareba which was then to be formed on the site of the bivouac.

Early next morning, to the great satisfaction of the entire British force, the enemy was reported to be still in position. Accordingly, after breakfast, the men were paraded—when, in spite of the recent hardships endured by them, they presented a smart and workmanlike appearance. At 7.15 they marched off, moving in line of half-battalion columns at an interval of two companies—six companies of the Staffords leading, six of the Black Watch following, the camels attached to the field-hospital and reserve ammunition being massed in the interval. The object of this formation was to combine ease in passing over rocky ground with rapidity in forming square with the camels in the interior. The front of the advance was covered by the cavalry, its left flank by the Egyptian Camel Corps. Before the start the projected zareba had been formed. At the same time two companies of the Staffords with two guns, under the command of Colonel Alleyne, had proceeded to occupy the ground which on the previous day had been occupied by our reconnoitring party. Their object was, by attracting attention in that direction, to hold the enemy in check in front whilst our flank movement was being carried out. Alleyne's orders were not to open fire until the main body of the attacking force should have reached

the outer flank of the ridge. The advance was led by Colonel (Sir William) Butler.

After marching for a mile over hard ground, a wady of loose sand was entered, where progress became necessarily slow. At 8.30 the outer flank of the ridge was reached, whereupon Alleyne duly opened. Hitherto the enemy had not fired a shot, though time and again our advance must have been visible to him.

The enemy having now been sighted by the cavalry scouts, the infantry turned the corner of the ridge and were advancing along its reverse side, through a rocky valley leading in the direction of the river, when fire was opened from the ridge. The breastworks, or rifle-pits, which faced the other way had by our movement been rendered useless. It was now about 9.15 o'clock. Two or three of our men were hit, and as our advance continued the fire grew hotter. From this point, however, it is unnecessary to follow the movements of our little force in detail through the various incidents of fighting in loose order which ensued. Let it be realised that its object was to dislodge the enemy from his extremely strong position on the summit of the ridge, as well as from the various koppies on its front which had been reconnoitred on the previous day. Then we may concentrate our attention on Wauchope, whose experience in the morning's fighting was a sufficiently adventurous one.

The column was now halted under cover, and presently General Earle ordered Wauchope's company to assail the enemy's position. Almost immediately afterwards, however, a counter-order was issued, which called back the majority of the men. But Wauchope

had already given the word to charge, and being of course in front, he with his subalterns, Lieutenants Burton and Livingston, and a few others, had gone too far to be recalled. They had, indeed, crossed the open ground to the foot of the outcrop—a distance of about 200 yards—before discovering their isolation. The ascent which now rose above them was rocky and extremely steep. Whilst they paused at the foot of it, a single negro—a powerful and finely trained fellow—descended, making at once for Wauchope, who was knocked down. Sergeant Baldwin of the E Company stood beside him; but his rifle had become choked with sand. He therefore flung his body between the Colonel and his assailant, and in so doing received a spear-wound in the side. But there is little doubt that his gallant action saved Wauchope's life. On this, Burton stepped forward, and clubbing his claymore, whirled it round his head and knocked over the Egyptian, who was then promptly bayoneted. It may be mentioned that the claymore used on this occasion is preserved as a relic of the little impromptu *mêlée*, and that its basket-hilt is completely flattened by the blow.

The single negro had been the precursor of a host, who almost immediately after this charged down from above, and, curiously enough, in their preoccupation, passed Wauchope and his companions without seeing them. A miss is as good as a mile, and here was escape number two for the Colonel. Unfortunately he was not to be so lucky next time.

The Arab host were received by the British with a hot fire, the bullets from which soon began to drop

around the spot where Wauchope and his companions stood. They therefore recrossed the open ground, and it was soon after this that Wauchope was struck by a bullet fired from the high ground of the enemy's position. He had by that time adopted a kneeling attitude, in order to avail himself of the partial cover afforded by some low stones, whilst coolly watching the progress of the fight. The bullet entered the body below one of the collar-bones, and, coming as it did from above, passed diagonally downwards, inflicting a very serious wound. On being struck, he fell back from his kneeling posture upon his outspread hands, exclaiming as he fell, 'I 've got a nasty one this time!' or words of similar effect.

His faithful, if occasionally irascible, Colour-Sergeant, Logan, was soon by his side. He opened the Colonel's tunic, and tied up the wound—in doing which he said—

'I 'm very sorry for this, sir.'

To this Wauchope answered somewhat brusquely—

'It is only what a soldier expects.'

Soon after which he spoke again—saying, bitterly, that he knew full well that he had come to this accursed country to die. The sergeant in reply endeavoured to reassure him, giving it as his opinion that the lung was untouched and the wound not dangerous; but Wauchope's only answer was—

'What do *you* know about it?'

Then, after an interval, he declared that he was 'the unluckiest man in the world.' And so he was.

I need scarcely explain that the ordeal which could wring such words as these from Wauchope,

even under stress of pain and weakness, was a crucial one. Indeed, his medical attendant, Dr. Andrew Balfour of Portobello, has informed the writer that only a man of very strong constitution could have recovered from the wound which he had now sustained. As it was, his arm long remained partially disabled, preventing his getting a gun up to the shoulder to shoot, and necessitating his obtaining a special dispensation from saluting on parade. Also, as he had now been shot through both shoulders—at Kirbekan and in Ashanti—it was from henceforth useless for him to attempt to hold a pulling horse. Yet even now his habitual self-control was almost immediately regained; and when, some weeks later, there was a possibility of sending him down Nile to recruit, and he was informed that this was in question, his reply was the forcible and characteristic one—

'I 'll rot in the country first.'

My object in quoting the words given higher up is to show that his nature was not callous or insensible, but one which, except in the rarest moments, was kept under the strictest of self-discipline.

To return to the battlefield. The Chaplain, Mactaggart, was soon upon the spot. He placed his flask, containing brandy, to Wauchope's lips, who sipped, seemed to revive, and presently asked for another sip. He was then removed by the stretcher-bearers to a spot beyond the line of fire, where his wound could receive better attention.

When visited that evening by his subaltern, Livingston, he had quite regained his usual cheeri-

ness of manner, inquired with interest how E Company had fared in the engagement, and gave some directions regarding it. Then, with his invariable thoughtfulness for others, he spoke to the Lieutenant with a view to averting a misunderstanding which might very likely have occurred, and which would have been prejudicial to the younger officer's interests.

Long ere this, as all the world knows, the battle had terminated to the advantage of the British. By a succession of movements directed to one end, the enemy had been driven from their various vantage-grounds, and on charging down from the high ground (as already mentioned) they had been received with a withering fire, which sent those who survived it fleeing for refuge to the river. Though the numbers engaged on either side had not been large, the moral effect of the victory was great. And we must remember that it came at a time when the enemy's courage had been stimulated by the tidings of the fall of Khartoum. That our troops could vanquish the Arabs in hand-to-hand fighting in loose order, that even when not in square-formation they could withstand the Arab rush: these were points in our favour which the day's fighting had established satisfactorily. In counting its cost, one cannot but be struck by its fatality to officers in high positions—the General Commanding, a Colonel of the Black Watch, and one of the Staffords being among the number of the slain.

From taking any further active part in the campaign, Wauchope was now of course effectually incapacitated. What could be done by fortitude

and cheerfulness in his present circumstances we have proof that he did. One of the great drawbacks under which a flying column labours is that it has no means of disposing of its wounded; accordingly Wauchope had to be made as comfortable as was possible in a hospital bed which had been rigged up for him in a boat, and to continue his journey up the river with the Column. At this time he showed far more solicitude for his kinsman and brother-officer Captain Kennedy, who had been wounded at the same time as himself, though far less seriously, than he had of thought for his own condition. The one luxury in which he indulged himself was cigarettes. They appeared to soothe the pain of his wound, and Lieutenant Livingston and others did their best to supply his craving for them—often no easy task.

On the 19th February—nine days after the battle—the boats of the Expedition reached Sulimat—of which place the Sheikh was held responsible for the murder of Colonel Stewart and the Consuls. Here punitive measures were carried out similar to those which had already been employed at Birti. At Elemah, on the 24th February, the expedition received the order to return. The news of the fall of Khartoum had now of course become public property. It inevitably spread a feeling of gloom and depression among the troops—a feeling which Wauchope in so far as was at present possible, exerted himself to dissipate.

The perils of the homeward journey were in some respects even greater than had been those of the journey upstream. During that time, to move at all

had been a frequent difficulty; now, on the other hand, all resources were taxed to curb excess of speed among the dangerous rapids and currents of the strongly flowing river. In passing the Shukook Pass, above Kirbekan, it was expected that our force would be 'held up'; but the enemy being behind time by twelve hours, it passed through unmolested. Passing the scene of the recent battle on the 1st March, the regiment reached Merawi on the 5th. There, in expectation of further employment later in the year, it remained until the 26th May following. And there Wauchope was parted from it. We have seen that he stoutly rebelled against being sent home; still he was a soldier and had to obey orders. As it happened, no loss of active service resulted from so doing. For on the date above assigned, the regiment itself set out on the return journey to Cairo. Khartoum had fallen, Gordon was dead, and the Government had decided, at least for the present, to take no further steps against the Mahdi.

So terminated the Egyptian Campaigns of 1882-1885. Wauchope's share in the last of the three was recognised by the Government by the addition of two clasps, inscribed Nile and Kirbekan, to his Egyptian medal.

CHAPTER IX

CHARACTERISTIC LETTER—VISITS TO THE ERSKINE FAMILY—CONTINENTAL TRIPS—HIS FRIENDLINESS TO ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS—VIEWS ON MARRIAGE, AND SPECIAL KINDNESS TO LOVERS—ANECDOTES OF THE MALTA PERIOD—THREE LETTERS—GIBRALTAR—A NEW DEPARTURE

I CANNOT open this new chapter better than by quoting the following characteristic note of Wauchope's. It refers to his appearance before a Medical Board, and being dated October 2nd, 1885—eight months, that is, after the battle of Kirbekan—it shows that, in the long-continued trouble which it caused him, the wound which he received there resembled that received at El Teb. It is addressed to the family lawyer.

To A. D. M. Black, Esq.

'Naval and Military Club,
'94 Piccadilly, W.

'My dear Black,—Just been before Board. Send you one line to say that I do *not* think the doctors have passed me. So I shall be back in Scotland. Bone ain't right. The President said, "I have been warned against you, as one that always comes up smiling." Well, Black, I have tried to come up smiling always—and often I did so feel inclined to cry.—Yours always,

A. G. W.'

Surely I was right in saying, a few pages back, that Wauchope—the nervous child that had been—had not grown callous or insensible with time. But the courage of the sensitive is the finest of all kinds of courage.

During the intervening months, the Colonel had spent a good deal of time in Scotland, making his head-quarters at Cambo, the house of his father-in-law—where he was always welcome—and leading a pleasant country-house life, in which riding formed a principal occupation. He had left Cambo on October 1st to go before the Board, and thither he returned for a short stay two months later. This and the five or six years following form a comparatively uneventful period in his life. It was a time of peace, which offered him no opportunities of facing dangers and hardships in his country's service. In his case, however, uneventfulness must by no means be confounded with idleness. But doubtless enough has been already said to show that, even when he was employed only as a regimental officer in garrison, his life was one of strenuous and unremitting activity. On the 30th April 1886 the battalion left Cairo for Malta, where it remained for three years, three months, and three days. In July of this year Wauchope was again at Cambo, where he stayed, on and off, during the remainder of the summer, returning to Malta for the winter. In May of 1887 he rejoined the Erskines, and whilst staying with them studied the art of horse-taming under Professor Galvayne at Cupar. At the end of the month he accompanied Lady Erskine and other members of the family to Schwal-

bach, stopping on the way at Cologne, where he ascended to the top of the cathedral, and was also greatly impressed by the sight of some fine German soldiers. At Schwalbach, by way of turning his visit to account, whilst one of his party took the waters, he himself drank from the iron spring. He also made excursions to Homburg, and to Heidelberg, and Frankfort. Heidelberg he found especially interesting, having been there as a child with his parents, and he now took special pleasure in tracing out such of his former haunts as he remembered.

The course of waters completed, the party proceeded to Pontresina—Wauchope walking over the Albula Pass—where they arrived on July 8th, and stayed for two or three weeks. Here his usual energy was manifest. For instance, in mountaineering expeditions, when a carriage was engaged, he would generally start in advance of it on foot, and it is remembered that on one occasion he excited amazement in the occupants of a *diligence* by racing up the mountain-road to prevent the carriage overtaking him. In ascending Pitzlangard, when, after passing the height of 10,000 feet, the aneroid which he carried ceased to act, he professed the most complete bewilderment.

In the hotel life of this period he kept much by himself, for at this time of his life he was naturally shy among strangers—a failing (if it be one) which his political experiences wore away. Yet the above assertion must not be understood too literally, for to all with whom he was thrown in contact, he was invariably friendly. In particular he made great

friends with the landlord of the hotel, who responded by inviting him to his private room to taste and give his opinion on new choice brands of Rhine wine—a pleasant mark of landlordly good feeling. This faculty of attaining to friendly relations with all sorts and conditions of men was most characteristic of the Colonel, and it is certain that this power, or it may be the care to exercise it, is a much rarer thing than the world is apt to suppose.

An incident which occurred during his stay at Schwalbach will afford a good example of the quiet helpfulness which characterised him. An English gentleman who was staying in the same hotel, with his wife and daughters, died. His relatives were prostrated by grief, and to add to the distress of their position, it so happened that they were entirely without acquaintance in the place. Some of the visitors in the hotel therefore held a conference with a view to befriending them, and assisting to make arrangements for the funeral. On approaching the ladies, however, these gentlemen found that Wauchope had been before them, and that all that could be done to help had been already quietly and expeditiously carried out. This was his way. Whilst others conferred, he did what had to be done. The last man in the world to push himself forward, he was the first to come forward when he saw that he could serve a fellow creature. From Pontresina he returned to London by way of Berne and Paris, again walking over the Albula Pass.

The winter was again spent in Malta, and at the end of the following March (1888) he joined his

brother-in-law, Mr. Harry Erskine, with one of his sisters-in-law and some other Scotch friends at San Remo. Here the party amused themselves by taking long walks through the olive-gardens and into the mountains. One of the places which they visited was Monte Carlo, which was new to them, and of which Wauchope had from hearsay formed high anticipations. But it was in reality the very place *not* to appeal to him. He was disgusted by its artificiality, and pronounced it inferior to all other places known to him on the Riviera. The truth was that he could be interested in any form of honest labour or of healthy pleasure, but that unqualified luxury and amusement had no attraction for him. Doubtless the strong Scottish element in his nature made him less than just to the Principality. In any case the method of his protest against what was unwholesome in its atmosphere was original. For he lunched with his party at the best hotel it contained, but instead of 'sampling' the cooking for which the establishment was famous, he ordered himself a mutton chop which he washed down with beer. In May he returned to London, and in July again visited Cambo, this time accompanied by his younger sister. A drive to the Forth Bridge—then a novelty—on the regimental coach of the 15th Hussars, who then occupied Piershill, was among the incidents of this visit to Scotland. When at Niddrie during these years, his manner of life was of the simplest. An aged laundress attended to his wants, and the staple of his diet would be oatmeal porridge. Of course when he had friends to stay with him additional servants were engaged.

But, as a matter of fact, during these and succeeding years his home, when not with his regiment, was Cambo. There, as has been already said, he had found a settled local habitation of a kind which had long been denied him—one, that is, supplying the affection which was the demand of his nature. It is a proof not only of his own constancy, but also of the hold he had secured on the regard of the Erskine family, that for long after the death of his wife his ties to that family continued to be drawn ever closer. Sir Thomas Erskine, a man of unusual discernment, who had from the first formed a high opinion of him, came by degrees to depend much upon his judgment. With Lady Erskine his relations—founded as they were upon a common attachment, a common sorrow—became of a peculiar and beautiful kind. The two were, indeed, in entire sympathy, understanding each other perfectly. To her he wrote fully and freely during absence, and it is matter of much regret that his letters have not been preserved. Each had a lively sense of humour, and within the family circle their interchanges of fun were notorious. The lady was by birth an Irishwoman, as his own tenderly remembered mother had been, and he was fond of declaring his opinion that for a Scotsman to have an Irish mother was an absolutely perfect arrangement. A pretty compliment which he paid her, at a time when he was feeling worn out after his political campaign, was to say that his ideal of a restful holiday would be a voyage to Australia with no companion save herself.

The following letter, addressed to one of his sisters-

in-law, now Mrs. Shairp, suggests in a pleasant manner the brotherly terms on which he was with the younger members of the family. It relates to a tour in Sicily made by him whilst quartered in Malta, and its unusual fulness must be attributed partly to the comparative leisure of the time when it was written—a rare experience in his busy and well-filled life.

To Mrs. Shairp.

'Catania, *October 19th*, 1888.

'My dear ——,—Many thanks for your letter which followed me here. I have just got it. My note-paper is finished. I leave this on Sunday, I am sorry to say, for Malta, after a real happy time of it.

'I have been walking about with a Sicilian guide, who speaks English in the funniest way possible, but who thoroughly understands this country. And then I have a whole big hotel to myself, with enormous tables, and a nice landlord and waiter. They don't know quite what the deuce I am up to, but they know I am an English *Colonello* from Malta, and so they don't put me down as a spy. Yesterday my guide took me out to the *campagna* of a musical friend of his, and he brought his fiddle with him, and there were several guitars at the house. This at about 9 A.M. or 10 A.M., and they played away and danced with the ladies —I really thought I should burst my stomach with laughing, and yet it was all very natural and nice. They just came in from the fields and danced, and by Jove there was some *vino* brought very quickly, and sweet-meats, and they decked themselves with flowers—put some on to me. It was really like a scene out of a theatre. I certainly intend to bring Hersey [his younger sister] here; this guide will kill her and M. T. He was describing a cyclone which occurred here three years ago, and he said, "Ah, I escape by de mirakle of de God—I run away like de devel." I believe he is a good

creature. His mother has a picture which they want me to buy, but I shan't.—Your most affectionate brother-in-law,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.

'*P.S.*—To-morrow I am to pay a visit with my guide to an artist friend of his in the country, which I am looking forward to. I understand that there is a very strong Bourbon feeling here, and much on the increase, and they don't like the German Emperor being made so much of at Roma. Isn't it curious how in this world things always go contrariwise? You can never get people to agree.

'I am very glad you have been having a nice time of it, Lina. I think you do really deserve to enjoy yourself. It is very nice to enjoy oneself, and one is intended to enjoy oneself. Isn't the sky blue, and doesn't the sun shine? . . . Do you know, in my humble opinion, there is no greater fallacy than to think that, because a man can't look you in the face, that therefore he is not an honest man? It is generally through nervousness. . . .'

Here, among other things—good-humour, pleasant chat, healthy tolerance, and the like—we obtain a fuller glimpse than before of the British officer who is ready to cast aside the usual social and professional limitations, and to fraternise with his kind in whatever shape they may be met. And it is worth noting that the man who can do this with satisfaction to himself is generally one who feels pretty sure of his title to command respect on other grounds than those of worldly station.

In August 1889 the First Battalion, Black Watch, had left Malta for Gibraltar, where it remained until January 1893. But nearly two years before the latter date Wauchope had left it on being transferred to the Second Battalion.

Whilst stationed at The Rock, he made repeated solitary riding excursions into Spain—to Ronda and elsewhere—as well as on the coast of Morocco and Algeria. And though it is scarcely likely that he was acquainted with Machiavelli's precepts for the use of the soldier, it may here be pointed out that his daily practice conformed to them with striking accuracy. For instance, says the Florentine, in this connection: 'He ought never to let his thoughts stray from the exercise of war; and in peace he ought to practise it more than in war, which he can do in two ways: both by action and by study. As to action, besides keeping his men well disciplined and exercised, be must engage continually in hunting, and thus accustom his body to hardships; and, on the other hand, learn the nature of the land—how the mountains rise, how the valleys are disposed, where the plains lie—and understand the nature of the rivers and swamps; and to this he should devote great attention. . . .' In confirmation of which the author cites the example of Philopœmen, 'who, when he was in the country with his friends, often stopped and asked them: if the enemy were on that hill, and we found ourselves here with our army, which of us would have the advantage? How could we safely approach him, maintaining our order? If we wished to retire, what ought we to do? If they retired, how should we follow them? And he put before his friends as they went along all the cases that might happen to an army, heard their opinion, and gave his own, fortifying it by argument'[1]—every word of which might have been written of Wauchope.

[1] *Il Principe*, cap. xiv.

Nor was he less particular in the 'reading of history or study of the actions of eminent men, in inquiring how they acted in warfare, and examining the causes of their victories and losses, in order to imitate the former and avoid the latter.'

Whilst at Gibraltar he occasionally found himself called on to fill positions of high command in the garrison. For instance, on his landing there, the Garrison Orders notified that, during the absence of the Major-General commanding the Infantry Brigade, Colonel Wauchope would act as Brigadier. This led accidentally to a severe shock to that natural modesty which was one of his chief characteristics. For, chancing one day to run into the regiment as it was returning by the Line Wall from the Neutral Ground, the word Shoulder Arms was of course immediately given. He said afterwards that he would rather have paid £50 than have had this happen, and no doubt he meant it. By virtue of regimental, as distinct from army, seniority, he was at this time still only in command of a company.

Again, whilst temporarily commanding the regiment, he was called on for the second time to take over the command of the brigade of four regiments—a situation which suggested to his mind the following Gilbertian dilemma: 'Suppose,' said he, 'that a man of my company has a complaint to make, and that I decide against him, as I probably should: his remedy is to appeal to the officer commanding his regiment, and he gets Andrew Wauchope again to judge his case. His next appeal is to the General, and so again he comes before Wauchope. But being only human

myself, I fear he would find the decision confirmed, and would go away with the reflection that it was "Andrew Wauchope all along the line!"' During his stay at Gibraltar, there was also at least one occasion on which he was appointed to act as interim Governor of that fortress.

He had become a full Colonel in May 1888, and in June of the following year, on account of his services in Egypt, he was created a Companion of the Order of the Bath. He was at home on leave—at Cambo and Niddrie—in the autumn of 1889, and again in spring of the years 1890 and 1891. Before the earliest of these dates, a definite scheme of for him an entirely novel character had taken a foremost place in his mind. But the discussion of this scheme, its origin, and the results that sprung from it, demands a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER X

THE COLONEL IN A NEW CHARACTER—LETTERS TO SIR CHARLES DALRYMPLE—HIS CANVASS OF THE CONSTITUENCY—INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN—HIS POWERS AS A PLATFORM ORATOR

I HAVE said that from an early period Wauchope had been a close student of Army matters—his studies being conducted after an original method of his own, in which an elaborate apparatus of newspaper-cuttings played an important part. His self-devised case for the accommodation of these cuttings, which accompanied him everywhere he went, had indeed been long a subject of 'chaff' among his intimates. In time the close study of politics came to be associated with that of military matters—whether, at first, with any specific object in view, or merely on grounds of general culture and efficiency, is not known with certainty. There is reason, however, for believing that he cherished political aspirations early, and that his researches in this line were deliberately directed towards qualifying himself for the character of political candidate at some undefined period to come. Whether this was so or not, his chance certainly came to him before he had expected it. It was brought about as follows.

At the general election of 1880, Mr. Gladstone had

defeated the Earl of Dalkeith by a small majority in the contest for the County of Mid-Lothian. Throughout the country this contest had been watched with keenest interest—as, amid smaller fights, the duel of representative champions. Never, certainly, before or since, has the present generation been treated to a similar spectacle of the sheer and naked opposition in the political arena of the aristocratic and the democratic principles. For among Scottish noblemen of that day the Duke of Buccleuch stood second to none in influence personal and territorial. And Mid-Lothian was the centre of that influence. To explain Mr. Gladstone's selection of that point of attack, a queer story has been spread abroad. But this story lacks verification—nor is any explanation other than the obvious one required. Suffice it to say that, with his characteristic daring, he bearded the lion in his den: he came, he saw, he conquered. Writing from the point of view of a Conservative, it seemed at this time that his eloquence had hypnotised Scotland, which lay at his feet as in a charmed sleep.

To Lord Dalkeith, as the champion of Conservatism, at the next general election, succeeded Sir Charles Dalrymple—a local land-owner, who united with the highest personal character a very considerable Parliamentary experience. In the interval of five and a half years since the last polling, the franchise had been enormously extended, so that it now embraced the miners and farm-servants of the constituency. This had been largely due to Gladstone's influence, and in the event he triumphed easily. But, whether he cared for it or not, Sir Charles certainly had his

revenge of his successful rival. For to him was mainly due the selection of his successor, Colonel Wauchope.

In many respects this choice was an extremely bold one. For though Wauchope's mental qualifications might be realised by his personal friends, it was still only as a distinguished soldier, a man of fine and lovable character, that he was known to any considerable section of the public. Very much must therefore depend upon his success in working the constituency. And in estimating this, it would have to be borne in mind that he was a soldier in active employment, whose regiment was stationed abroad. Moreover, it was clearly to be understood that he had no intention of abandoning his chosen career for any other. To quote from his first address to his supporters, 'he wore the red livery of the State, and that livery, he told them frankly, he did not mean to take off whilst he had health and strength to wear it.' On the other hand, his personal popularity could not fail to be estimated by his party as an extremely valuable asset. And it was also known that any duty which he might take in hand to perform, he would perform 'with his might.' He might fail from many a cause, but not from want of zeal or energy—as to that there was all confidence. Nevertheless, all things considered, the faith shown in him—untried as he was—by the leading men of his own party in the County reflects almost as much of credit upon them as upon him. How fully that faith was justified the sequel will set forth. Meantime it may be said with all but certainty that no other conceivable candidate could have made a fight

at all approaching to his. How the question 'to stand or not to stand' presented itself to him in its successive stages may be learnt from the following letters, addressed privately to Sir Charles Dalrymple.

To Sir Charles Dalrymple.

'Malta, *March 25th*, 1889.

'My dear Dalrymple,—You may be quite sure of this—that anything you write to me will not be lightly put away.

'Do you think one would ever have the slightest chance? And there is another very important point to consider, namely, the expense. Can you tell me more on these points?

'You know, I fear, that landlords will have a worse and worse time of it: the County Council will, I should think, pretty nearly double our local taxation—with the result that there will be very little net income. Everything is so difficult in regard to land—I really think if I could get even a decent price for it, I'd sell and be done with it. Being in this doubtful frame of mind, you will readily understand that I do not feel much inclined to embark in new projects; at the same time, in my opinion, I have never yet shirked the path of duty. As for the hard work, why I'd like that part of it; so if it had to be done, I'd do it. But I must see my way in front much clearer before I can think of undertaking the job. It would be rather poor fun to fight an uphill battle over and over again, and over and over again have to stump up. And I notice these contests are not carried on for nothing.

'Well, I think I have said everything that I would like to hear from you about, and I should be much obliged by your letting me have a line or so to this address. Things look rather blue in regard to the party at large. I am ashamed of Randolph Churchill, and yet [I had] quite a high opinion [of him] a very short time ago.

'The Captain of the late *Sultan* has gone home; he will be acquitted by the Court-Martial. The Chart is entirely

wrong, and no blame can, I believe, be attributed to *The Sultan*.—I remain, yours very sincerely,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.

'*P.S.*—Mind in this letter I engage myself to nothing, neither morally nor practically.'

TO THE SAME.

'FLORENCE, *April 16th*, 1889.

'MY DEAR DALRYMPLE,—Yours of the 2nd inst. has been forwarded from place to place until at last it reached me here.

'Now don't let there be any mistake about it. I have pledged myself to *no* way whatever. I agree absolutely to nothing—indeed I am only conning the matter over in my mind, and it is impossible for me to give any decision until after I come home about 1st September next. Under these circumstances I can well imagine the Committee deciding upon some more reliable individual at your Meeting on the 24th inst., and therefore it is that I write you these lines.

'I return to Malta forthwith.—I remain, yours very sincerely,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

TO THE SAME.

'MALTA, *June 25th*, 1889.

'MY DEAR DALRYMPLE,—I didn't answer your letter because I didn't think you wanted it answered.

'Please bear this in mind—that to me the step you ask me to take is of the very greatest importance.

'You see I am not an idle man—on the contrary, I am in a profession, getting to the top after much work. Now the thing is just this: I feel doubtful, very, whether I could remain on in the Army and at the same time go in for Mid-Lothian, and also give satisfaction to myself and my clients. That is why I pause and hesitate.

'Now if I was at home I could talk it over with Wolseley

and these kind of people, and I would gain much. But I shall not be home till the 1st September. However, I can write—perhaps I ought to have done so before. I am sure you see and feel for my difficulty. It is a great one.

'As a simple matter of money, if I were to leave the Army the loss would be considerable. In our career we serve for little in the beginning and middle, but the third stage is not a bad paying one. And in these days of land tumbling down this is a fact not to be lightly put away.

'I am sorry not to give you a square answer, but as I am neither off nor on—and I tell you plainly just as likely to be off as not—I should not be surprised in the least were you to tell me in your next that you had pitched upon a more stable candidate, and most assuredly he would get my humble support.—Yours most sincerely,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

TO THE SAME.

'AUBERGE DE BAVIÈRE,
'MALTA, *July* 31*st*, 1889.

'MY DEAR DALRYMPLE,—After much thinking of it out, I have come to the conclusion that I am doing best for all parties by definitely declining to be put up as standing for Mid-Lothian.

'I have been long in making up my mind because you told me in your first letter that I might consider over matters for long, and I have done that, and now my mind is made up.

'Of late here we have had a war-scare, and I felt at once that, situated as I now am, it would be very wrong for me to be bound, or partly bound, to any constituency. To get into the field I would throw them all overboard without a moment's hesitation; and how can I, or any one else, tell what may be before one in these most uncertain and ticklish times?

'Holy Writ [illegible]t it is impossible to serve two masters: I fe[illegible]plies now to me. Were I to

leave the service in which I have spent my life, I would be proud to work for the Mid-Lothian constituency. But, please God, I shall remain on in the service; and until I do leave the service, I feel that it is best not to engage myself.

'Now, Dalrymple, you are a man that I greatly look up to; I hope that in this transaction I shall have done nothing to forfeit your good opinion. I have not tried to hunt with the hare and run with the hounds—I have long and anxiously thought over the business, and I now give you the decision.—Yours most sincerely,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

TO THE SAME.

'CAMBO, CRAIL, FIFE,
'*October 8th*, 1889.

'MY DEAR DALRYMPLE,—I was very sorry to hear of the cause of your absence this night at Liberton. . . .

'We had a fairish meeting, and an excellent address from Hardy. I sat out after, and we had the Conservative Association.

'I heard the most doleful accounts of the cause, and how much a candidate who was ever on the spot was required, and that nothing else would ever do.

'I must say I think that if that Association had been told that there was a possibility of their candidate being an officer quartered in Gib., I don't think they would have approved of it at all. And, mind you, these are the men who ought to know.

'I hope the opinion of these kind of people may be taken if possible—I should not like to be rammed down their throats. And I can quite sympathise with them.

'The candidate should be on the ground, as you were, fighting away continually.

'Well, I cannot leave my profession, and yet I shall hate to make a mess of this M-L. by my being away.—Yours most sincerely,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

TO THE SAME.

'CAMBO, CRAIL,
'*October 11th*, 1889.

'MY DEAR DALRYMPLE,—What would happen supposing an election were to take place and I couldn't get leave, and yet we were not on, or ordered for, active service?

'For instance, at Malta, for six months in the year *no* leave is given. Would the fighting of a constituency be considered a sufficient reason, supposing the General in command were a Gladstonian?

'If I didn't turn up at such a time, wouldn't it look rather bad? And yet it would have been no fault of mine.

'I should like all this to be thoroughly made known to the constituency if possible.—I remain, yours most sincerely,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

In these most interesting and most straightforward letters there are many points which attract attention. In the first place, the writer's frank statement that, in order to 'get into the field,' he would throw any constituency overboard without a moment's hesitation. For once and all this clearly proves—were proof required—that Wauchope's early love for soldiering still occupied the first place in his heart. Nor could strange gods lure him from it. He was and he remained a soldier first, a politician afterwards; and I believe that neither the gradual discovery of his power as a speaker over an audience, or as a canvasser over a constituency, nor yet the triumph of a defeat which was more intoxicating than most successes, made in this respect any difference. Secondly, there is the statement, which we shall readily accept, that he has 'never yet shirked the path of duty.' His entry

into politics was made, therefore, not indeed against the grain, but mainly in response to duty's call: the position of honour and of trust is not self-sought, but thrust upon him. 'As for the hard work, why I'd like that part of it!' is from the Colonel only what we expect, knowing it to be true. And, then, throughout the entire series of the letters, illuminated as they are by a transparent honesty of purpose and fairness in dealing, there shows a good Scots caution, a good Scots frugality, associated with a winning simplicity which at times is almost naïve—as, for instance, where it puts the question as to the possible attitude of a Gladstonian General towards a subordinate standing against Gladstone.

On his return to Scotland the question of his candidature was not long in being settled. On November 18th a meeting of the Mid-Lothian Liberal Unionist Association unanimously resolved to adopt him as candidate at the next election. This was announced in *The Scotsman* of the following day; and on the 20th, at a joint meeting of the Liberal Unionist and Conservative Committees for the County, held in Edinburgh, he formally accepted an invitation to come forward. This was the occasion of a short speech, in which he expressed his views on the burning question of the time—Home Rule for Ireland, and on the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of Scotland—two questions upon which, throughout his candidature, he was uniformly sound and strong. There was nothing whatever remarkable in what he said, though the effect of his newspaper-cutting hobby may perhaps be traced in certain apt

quotations from the leading Separatists, whilst it is also worth noting that from the first he speaks of his contest (as well he might) as a 'forlorn hope.' For the rest, in the speeches of political candidates, declarations against rash promises, as against currying favour with the masses, have by now become pretty well stereotyped; and the constituency at large had yet to prove that in the present case these declarations came not from the lips only.

So much for the first political utterance of the new candidate. But it is also worth mentioning here that, though the requisition to Wauchope to come forward had been technically unanimous, there were certain quarters in which it was, to say the least, not over zealous. Among his own supporters some were lukewarm; others would have it that to oppose Mr. Gladstone—no matter by means of what candidate—was tactically a mistake, which could not fail to bring ridicule on the party. To speak quite plainly, side by side with staunch and loyal backing there was some cold water poured on Wauchope's candidature. It must be added, however, that the declaration of the poll, when at last it came, brought over all who had hitherto been half-hearted to entire belief in him. And it is pleasant to state that most of them became converts of that thoroughgoing kind which refuses to acknowledge that there was ever any need, or even any place, for conversion. Except from Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Colonel throughout his candidature received neither support nor assistance from any Minister of the Crown.

Two years and a half had, however, still to elapse

before the actual contest arrived—an interval which the Unionist candidate must be acknowledged to have turned to very good account. The files of *The Scotsman* of this period, indeed, bear witness to his unflagging industry in working up the electorate whenever his military duties permitted him to visit Scotland. For instance, having returned from Gibraltar in January, between February 8th and April 17th, 1890, he held a meeting in one or other of the towns or villages of the constituency on an average on every third night. It must have been uphill work, for his style and manner in public speaking on controversial subjects were still unformed, and his opening speech had been no less than a blank failure. It had been delivered at New Craighall, where fortunately he was well known. The miners who chiefly composed his audience would stand a good deal from 'the Kurnel,' and they heard him patiently and with good-humour where another man would have been 'booed.' Indeed I have heard it suggested that the favour in which he stood with them was hardly ever more strikingly manifested than by their self-control on this occasion. For his harangue was altogether ill-judged. To begin with, he had elected to speak of the Land Question—a subject for which that particular audience cared nothing. Then he proceeded to illustrate it by comparisons drawn from other countries, enforcing his points with much characteristic and emphatic gesture, and yet all the while travelling further and further from the sympathy of his hearers. An old parliamentary hand who was present describes his effort as producing the effect of a 'got-up affair'—

of something, that is, which lacked all true vitality and spontaneity. 'I've made a mess of it!' was his own candid confession when the meeting was over. But he took his failure in good part, and turned its lesson to the best account. The result was that a speech made at Dalkeith only a few weeks later was a triumphant success. Indeed it was extremely difficult for one who had heard them both to realise that the two addresses proceeded from the same speaker.

One qualification of the successful orator he certainly had from the first—to wit, a proper sense of his duty to an audience. Thus, though his platform appearances at this period might be numerous, they were always supported by much work which did not directly meet the public eye. So, when visiting at Cambo, it was his custom to withdraw as soon as breakfast was over to his bedroom, whence he would not emerge again until the hour of afternoon tea—for on those days he ate no luncheon—the interval being spent in close application. Then, by way of exercise, he would set off running towards the sea—which lies within quite a short distance of the house—and, if the tide happened to be out, would continue his run out over the rocks as far as possible. As one result of his labours, newspaper-cuttings were more in evidence than ever. He likewise took great pains to verify statements which he proposed to make, and a young lawyer who often met him at this time well remembers t[illegible]rness with which he would be consulted on [illegible]ect as, for instance, the 'change of venue' Was this legal in Scotland? Should it

be advocated, could he deny that it placed the inhabitants of Ireland on a different footing from those of Scotland? When informed that he might safely do this, he expressed great satisfaction. Similarly, when he had been betrayed by the authority he had consulted—a book written by a well-known member of the Scottish Bar—into a mis-statement regarding the Kirk, his annoyance was extreme. Of course it must be borne in mind that in practical politics he was, so far, but a novice. But what could be accomplished by hard work—by 'pegging away'—that he had shown that he would do. On the expiration of his leave, early in the summer of 1890, he rejoined his regiment at Gibraltar. In October of the same year Mid-Lothian was honoured by a visit from the sitting member, who addressed meetings in Edinburgh and elsewhere.

In February 1891 Wauchope was again in this country, and began his second tour of the constituency. As was almost inevitable in his circumstances, he had wasted a good deal of strength in the beginning of his campaign in what he himself described as 'beating the air.' By and by, however, having tumbled to the trick of the business, he entered under able guidance upon the Herculean task of personally canvassing an electorate of over 13,000 voters. 'I'm a soldier,' was his simple reply to all apologies on the part of the gentlemen who now acted as his taskmasters—whereby he implied that he had been trained to obey orders, and was not one to spare himself. In this his excellent physical toughness served him well, for a more delicate organisation must have given in

under the labour now imposed on it.[1] Not so his. Early afoot, and day after day making a long day of it, he spoke individually or in small groups to the miners, iron-workers, and farm-hands who mainly composed the constituency, shaking hands with them 'up to the shoulder,' and winning golden opinions of all who could recognise a true man when they met one. And this applies not alone to his supporters; for on polling-day there were not a few who sympathised with the cry uttered as his carriage passed, 'Man, we winna vote for ye, but for a' that we 'll aye cheer ye!' And cheer him they did. Indeed it is not too much to say that, ere that time arrived, he had become the hero alike of county and town. For his was a character which, to be valued, required only to be known. Doubtless there is often something sickly and factitious—as, at the worst, a lamentable sacrifice of personal dignity—in electioneering geniality. But from anything of that kind Wauchope's nature and antecedents preserved him. It was not in him to 'assume a virtue' which he had not. A life-long friend of the working-man—one who knew, understood, and respected him—his present relations with that worthy were no disguise adopted for a specific purpose, to be laid aside when that purpose was fulfilled. In a word he was *genuine*—a point as to which the Scottish working-man is in general no mean judge. And, b ay, in this context it may be noted that hi of the Doric, which he spoke

[1] Well might h ree long years every spare moment I have had I have g an. I have worked in my leave time, three months a ye on—all day long canvassing. . . . It was heavy, heavy t after day.'

as to the manner born, seems to have contributed in its due degree toward the total effect of his candidature. In the following autumn he held further meetings, and in January 1892 was again upon the warpath.

And now as to the character of the speeches which he was all this time delivering. Judging from the published reports, it must be confessed that their substance is disappointing. To demand originality from the average political candidate were, indeed, to demand what there is little chance of obtaining. But, from a man of Wauchope's pronounced individuality of character, higher expectations in this article might fairly be entertained. Yet I think I am within the mark in saying that of strikingly original argument, point of view, or phraseology, his published utterances show very little. For philosophic views of the subjects discussed we do not look; since, rightly or wrongly, in our practical nation, these are generally taboo. Let it be admitted, then, that Wauchope shone rather in the forcible application of current argument to the themes in question than by contribution to the controversy in hand of any novel matter of his own. From another point of view, he may be said to have carried something of army tradition into the political arena—where he excelled less as a thinker on his own account than as one who, receiving his instructions from above, carries them out to the very best of his ability. But, after all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and these things alone are not enough to account for his remarkable success not merely as a political candidate, but as a platform orator. To understand this it is necessary to recognise that a

single mode of eloquence—who shall say that it is not the highest?—was possessed by him in a very exceptional degree. To wit, he spoke with the earnestness of profound conviction: it was at all times perfectly obvious that he meant every word he said. This in itself is much, but it was by no means all his strength. A saying of Mr. John Morley's has declared that the momentum of a speech must be gauged, not only in relation to the thing said, but also in relation to the conception of the speaker pre-existing in the mind of his hearers. In this there is much truth, and from the source here indicated Wauchope had everything to gain. For, on appearing on a platform, he was recognised by his audience, not merely as a political aspirant or suitor for suffrages, but as one who was gradually becoming known to a wider and wider circle as the very soul of uprightness, the very heart of human kindness, a soldier who times and again had risked his life at his country's call, and a country gentleman whose best services might be relied on quite irrespective of political considerations. To any mind which is at once shrewd and unsophisticated, the appeal of these things is strong; and to that appeal must mainly be attributed the fact that Wauchope—a man of the highest character, but of no extraordinary intellectual endowment—should have succeeded in shaking the parliamentary seat of the most remarkable politician of his t[illegible]encesoever it may have arisen, his power a[illegible]-speaker was on occasion sufficient to prov[illegible]ent even in the most experienced of heare[illegible]

For the following anecdote I am indebted to the Reverend George Dodds of Liberton. In the midst of one very stormy meeting, when the uproar seemed to have got altogether beyond control, the audience was surprised to see a smart-looking working-man step on to the platform beside the Colonel. A momentary hush ensued, of which the intruder took advantage to speak somewhat as follows: 'I dinna ken very much aboot politics. But I was wounded at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and a man came up to me and gave me his water-bottle, and carried me back to a safe place. That man is on the platform to-night—and that's the man I'm gaen to vote for!' The instant change in the feeling of the crowd which followed this declaration may be better imagined than described.

It was in June that the dissolution did come. On the 9th of that month he had dashed off the following characteristic note from Limerick:—

To Hugh Adair, Esq.

'My dear Adair,—On Monday I am ready to spout wherever and whenever I am required. The only thing is that, if I reel it all off at once, there won't be much left!

'*You* know the position exactly—you know that as a speaker I have not much confidence, if any: but I'll go ahead somehow or another.

'Will it be better for me to speak just before G. O. M.? Like the Eagle on its Prey, will he not swoop down on my utterances?

'Then, can any one with reasonable truth, at Lasswade or anywhere else, say that it has up to date of dissolution not had plenty of visits? It is in the hands of my advisers completely, and I would rather not decide.

'The less I speak the better I am pleased, but then I want

to give myself entirely to the cause during these days. So it is for you all to consider, in regard to my speaking, what is best for the Unionist Cause. If it is best, I will speak every night—with pleasure, too—I remain, sincerely yours,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.

'*P.S.*—I will be glad to hear anything that is decided.
'Do you think our pledges will stand to us?'

Here was evidently a candidate who had at least the negative qualities that he neither 'fancied himself' nor had any nonsense about him. He was plainly also a man of honour, and one who placed his powers unreservedly at the service of his party. The contest now began in right earnest. On June 30th Mr. Gladstone came to Edinburgh and began a tour of the county, which at once attracted the attention of the country at large. Meantime it is needless to say that his opponent was not idle. On the night before the election he spoke at Bonnyrigg, in a state almost of exhaustion, yet with an effect which he had rarely equalled. Polling took place on July 12th—before which date it had become evident that a Radical reaction was at work in the land. The Mid-Lothian poll was a very heavy one—amounting to 84 per cent. of the entire constituency. By some of his supporters Mr. Gladstone's majority was fixed in advance at about 2500. But when the poll was declared, on July 13th, in presence of a great multitude, the figures proved to be as follows:—

Gladstone, . . .	5845
Wauchope, . . .	5155
Majority for Gladstone,	690

In 1886 the Liberal leader's return had been unopposed. In 1885 his majority had amounted to 4631. The present difference furnished eloquent proof that the Colonel's hard work had borne fruit. For it is to hard work and to the influence of personal character that his achievement must mainly be ascribed.

I believe that throughout the contest Mr. Gladstone had but once alluded publicly to his rival, of whom he spoke as a 'very respectable man.' It would have been easy—far too easy—to retort upon him now. For it was not among his characteristics, as he advanced in years, to become more patient of crossing. His present rebuff galled him sharply. The current story declares that when the news could no longer be kept from him, he became of a livid pallor, and cried out that he had been 'betrayed.' By this he probably implied that he had been kept in the dark as to the true nature of the contest. Without vouching for the truth of this statement, it may be pointed out that it is not wholly irreconcilable with Mr. Morley's description of the scene.

'On July 13th,' he writes, 'his own Mid-Lothian poll was declared, and instead of his old majority of 4000, or the 3000 on which he counted, he was only in by 690. His chagrin was undoubtedly intense, *for he had put forth every atom of his strength in the campaign.* But with that splendid suppression of vexation which is one of the good lessons that men learn in public life, he put a brave face on it, was perfectly cheery all through the luncheon, and afterwards took me to the music-room, where, instead of

constructing a triumphant Cabinet with a majority of a hundred, he had to try to adjust an Irish policy to a parliament with hardly a majority at all."[1]

Supposing, then, that he did give way on first hearing the news, the Grand Old Man still showed his quality by so quickly regaining self-control. The sands of his years were by this time run low, and the remnant of public life which awaited him was brief indeed. Wauchope took his own success—for as such we must count it—very lightly. "I got an awful fright," he remarked to a friend; "they came and told me I was in!" There are many who believe to this day that, but for his scruples as to the Eight Hours Bill, he would indeed have been in. But from these scruples, as "an honest man," he felt unable to recede. As a comment upon this, it is worth recording that there was not a miner in the Niddrie collieries who worked for more than eight hours a day.

It was a matter of course that high jubilation among the Mid-Lothian Unionists should follow the result of the election. Official recognition of the candidate's services took the usual form of banquets, complimentary speeches, illuminated addresses. Wauchope was, in fact, the local lion of the hour. The chief function in his honour was a grand Unionist Dinner held in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh. A more 'innerly,' or appealing, demonstration was a supper of a hundred and fifty coalminers at which he was entertained at New Craighall village. On the former occasion, in returning thanks for the toast of the evening, the Colonel spoke gallantly and cheerily,

[1] *Life of Gladstone*, vol. iii. p. 492.

making no attempt to disguise his satisfaction at the result achieved, so far as it went. Only he attributed most of the credit to good organisation and a hard-working committee. A complete collection of his speeches throughout this campaign lies before me as I write. But few indeed are the political speeches which remain readable once their immediate occasion has gone by! And, from their want of anything like studied form, Wauchope's speeches, in proportion to their interest at the time, are perhaps less durable than most. To reproduce, a decade after date, the orations delivered at a political banquet would be an act well-nigh of cruelty—so baseless, incomprehensible, would plaudits and enthusiasm appear. I content myself, therefore, with one brief quotation, which has perhaps a more than momentary interest. The speaker is fighting his battle o'er again, and recalling his relations with the constituency. 'If we had difficulties to contend against,' he says, 'we had much to support, much to strengthen, we had much to cheer us on our way; and perhaps the greatest strength we had was this—that you had in me, and I had in you, the most perfect, the most unbounded, confidence. You chose me three years ago to stand up in this fight. I was chosen unanimously by the two great Unionist bodies of this county. You knew very well at the time that I was not a Demosthenes. You knew very well that I knew very little in regard to politics. But you took me like you take your wife, for better or for worse—and as the days went on you found I was not afraid to do some work. You found that I was doing my level best; and that confidence

ripened into mutual regard, and on my side it ripened into affection, and I hope it has on your side. And, my lords, and ladies, and gentlemen, we had a grand cause, we had a great cause—ah, and more than that, we had a holy cause to fight for. We fought mainly and chiefly for the maintenance of the Union, and we fought for the maintenance of the old historic Church of Scotland."

In such a passage as this the man appears above the candidate. He speaks from the heart, and does so with a grace that becomes him well. But such passages are rare in his speeches, where, as a rule, the subject-matter blocks the way—comes between the speaker and ourselves. And though for his own purposes this was right enough, for our purpose it is baffling. 'Self-effacement,' says one who knew him well, 'was his main characteristic.' There is much truth in this; still it is a hard saying for the biographer!

CHAPTER XI

ENGAGEMENT TO BE MARRIED—LETTERS TO MISS MUIR—HIS RELATIONS WITH TENANTS AND DEPENDENTS—AS A CHURCHMAN

THE years of life which now remained to the Colonel were in all probability his happiest. His powers were by this time fully expanded; his position in the army was assured; gifts of whose existence or extent he himself could scarce have been aware had been brought to light by his political campaign. For one thing he had had ample evidence of his ability to stir and to impress an audience. Then, to a man of his affectionate temper, the abounding proofs of confidence and of regard which he had lately received must have been sweet. Moreover, his popularity—events have proved it—was none of that light evanescent sort which waits upon most 'heroes of the hour.' It was of the rare kind which is deep and lasting, than which few things are more precious or more irresistible.

Of course the claims on his time had increased in proportion to his reputation; but to one so energetic, and unself-sparing, this was scarcely a drawback. He had earned the love and esteem of troops of friends. Last, and best, he was now again to enjoy what from the time of his early manhood had been denied to him—a happy home of his own.

In the summer of 1892 he had become engaged to Miss Jean Muir, a daughter of Sir William Muir, the veteran Principal of Edinburgh University. In the October following they were married. The subjoined letter, from which I am permitted to quote, was written by Wauchope during his engagement, and enclosed a 'red heckle,' the cherished badge of his regiment. Before now I have had occasion to regret the scantiness, and for the most part the matter-of-fact nature, of the correspondence of one who had in him so much of warm emotion, of the spirit of romance and chivalry. The following letter is exceptional, and it redeems the rest. For, unless I am mistaken, it is one of the most beautiful of soldiers' letters in our language.

To Miss Muir.

'Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow,
'*July 16th*, 1892.

'. . . I've been looking for this enclosed everywhere, and at last I have found it; it is my red heckle, as worn in my helmet in the years 1885 and 1886. It was also at Suakim in 1884. The red heckle is what the old 42nd loves—it is our distinguishing mark. I have been shot with that red heckle. Keep it as long as you are my wife. It really is what I love best of that kind of thing—it has so much in it, or rather it represents so much to me of old tradition of noble men who gave their all for this old land.

'It isn't beautiful, and it is faded, but I do love it so dearly. . . . And I think those in the service who knew me would say, if I were gone, that this heckle would bring me to them more [illegible] han anything else, because I have loved our red [illegible] uch. I loved the story. It happened in 179[illegible] were just in the act of being taken by the Fre[illegible] toon regiment was ordered to protect these gun[illegible] arted forward, but turned tail. So four

companies of the Forty-Second were staunch, rushed forward, and secured the guns. This dragoon regiment had a red plume in its head-dress. The General in command on the field itself took the red plume from the dragoon Colonel, and gave it to ours, pending the King's approval, which was given. And for nigh a hundred years our people have worn it, and they now treasure it as they do nothing else. . . . Keep it for my sake, as long as you are alive—unless in action I run away, when you can throw it away.'

The Colonel intended that his future wife should share his feeling for the regiment and all connected with it, and he had an apt and willing pupil. A day or two after their engagement had been arranged he said to her, 'I want you to come along with me and pay a visit.' He preferred to go in a cab, and so, having selected one of his numerous cabmen friends, away they went. It was characteristic of him that this early visit was paid to the wife of a retired sergeant of the Black Watch, who kept a shop in the Canongate, in which it is strongly suspected that the Colonel in his kindness had set her up.

I am permitted to subjoin the following few extracts from his letters of this time addressed to the future Mrs. Wauchope.

To Miss Muir.

'Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow,
'*July 4th*, 1892.

'Popularity! of all the uncertain things is popularity (the worst).'

'*June 14th*, 1893.

'I love *Rob Roy*—and the older I get the more do I; and *Old Mortality*, and the *Legend of Montrose*. I suppose you

have read Kingsley's *Ravenshoe* and *Geoffrey Hamlyn*? I just read the same old books over and over again—*Peter Simple*, *Midshipman Easy*, etc.'

'*June 23rd*, 1893.

'A great national disaster has just been made known to me —H.M.S. *Victoria* has gone down, with they say 300 men, with many friends of mine. . . . It is really too terrible altogether. . . . My life has been spent as a professional soldier, and in that line of business I have come very much in contact with the Navy.

'Now, what has happened? First, two of our principal ironclads entirely useless.

'Secondly, the Admiral, Sir George Tryon, drowned, and 300 men. I tell you, in the Mediterranean for another twelve-month we are 30 per cent. weaker than we were this time yesterday. And then to think of the gallant fellows gone for ever! . . . Well, after all, it is the way I'd soonest die. Death we all hate; but I think I'd almost face it with a cheer in my heart if I saw the old Union Jack flying over my head, whether in the day of battle or the terribleness of a sinking ship. Oh, how many noble men have died for this old land of ours, and how many must die for her in the future!

'. . . The Captain of the *Victoria* was such a friend of mine. He is single. I dined with him just before I left this country for the last time.'

'*June 24th*, 1893.

'For three years every spare moment I have had I have given to Mid-Lothian. As for lunch or dinner, took that where I could get it—many and many a time in the cottage of the poorest, where I am as much at home, far more than in the mansion of the rich.'

'*June 25th*, 1893.

'Many and many a time on service as a Staff-Officer, after hard work all day, I've been sitting up all night, straining my
an old candle to get work posted up. Of course it
o what a man like your father has done; but then
he great ones.'

'*June 26th*, 1893.

'I have lots of work to do to-day, and shall have for another week. You see we have a lot of things to attend to in barracks which involve money, and I am one of those fidgety people who will always go into these things myself.'

'*June 29th*, 1893.

'I do love simplicity—I cannot bear gossip. *Woodstock* is Sir Walter Scott's novel on which *Holmby House* is founded. Get it and don't be damped by a little prosiness at first, you 'll be rewarded. Besides in *Woodstock* you get a lot of history.'

'*July 10th*, 1893.

'I think I am very strong. I 've had pretty nearly all the blood out of me twice. I 've never been sick or sorry, and many a comrade I 've seen go down with sickness. . . .

'I do think many of the best don't look at things humanly enough—I feel that very often.'

'*July 15th*, 1893.

'I 'm just going to Church with the men. I like going to Church with them—I like being in the middle of the men. What a lot I 've lived with soldiers. . . .

'I send you my dear old chief's[1] letter. I have worked hard for him—in dreary days too, when the sky wasn't blue. I think he 'll say I was steadfast—and what a friend he has been to me! He is misunderstood. He is the biggest man in our service, and if in our day the country really is in danger the country will insist on having him at the head. He is a gallant fellow—so fearless, rather hasty in speech sometimes. Well, I am proud of his friendship. I believe he has trust and confidence in me, and I know that I have never misplaced it. How I have laughed at his spinning yarns over a bottle of liquor which he was sharing with others who could get nothing!'

[1] Lord Wolseley's.

'*August 9th*, 1893.

'We have had another great blow in the political world of this part—the Secretary of our organisation, one of the best men I have ever known, has resigned owing to ill-health. I am sure I don't know what we shall do. And yet one must stand up and try and see the right done. People go talking to me as if I were so anxious to be in parliament—I hate the very idea of such a thing! Mine is a curious instance of a man being forced into that which he does not want. And don't mistake me—it is in no spirit of vanity that I say this. Well aware am I that in Mid-Lothian and out I get a great deal more credit and praise than I deserve. But it is simply the truth that I don't want this kind of praise. My line of thought has been elsewhere. But one just has to take things as they come.'

'*August 10th*, 1893.

'I think you will like living in barracks. If you are in barracks I don't think I'll ever want to go out. Upon my word I am quite happy in barracks. It is a world of its own, with all its interests—men and women looking after their food, their children. And the whole thing is very interesting.'

'*August 11th*, 1893.

'Some think that we old Tories don't want to do good to the people. We do indeed; but we cannot go promising things which we know in our hearts can never be fulfilled. These Radicals go promising all kinds of things which in their hearts can never be fulfilled they know. But all the same they go on promising away just as hard as ever they can.'

'*August 14th*, 1893.

'I was going to have a good long Field-Day to-day, but I'll let them have a day in the country for cricket and games, etc., in[illegible] It really is too lovely a day for sweating away at d[illegible]ieve I am a better drill than anything else. I hav[illegible] hard and long at it, and drill is one of those

things that really to understand thoroughly require from ordinary mortals great and constant care and attention.'

'I have been a faithful public servant in the past, and so long as I am in it that comes before anything. But mind that it is with our noblest that duty and love have gone together.'

'*August 15th*, 1893.

'I shall soon have to write to Sir Charles Dalrymple, the Chairman of the Unionist party in Mid-Lothian, to say that I must before very long give up the political business. I told him that the Army was my first consideration, and that I could not go on much longer with Mid-Lothian, and that nothing should prevent my commanding a regiment—this regiment—and that I could not according to the regulations of the service do the two. I only took it for a time, and at first they generally (not all) said I was going to be a dismal failure. Well, I stood it out, and more or less scored, and *now* the very people who prophesied my failure are loudest in saying that I must go on to the very end. I have said to my real good supporters that I would not desert them at this moment, but that I could never give up the army. . . . I hated always being in parliament (*i.e.* the idea of it). We have worked and organised this county—we have converted and improved it into a possibility; now let some other cove come forward. How I was laughed at by friends and foes! I felt it often, but I had put my hand to the plough and I never swerved to the election-time of June 1892. Since then I have time after time asked to be relieved.'

'MARYHILL, GLASGOW,
'*August 17th*, 1893.

'The enclosed[1] I got from Mr. Dundas of Arniston. He is Chairman of the County Council of Mid-Lothian. I got

[1] Referring to a proposed presentation from the Unionists of Mid-Lothian. It ultimately took the form of a portrait of the candidate painted by Sir George Reid, reproduced as frontispiece to this volume.

it last night. It seems to me that if something could be arranged for in the Royal Infirmary that that would be about the most sensible way—they might put up a bed or something. The Royal Infirmary is the grandest institution that I know of. It is very much connected with Mid-Lothian; it is specially connected with miners, with whom I have so much to do. What colliers would do without the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh I know not. Now I daresay this isn't feasible, and not a word to a soul shall I say.'

'*August 19th*, 1893.

'It is a difficult thing for me to get away except after the accounts are closed at the end of the month, unless I hand them over completely, as I do when I go on long leave. You see I run a great big shop, and I am one of those people who will do things themselves, and really, if one doesn't, things never go right. Well, at the end of the month one squares them, and I can trust some youngster to carry on for fifteen or sixteen days. . . .

'God Almighty never meant people to spend much on themselves, I am sure of that. The Gospel of Jesus Christ meant one to live plain, means one to live plain, to be humble and not caring for the great—by that I mean bowing to wealth, and to those that can give to one. I am a Tory, and yet I am a Democrat. My father and those who were before him were the same.'

'*August 21st*, 1893.

'The more I have to do with men the more sure I am of this—that example is *the* thing. You may talk till you're blue in the face, but if you want to be followed you must lead. . . . I like being in the middle of the men—it is a glorious feeling to lead men in a hot corner if they will follow. Oh yes, I like also doing what I am told. I like the great old British service, the old British Infantry so famous [illegible] history of the world—that Infantry that fought [illegible] red in Spain, that licked the French at Waterl[illegible] country we call our own is a great

one—the Union Jack is a noble flag . . . but I must stop. I am in the service, but I feel it all, and it makes my blood run fast.'

'BARRY CAMP, *September 7th*, 1893.

'. . . You will have to make up your mind quite to this —that during the next year I shall have more and more to devote my time to this regiment. It does require more attention than I have given it, and it is imperative that I shall be ever and continually looking after things. I was wrong when I told you, when we first began at this regiment, that after the first year I would not be so much obliged to look after things. On the contrary I shall have to look after it more and more. . . . But you know and understand that a man who undertakes a job must carry it out. I tell you truly when I say that I would so much more give it up altogether than not work it out properly. The Commanding Officer of a regiment is the mainspring of all—without his constant attention and supervision the whole machine drags and gets out of order.'

There is now a gap of eight months in the correspondence, the next letter being dated after his marriage.

To MRS. WAUCHOPE.

'CARNOUSTIE, *May 15th*, 1894.

'(I was unable to get) away, as I did so hope I would. . . . The hotel is most comfortable in every way. I have not read a single paper, and feel as if I didn't want to. I am thinking of nothing but the Camp, and I am not the least bit pleased with it. Indeed we shall have to very nearly pitch it again. But I was most anxious to get the tents put on the driest ground possible, and in so doing lost sight of symmetry. On the 17th, Thursday morning, we begin to fire, and I am very anxious to see that the sentries are thoroughly up in their orders.'

It is surely unnecessary to insist on the value of the self-revelation embodied in these extracts. Written for the eye of the most sympathetic of correspondents, they for once afford a glimpse behind the curtain of the writer's habitual reserve. As an obviously unstudied picture of a soldier, ideally immersed in the work to which he is heart and soul devoted, they outweigh whole volumes of comment or of biographical insistence. And it is not only in such noble words as those evoked by the sinking of the *Victoria*, or "It is a glorious feeling to lead men in a hot corner if they will follow," that the heaven-born soldier shows himself. "Oh yes, I like also doing what I am told"; "I delight in living in barracks"; "I like going to Church with the men—I like being in the middle of them,"—these things are not less characteristic or typical, whilst perhaps—if truth were known—they are rarer. Of Wauchope's faith in example as *the* thing in dealing with men, it is enough to say that he lived up to it.

It is touching to note that, gallantly though he might bear himself, he was not insensible (as who could have been insensible?) to the strain of his hard military service, his almost harder political service; for to a man of his training and temperament the latter was probably the harder of the two. Evidently at the time of writing he is feeling these conflicting and almost irreconcilable claims tell heavily upon him, so that, in his remarks on parliament, and his hatred of the thought of sitting there, perhaps we are justified in allowing something for the severe reaction which necessarily follows a severe over-taxing

of the powers. At the same time, if ever there existed any doubt as to his whole-hearted preference of the Army, these letters dispose of it. His confession of political faith, his uprightness of political purpose, and his staunchness to his constituents are just what we should look for in him.

His lofty belief that in the highest characters duty and love go hand in hand; his plea for tolerance, for humanity; his plea for the Infirmary; his close attention to his duties, his philosophy of plain living, his scorn of empty popularity, his declaration as to feeling most at home in poor men's dwellings,—all these are lights upon his character which we should have been much the poorer for missing.

It is now time to write up the arrears of his military life from February 1891, when he was called on to take leave of his beloved battalion at Gibraltar.

Ten years before that date—namely, on July 1st, 1881—in pursuance of the War Office Linked Battalions Scheme, the 73rd (Perthshire) Regiment had become the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch—a relation to that regiment which it had held up to the year 1786.[1] Now the Army being nothing if not conservative, regimental changes of this kind are seldom welcomed by it. The present case proved no exception, and Wauchope certainly shared in the prevailing feeling. But it was for a moment only. His second thoughts were better thoughts, and thenceforward his best efforts were consistently directed to the fusing of the two battalions. From the time when he was appointed to the 2nd Battalion, nothing

[1] It had been raised in 1758.

could exceed his staunchness to it; and in the following note, referring to arrangements for a joint ball, may be read the expression of his satisfaction that the battalions were now acting in concert—that their fusion, that is, was accomplished.

To Major (now Colonel) Duff.

'Edinburgh Castle, *October 1st*, 1895.

'My dear Duff,—You will have heard that the whole regiment, speaking with one voice, looks to you to manage this ball, and the powers given include the selection of your own committee. Never were greater powers given—never, I don't think, has a body of officers shown greater confidence in a messmate than this Battalion has in you. Burton proposed you. Of course I am immensely gratified at this—take it as a personal gratification.—I remain, yours ever,

'A. G. Wauchope.'

This quotation has brought me ahead of my narrative, in which it is necessary now to go back in order to cite from the Colonel's professional conduct another instance of his habitual uprightness and unselfishness.

The Second Battalion, Black Watch, was stationed at Limerick when he joined it as second in command. It had long been his ambition to command a regiment; and when the senior officer announced his intention of retiring, this seemed at length about to be realised. Instead of retiring, however, Colonel Gunter effected an exchange with Colonel Wavell, who, by thus coming into the regiment over Wauchope's h poned the fulfilment of his dream. In t nstances there are many men who, in ' lace, would have felt that bare justice

to the new comer would meet the requirements of the case. But this was not Wauchope's way. Extending from the first a kindly welcome to Wavell, he, throughout the term of their service together, rendered him a loyal and unfailing support—a support, be it said, which Wavell, as a stranger among men who had for the most part known each other long, was in a position fully to appreciate. Meantime the fact that, though his junior in the regiment, Wauchope was Wavell's senior in the army serves rather to enhance his conduct; for except between two sensible and forbearing men this might in itself have been a source of discord.

As a matter of fact, the two Colonels became the fastest of friends. Both being alike enthusiasts in military matters, they had at least one topic of inexhaustible interest in common; and it was noticed between them, during the many hours they spent in friendly colloquy, that, from whatever point the conversation might happen to start, it invariably turned in the long run towards that which was the ruling passion of either. Nor must it be understood that the advantage in their intercourse was entirely on Wavell's side; for if Wauchope had shown staunchness to his superior officer, he was not without reaping the reward of it. It so happened that Colonel Wavell was one of the best commanding-officers in the service —being remarkable in particular for tenacity of purpose and for an amazing knowledge of all things connected with his regiment; and it is certain that Wauchope himself would have been the first to acknowledge that he had learnt much from him,

that in time he applied on his own account ideas which he had derived from him, and in fact that to some extent he owed it to him that he also came to be regarded as among the best of commanding-officers. As a single proof of the kindly relations subsisting between the two colonels, I may mention that a case of scarlet-fever having occurred in Wavell's house, a refuge from infection was at once provided for his two little daughters at Niddrie, where they spent six pleasant weeks.

So much, then, for Wauchope's relation to an officer under whom he was serving. An officer who afterwards occupied the same position in regard to him as he had here occupied in regard to Colonel Wavell gives a somewhat dryer account of their relations. They became the best of friends, but not immediately. At the first Wauchope was reticent—seeming to take the measure of the new comer; and, indeed, throughout their intercourse it was never his practice to be very communicative upon regimental matters, preferring to leave his subordinate to follow his own judgment when temporarily called on to command. That his good-will was not on that account the less, the following letter is a proof.

To Major (now Colonel) Duff.

'The Castle, Edinburgh,
'*March 17th*, 1896.

'My dear old ——,—I was very pleased to see your hand-write once more, but I am distressed to find that you have not heard something yet. [This relates to an application for an appointment, which Wauchope had supported.] I can only hope that my humble utterances on your behalf

may not have done you harm. I do assure you they have been very strong, but not one whit stronger than they deserve. Well, you have my hearty wish for employment, and the same feeling is in all the minds of your old brother-officers, who I do assure you miss you more than I can tell you. We all think it exceedingly wrong of you not to come to *the ball*—we might introduce you to an heiress!

'I got a wire yesterday saying Charlie Eden had breathed his last, and I don't know whether I may not run up for a few hours to his funeral. He and I joined together, and until 1889, when he left, served continuously together.

'Mrs. Wauchope sends you her best and kindest regards, and I send you my love.—Very sincerely yours,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

A month later he writes to the same:—

'It was very refreshing to get your letter. I am—we are all so delighted at your getting a billet which will be to your liking. There is one thing quite certain, and it is that you have not got as much as you deserve.'

The letters are slight, but their affectionate cordiality and keen desire to serve a friend are typical.

In the latter part of 1894 he had succeeded to the command of his battalion—thus realising an ambition avowed years before, when, in a memorable speech delivered at a certain regimental dinner, he had enlarged in glowing terms upon the glory of commanding a battalion of Highlanders wearing red heckles. Of the spirit in which he approached his new duties an idea is furnished in a letter of Mrs. Wauchope's, in which, after speaking of the 'solemnity' with which he regarded them, she goes on to say, 'He was quite weighed down with the responsibility for a day or two previous to it. He told me that it was a tremendous jump, and when I said that

I knew he was considered such a good soldier, and had given his life and time to it, he said that did not matter—no man knew till he had tried them the difficulties of commanding. Many would do excellently so long as the responsibility did not rest entirely upon them.' This is the temper which makes for capacity.

The following extract from a speech made at a regimental gathering, soon after his accession to the command, is worth quoting as embodying his views upon the subject. . . . 'Our old regiment,' he said, 'has become renowned chiefly, I believe, because of the strict and stern yet good discipline exercised by such commanders as Sir Daniel Cameron, Sir John M'Leod, and others. These men have always stood up for discipline, and it is discipline which brings the soldier comfort, whilst it is the reverse that brings disorder, crime, and everything that is disagreeable. . . .' Well, the speaker was one who might be relied on to uphold the tradition of the regiment upon the old lines.

Whilst in command at Edinburgh Castle, he was able to spend more time at his well-loved Niddrie than had hitherto been possible—an opportunity which he turned, as was his wont, to the advantage of the district and his neighbours. Among the miners he was simply 'worshipped'—I quote from one who is not given to exaggeration—and to judge from his relations with them, this can scarcely be wondered at. For example: Having become a member of the local School F Parish Council—acting in this like the moc gentleman he was—he would take a pleas sing the affairs of these bodies

with the colliers as they plied their toil in the bowels of the earth. It happens that in one of the Niddrie pits the workings are exceptionally steep—sloping, indeed, at an angle of something like 60°. Now, as any one who has essayed it will probably allow, it is a somewhat trying experience to stand at the 'working face' of such a pit while the worked coal crackles noisily, breaking away under the superincumbent weight, as if endowed with power of its own to help the miner. Standing in such a position one day, Wauchope was asked if it did not make him nervous. His reply was characteristic of the old campaigner, for he laughed, and said that 'many a time in his life he would have been thankful to get a place like that to stick his head in!'

But he had the gentler as well as the more virile virtues. Thus: It happened that he was returned to serve on the School Board of Liberton together with a certain Niddrie miner who was strongly opposed to him in politics. Liberton is distant three miles from Niddrie, and as Mr. Bowie, the miner delegate, was at this time working for eight hours daily in his pit, Wauchope, naturally concluding that he would be tired by evening, charged him to call at Niddrie House on meeting-nights to be driven with himself to the meeting. When 'the Kurnel' was prevented attending a meeting, he had Bowie driven there alone. And so fixed a rule did this become, that once when Wauchope, who was absent, had neglected to give the necessary order, his coachman insisted on stretching a point and acting by his own initiative—feeling assured that in so doing he was carrying out his master's wishes.

industrial wars, he said, 'there is nothing more deplorable, nothing which has tended more to unhappy homes and all the consequences thereof.' Yet his heart was too humane not to bleed for the hardships of the women and children. Should he act against his better judgment? Say, rather, that he reconciled conflicting duties; for, having denounced the strike, he straightway proceeded to contribute to the maintenance of those families whose breadwinners were engaged in it. From one point of view his conduct might be inconsistent; from a higher point of view it was consistent enough.

To this period belongs a story which has been touchingly told by the Rev. George Dodds of Liberton, an eye-witness of what it relates. In inspecting the hospital at Maryhill Barracks, Wauchope had come upon a boy who was dying of consumption. He was one of two brothers, Egan by name, in the band of the Black Watch. Finding that he was an orphan, the Colonel had him removed to Niddrie House, where all that kindness could do was done for him. 'When he died,' writes Mr. Dodds, who had visited him in his illness, 'it was a sight which I shall never forget.' At the close of the funeral service, Wauchope stood by the coffin in tears. Then 'uncovered, he walked from the house through the snow with all the reverence of a bereaved man, to the grave in the private burial-ground, where the young soldier whose closing weeks he had soothed so tenderly was laid to rest by comrades.' Surely this incident deserves to be remembered with that which hallows the churchyard of wind-swept Deal—where a local tradition

estate, this had been his attitude. For instance, in 1882, when about to leave home for Egypt, he had enjoined on Dr. Balfour of Portobello, if he could be of any use to those employed in Niddrie Collieries, to be sure to let him know. Soon afterwards it was proposed to get up a Working Men's Club and Reading-Room for New Craighall—on being informed of which, Wauchope wrote from Egypt, enclosing an order for a handsome sum. He also took much interest in such local institutions as the Football Club, Brass Band, and especially the Bowling Green—where, when he was at home, he seldom failed to put in an appearance on the opening and closing days of the season, to present prizes and take part in the play.

Having in a large measure the gift of remembering names and faces, he knew the miners individually, and on meeting them in his walks would stop to address and shake them by the hand. Grimy those hands might often be—it made no difference to him. And here, if any reader should object that these things again are trifles, I can only reply that to me such trifles convey more of the human and kindly relations of the Colonel and his dependents than would a page of generalities or a score of epithets.

The protracted strike of the Scottish coal-workers which occurred in 1894 put a severe strain on Wauchope's friendship for the miners—a strain which was weathered, however, triumphantly. Strongly opposed by his traditions to insubordination in whatever form, the Colonel had no sympathy whatever with the strike, and this he plainly told the strikers when a deputation waited upon him. Than these

perhaps even to forestall—the demand than to have to give it at the point of the bayonet. Turnips, I fear, are bad. . . . I should think that lime would be the thing as far as possible, but then I fear that the scarcity of turnips will make it so difficult for them to keep their cattle during the winter. If I don't see you on Monday, let this letter be the authority for you to act. I am sure that you will do the best for my interests. I remain, yours sincerely,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

TO THE SAME.

'CAMBO, *September 7th*, 1885.

'MY DEAR BLACK,—I have sent to my tenants at Yetholm, as per enclosed list, the sums as set against their names—except those two in red, which I will ask you to do. I have done so in a letter to each, stating that it is money returned on the half-year's rent. . . . I send the letters under cover to you, in order that you may re-address them as a whole to Grahame, who can serve them out. In this way they will see that it comes through the proper channel.

'The question of lime I should like gone into as soon as convenient. Get these letters away as soon as possible.—Yours sincerely,

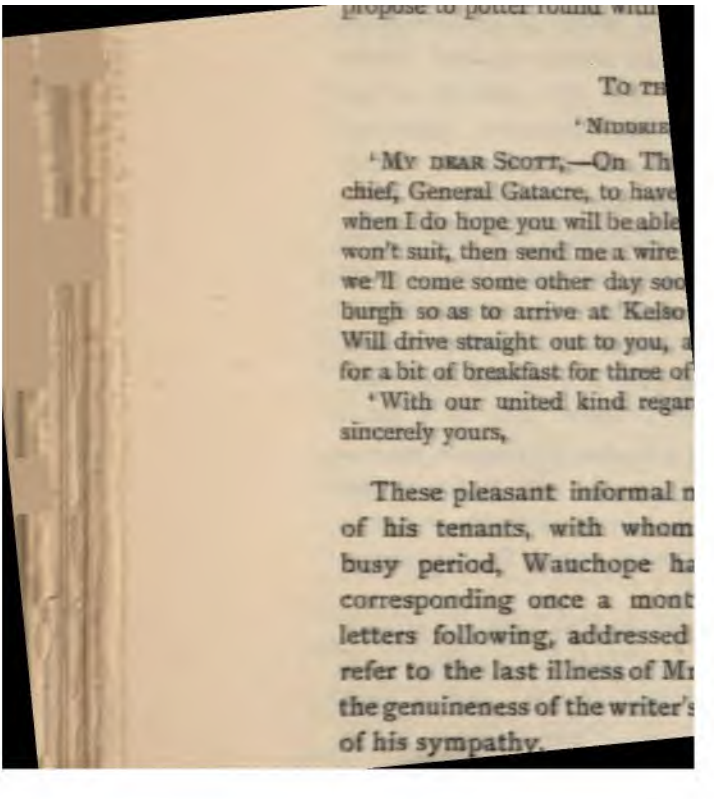
'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

Enclosed in this letter is a list of names, to which is appended—the whole in his own handwriting—the sum returnable in each case.

In passing, it must be allowed that, in such cases, Wauchope would sometimes show excessive indulgence—he was quite aware of it himself. For instance, a tenant who for some good reason had been refused a reduction by the agent tried a personal appe[illegible] landlord. Wauchope listened to his state[illegible] then, thrusting the £20, or whatever the [illegible]e, into the man's hand, said, with

admonishing gesture, 'Now, whatever you do, don't tell Black!' Demoralising to the tenant? Wanting in consideration for the poorer landlords? It may be so; but when all is said, the heart that measures all things is a poor one! On the other hand, the laird of Yetholm was not the man to be afraid to say no to any suitor who in his opinion failed to adduce good reason for a request. As the letters quoted above have helped to show, it was his practice to go thoroughly and in person into business questions which arose between himself and his tenantry. And, in dealing with these, he could prove himself not only generous but shrewd. He understood the working of a farm, he knew whether any particular farm on his estate was well farmed or the reverse, and—to quote the words of one of his tenants—'the better a man farmed his place, he would give it him the less rent.' That is, he would let at a lower rent to a good farmer than a bad one. It was also his custom, when a tenant tried to make a bargain with him, to try on his part to make a bargain also—in other words, to try to secure some sort of equivalent in return for the advantages he ceded.

So much for his business relations with his tenant-farmers and crofters. In his personal dealings with them he showed a keen interest, not only in such questions as those of housing and water-supply, but in the private affairs of the individual too. In a word, as to his soldiers he was fellow-man as well as officer, so to his dependents he was friend as well as landlord. A few quotations from his letters will bring out this relationship.



propose to potter round with

To TH

'NIDDRIE

'MY DEAR SCOTT,—On Th
chief, General Gatacre, to have
when I do hope you will be able
won't suit, then send me a wire
we'll come some other day soo
burgh so as to arrive at Kelso
Will drive straight out to you, a
for a bit of breakfast for three of

'With our united kind regar
sincerely yours,

These pleasant informal n
of his tenants, with whom
busy period, Wauchope ha
corresponding once a mont
letters following, addressed
refer to the last illness of Mr
the genuineness of the writer's
of his sympathy.

had determined not to operate. To-day I get a letter from Annandale saying he had operated, and at the same time he gives a most sad report which distresses me more than I can tell you. I shall go in to try to see your father this afternoon —anyhow to ask after him.—I remain, very sincerely yours,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

TO THE SAME.

'SCOTTISH CONSERVATIVE CLUB,
'EDINBURGH, *April 16th*, 1899.

'MY DEAR SCOTT,—I have been hearing continually from Annandale, and this morning he told me that to-morrow he (Annandale) wished me, at 10.30 A.M., to go to see your father for a second. I know that you and your family will feel that this is no interfering on my part at this supreme moment. I go because Annandale thinks your father would be pleased, and Annandale will see that no harm can accrue. On these occasions writing is of no avail. I have nothing further to say than to tell you and your family that you have our deepest sympathy.—Sincerely yours,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

TO THE SAME.

'NIDDRIE, *April 18th*, 1899.

'MY DEAR SCOTT,—I was distressed at seeing your father this morn, and feel as if I had been wrong in advice.[1] Well, whatever comes of it, this is true—that I would have [done] what he has done. Well, I can think of nothing else!—Very sincerely yours, A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

With many of the older Yetholm folks the happy relations of Wauchope's boyhood had been maintained uninterrupted. Of these was the farm-steward of

[1] Advice to undergo an operation, which unfortunately had not been successful. It was Professor Annandale who had eventually removed the bullet which had so long troubled Wauchope after Ordahsu.

Frogden, William Jack, a most long-headed husbandman, and a great 'character,' within whose house in years gone by Andy and his brother had often devoured 'jelly-pieces,' and whom they always made a point of visiting when in the neighbourhood. A later acquaintance, of a very different type, on the same farm, was a certain ne'er-do-weel who was much given to drink. His redeeming point was a high respect for the Colonel—under whom he had served in the army, in whose fairness he had the utmost confidence, and of whom he would proudly relate that, if he had sometimes got him locked up overnight, he had often given him a shilling the next morning.

So in that little secluded community he had friends among all sorts and conditions—without bating a jot of native dignity, he was, as it is given few to be, all things to all. The writer calls to mind one instance, within his knowledge, in which this was conspicuously brought out. The date was some time in the later eighties, and the occasion the annual dinner which follows the local Shepherds' Show and Sports. Wauchope had been announced to preside, which of itself ensured a crowded attendance. The scene still rises clear before me:—strips of table running the length of the gaunt, dimly-lighted hall, and lined on either side with rugged hill-men from the Cheviot wilds—men to whom a daily life which brought little contact with their fellows had taught habits of self-reliance, independence. As croupiers, or at the 'high table,' [illegible]rder farmers, a bonnet-laird or so. And dom[illegible] as was most fit, the clear-cut, self-repr[illegible]s and the red poll of the Preses—the

hero of the hour, admired of all admirers, the right man in the right place. For these were the men whom Wauchope loved, as they loved him. 'To lead a regiment of Yetholm men!' he has been heard to aspire, as after one of life's most choice experiences. And to address them now, to fire them with the thoughts that fired himself, was in one way to lead them. To the shepherds the occasion meant the unbending of austerity. They gave themselves to it as do those to whom social pleasure comes infrequently —meaning to have their fill, and make the most of it. I have no doubt but there were many there who can recall the incidents of the night more fully far than I.

Seated beside the President, I remember spirts of kindly talk with him—talk interrupted by long intervals of silence, while his thoughts anticipated coming duties. But these periods of abstraction were at all times characteristic. I remember, also, his kindly commendation of a rather 'miss-fire' speech about the Ettrick Shepherd—one of those speeches one would wish to think 'went over the heads' of the audience—commendation of the intention, surely, much rather than the performance. But the quick sympathy of the stern-seeming soldier was a paradox familiar to his friends. He had kind words for all, but his kind words were spontaneous always and sincere. And of the songs sung that night—they were many, very many, for we sat down early and rose late—I remember only his:—the old pathetic sea-song of 'The Mermaid':—

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken captain was he . . .'

of which he gave us a few verses only. And, by the way, it is worth noticing that a man of his strong sense of humour, and occasional high spirits, would seem to have affected pathos in his choice of songs; for another of his favourites—a limited repertory—was the well-known Lancer ditty which begins:—

"Wrap me up in my old stable-jacket . . ."

Of his speech—his numerous speeches—I remember nothing. But as to this I am quite clear: I have seen many chairmen who were more witty, more polished, or more eloquent than Wauchope—for, as a matter of fact, in these kinds he attempted very little; but never in my life have I seen one who so fully possessed the hearts of his hearers, who so entirely satisfied their expectations and delighted them. Possibly in one way it was scarcely a fair trial, for I more than suspect that whatever he had chosen to do or say, that would have appeared to them the right thing. How he obtained his hold upon them I have been at some pains to discover, but I have failed. Old acquaintance, character, reputation—these things will not account for it. Well, then, let me be content to state the fact, and to rejoice in it, that men will sometimes recognise a true man when they meet him, and will delight to do him honour.

No picture of this phase or side of his life could pretend to completeness which did not take account of his relation to the Church of Scotland—for the following particulars of which I am indebted to the [illegible]verend Dr. Herbert Story.

'[illegible]ginally slight acquaintance with him,' writes

the Principal, 'was strengthened by our common associations with Yetholm, and more frequent opportunities of meeting when he was with his regiment at Maryhill. His interest in the Church was of course a bond of union. He often spoke of the ecclesiastical affairs of the parish, of which his predecessors had been the patrons; and everything that concerned the moral and religious welfare of his men, the garrison chapel, the services there, the wives and children were near his heart. When his residence in or near Edinburgh suggested his becoming a member of the General Assembly, he was elected, much to his gratification, as a member of that Court. No elder could be more assiduous in his attendance, or feel a keener concern in the proceedings. I remember his coming into the House on one occasion at least, in full uniform, he having been at Holyrood, and not taking time to get into "mufti" lest he should lose the beginning of a debate. He did not often speak in the Assembly, and never unless he had something to say really bearing on the point at issue. He was brief, distinct, and forcible, emphasising special sentences with a slap of his clenched right hand on the palm of his left, which compelled the attention even of the most light-minded. On all questions—military and social especially—he was heard with the respect due to his character and experience, and transparent veracity and honesty of purpose. He was, in matters of order and usage, as far as regarded ritual, decidedly conservative; and I think loved the Psalms of David, with the noble old Scots tunes, better than any "human hymns," and was inclined to be rather impatient of

new fashions and forms, whether in services or creeds: but there was not a tinge of intolerance or prejudice in his opinion or conduct about these or any other points. What the majority decided he accepted, and was loyal to the decision. . . . His method, when he felt a difficulty in giving his vote on a debated point, was to mark how a member on whose judgment he could rely gave his, and to follow him.

'Whatever he made up his mind to do—for the Church, for his men, for any object which he believed in as doing good—he did with all his heart. Nothing could be allowed to interfere with duty. I remember spending a Sunday afternoon at Niddrie; when a certain hour came the General left his friends, mounted his horse, and rode off to town, to take part in a meeting—about Temperance, I think—for the benefit of the soldiers. His example did immense good, and his influence still lives.'[1]

From another source I am informed that, on his rising to speak in the Assembly, a noticeable stillness of attention would at once ensue. That he was well-beloved there is easily credible, for he brought the humanity and accessibility of his nature with him. For example: At one of the sittings, a young Border minister was endeavouring to carry a certain point against one much senior to himself, who had, I believe, held the office of Moderator. In the face of some rather overbearing opposition, the junior carried his point. On passing out, he happened to fall in with

[1] The mention of his name in the Assembly—in connection with the Wauchope Memorial Fund, or other matter—is the signal for a sympathetic demonstration. See, for example, *Scotsman*, May 22nd, 1903.

Wauchope, who, though a stranger, gave him a friendly nod, remarking, 'Well, you won that!' Then the General walked with the minister as far as their several ways lay together; and, having learnt in the course of their conversation that improvements were being carried out in the minister's church, soon afterwards sent him a guinea by way of subscription. The fact is that few 'big men' had the gift of easy and unconscious condescension in a greater degree than Wauchope. And if the said big men only realised how a gracious word from them is sometimes treasured in memory as among the crowning experiences of an obscure life, I think they would cultivate this winning gift a little more than they do.

Conspicuous among Wauchope's work in the General Assembly was his service on the Temperance Committee, where, though by no means an extremist, he extended a loyal and liberal support to the Convener, Dr. Paton—to whose courtesy I am indebted for the following lively little picture. The period is 1895.

'The Colonel had a great reception,' writes the Reverend Doctor, 'when he stood up in his Highland military uniform, on the floor of the General Assembly, and supported the work of the Committee in a dashing, generous, and transparently sincere speech, which was listened to with universal admiration, and elicited rounds of applause. It was on this occasion that he expressed his personal loyalty to the Convener, and in eulogising his first year's work, woke uproarious merriment by declaring, "I don't know what you'll do with him in the Church; but

if we had such a man in the Army, we'd make him a Major-General!'

Opposed to the Local Veto as he instinctively was, it is evident that, between his native conscientiousness and his desire to be staunch to his convener, his duties upon this committee must have cost the Colonel anxious thought.

His home life at Niddrie was closely identified with that of the local church. Thus, on Communion Sundays, in his capacity of Elder, he made a point of attending service in the Parish Church of Liberton, and of waiting for the second table. In the interval between the services he and Mrs. Wauchope would lunch or dine with the minister and his wife, the other elders being also present; on which occasion toasts were formally proposed—as, for instance, on Wauchope's first appearance, the toast of the Junior Elder, to which he appropriately responded. Then the minister would propose the health of the other elders, at the same time giving expression to his sense of the admirable manner in which the tables had been served.

In this connection is recalled an incident of which the moral may well be laid to heart by many even of the professors of religion. It being necessary to elect a Parish Minister, Wauchope was placed by the congregation upon the electing committee—a spontaneous mark of confidence and respect by which he was much gratified. Proceeding with the work of election, the
nittee formed a 'short leet.' But on learning that
me of the Assistant to the late minister was not
is leet, the congregation, becoming dissatisfied,
l the committee and elected a fresh one, which

did not include the Colonel. This he could not but regard in the light of a rebuff—to which he was naturally the more sensible from having been very scrupulous in his attendance at committee meetings; and this notwithstanding that each attendance involved a journey from York, where he was then quartered. (On these occasions he would leave York in the early afternoon, arrive in Edinburgh in time to attend an eight o'clock meeting at Liberton, catch the midnight express train from Edinburgh, and be back in York in time for early parade—so you see he did not spare himself.)

Well, to resume, the Assistant was duly elected by the new committee—upon which several members of the old committee proceeded to withdraw from the congregation and to join other churches. Not so Wauchope. Said he, instead, to one of his fellow committee men, 'We have fought and fought well, and have been beaten—now is the time to show that we can take a beating, and to think not of ourselves but of the good of the parish. Mr. Burnett is now our minister, and it is for us to do all we can to uphold him as the constituted authority.'

Acting consistently upon the rule which he had here laid down, ere long he came to form a very high opinion of the new minister. About this time Lord Wolseley was to visit Niddrie, and to stay there over a Sunday—a great event in Wauchope's eyes, for there was no one whom he admired more enthusiastically than his old 'chief.' Among the carefully chosen guests (mostly military) whom he invited to meet his lordship was Mr. Burnett, who was called on to say

grace at dinner. And the next day the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by the Colonel, attended service in Mr. Burnett's church. From Wauchope no higher compliment was possible, and it must be remembered that he had all the ministers of Edinburgh to choose from. Were it not well that more of his spirit should be shown in similar circumstances? In his memorial sermon, the Reverend Mr. Burnett bore witness as follows: '. . . Since I have been associated with him in the work of this church, I am constrained to testify how nobly he has fulfilled his generous promise of co-operation and support, so heartily proffered to me on the occasion of my appointment—sparing himself neither trouble nor inconvenience in the midst of pressing and multifarious duties, and when thanked for doing so, replying simply, "Not at all; it's my duty."'

At York, whither his battalion moved in the autumn of 1896, the Colonel withstood the attractions of the King of Cathedrals to remain faithful to the Presbyterian Church. But there was nothing whatever of narrowness in his attitude. In general he preferred to attend service in the Parish Church, wherever he might be spending the Sunday; or, if in London, to do so at St. Paul's Cathedral. Whilst at York, in reference to a yearly Military Service, held in the Minster, he wrote as follows to the Dean, the Very Reverend Arthur Purey-Cust.

To the Very Reverend Arthur Purey-Cust.

'Strensall Camp, *June 7th*, 1898.

'. . . I of opinion that the yearly Military Service llent effect both on the officers and

men. It is a great thing for us all to be together in the worship of God Almighty, and especially does this come out when there is a Presbyterian regiment here. We would never be all together were it not for this service. But I think, besides, that the service has a great effect in elevating the mind . . . and I am a Presbyterian—bred and born one, and mean to die one.—I remain, very sincerely yours,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

On another occasion, when the Dean had spoken of the mixed feelings with which this Military Service had been at first regarded, and of a reported disposition on the part of some to deride it, the Colonel at once fired up: 'Don't let any one say that!' he cried. 'To bring us together into God's house, to worship Him together in His house—that is nothing to be derided; it is a very great blessing. There could not be a greater privilege for any of us.' Evidently he had not exaggerated when he spoke of liking to go to church with the men. And, indeed, there is scarcely any aspect of him which I prefer to contemplate to that when he would appear attired in full regimentals for Church Parade, with the edges of a big Bible protruding from his sporran—looking a worthy descendant of his ancestor, Wauchope the Covenanter.

CHAPTER XII

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS—APPOINTED TO COMMAND A BRIGADE ON ACTIVE SERVICE—THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN

THE following extracts from letters to Mrs. Wauchope belong to the Edinburgh Castle period.

To MRS. WAUCHOPE.

'NEW CLUB,
'EDINBURGH, *August* 1895.

'Well, the midshipmite comes at 7 P.M. We shall have a solitary dinner together, and then go to the ball together—rather an amusing party, is it not? Well, I go to please the Lord-Provost of Edinburgh, for whom I have such a high respect, and also to show my humble respect for our great sea Service, for whom the entertainment has been given. It begins at 8.30 P.M., which has a healthy atmosphere. . . .

'I want you to think over the nicest place for Colonel Andrew Wauchope's memorial—the man who was killed at the battle of the Pyrenees in 1812. He is my hero in the family—he died with his face to the foe, rallying his regiment; and Sir Colin Campbell, into whose arms he fell when hit, used always to speak of him as the bravest of the brave—and they *were* brave in those days.'

'EDINBURGH CASTLE,
'*August* 1895.

...d-Provost has asked me to come with him to the ...day. On Wednesday there is to be a great City Chambers, at which I am to be, and on

Thursday an evening-party for the whole Channel Fleet, at which I must be present—so my social duties will be many and varied.'

'NEW CLUB, *August* 1895.

'We began lunch at 2 P.M., and I have just left, and it is 7 P.M.—almost as bad as my dinner with the Germans, which lasted from 2 P.M. till 4 A.M.[1] We left the Council Chamber at 3 P.M. and went to the Music Hall, where 600 British blue-jackets were being entertained, and it was a sight, and I couldn't tear myself away. Our band was there and was much appreciated. There was a song sung, "The Anchor's Weighed," and the end of it is, "Then remember me"; and the blue-jackets sang the chorus so beautifully that when the "remember me" died away, the tears were in my eyes. . . . There is something enthralling to me in the cheers and voices of some hundreds of blue-jackets or soldiers. Their united voice is a music to me such as can be evoked by no other means. I have heard it in the hour of victory, with a fleeing foe in front of us, and it brought rapture to my heart. The Admiral is a brother of Lord Lothian's—a splendid specimen to look at of a Scottish gentleman. I tell you a real Scotch gentleman is not easy to beat—one of the old families I refer to—when he is a tip-top one.'

The following refer to the York period, 1896-1898.

'YORKSHIRE CLUB, YORK.

'Well, here we are in York. We came here fairly well, and I like the look of the quarters. . . . I don't feel as if I had made much of a speech at the Union Club' (Edinburgh), 'but they cheered me to the echo, which naturally cheered my old heart.'

'INFANTRY BARRACKS, YORK.

'I am just off to Hull. Have marched seventeen miles, and the old corps marched like bricks in the snow.'

[1] A dinner with German officers during his tour of the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War.

'IMPERIAL HOTEL,
'HULL, *January 26th.*

'Well, there was a tremendous big party at the dinner[1]—some 120, and it was a great success. I quite brought the house down, and made about the best speech I ever made, and mentioned Robbie Burns very little—a few quotations. The old Mayor of Hull, a grand old specimen, was on my left, and he clapped me on the shoulders, and said it was the greatest speech he ever heard—and the old chap meant it. Well, as a matter of fact it was not a bad one, even in regard to its language; but where I enlightened them was that I was not long, spoke without restraint, had some homely yarns, and just got together the quotations of Burns best suited for them. When I quoted "Highland Mary" I had them completely. There was another good quotation :—

"Wha willna sing
God save the King
We 'll hang upon the steeple;
But while we sing
God save the King,
We 'll no forget the people."

'I am stopping here till 3 P.M. and taking a good walk.'

'*July 1st*, 1897.

'I think the Compensation Bill is perfectly right, and if I were going in for politics I would go in for it heart and soul. No doubt it will cost me money, but not so much as some in my situation. And why? Because whenever a man is injured now I subscribe and give freely—the Bill will make it useless for me to subscribe. Now I think a collier, when he is injured, has a right to be compensated, for he is, so to speak, wounded in the battle of industry, and for that all sh[illegible]'—coal-masters and royalty-owners especially.

'[illegible]k the Government are doing nobly, and also in [illegible] doing in Ireland, in introducing the Local Go[illegible]. The great difficulty in introducing the

[1] Burns Club Anniversary Dinner.

measure is that in all previous bills the power of taxing the landlords was given to the tenants. Well, under the present bill of this Government the local taxes are to be paid out of the fund which Great Britain has to make up to Ireland. The landlords of Ireland will get a great benefit thereby. Of course the money has to come out of the pockets of the British people some time or another; but no doubt a sum had to be given to Ireland from Great Britain, and there could have been no better plan devised than the one which Balfour has evolved out of his head.

In the Autumn Manœuvres of 1897, held in Sussex, Wauchope took part—his brigade uniting with the force of General Burnett, near Arundel, and so enabling that commander to recover lost ground. Sharp skirmishing with the enemy under General Gosset was continued through successive days, and in the upshot the attempt to drive Burnett and Wauchope back over the river Arun was decided by the umpires to have failed.

In a letter to Colonel Richard Kerr Bayly of the Black Watch, dated September 16th, Wauchope thus alludes to the manœuvres.

To Colonel R. K. Bayly, C.B.

'We had a very interesting time at the Sussex manœuvres. I found myself rather strange, and though none of us Infantry people shone very much—certainly I didn't—we got on; and I tell you the country was a difficult one, with great woods intervening everywhere. And then strange regiments coming together from all parts—one of mine just back from Ceylon, where it had been four years—just made it a little difficult.'

From mimic war he was soon to return to the reality, for in June of the next year he was selected to

command a brigade in the expedition then being organised by General Sir Herbert Kitchener for the advance on Khartoum. This appointment, made before he had completed his time in command of his battalion, was of course a very signal honour. In response to congratulations from his old friend, he writes as follows:—

To the Same.

'Strensall Camp, *July 1st*, 1898.

'My dear old Colonel,—Many thanks for your kind and affectionate letter.

'I wish you were going out in charge of the Brigade—I shall sadly miss your wise counsel. Well, I will do my best, and this I know—whether I succeed or fail, you will stick up for me.—Yours ever, A. G. Wauchope.'

As on the occasion of his appointment to the command of the battalion, so now again Wauchope deeply realised the increased responsibilities upon which he was about to enter, displaying an anxiety to show himself worthy of them which, in one of his tried and acknowledged military proficiency, was nothing less than touching. He had also to face the trial of parting from the beloved regiment with which he had served, in war and peace, for close upon thirty-three years—a trial which fell scarcely less heavily than upon himself upon some of his brother-officers. Indeed I believe that there were several who, feeling their main interest in soldiering broken by the separation, now proposed to send in their papers, and would actually have done so had he not convinced them that this would be unfair to the regiment.

I need not say that it was not the officers only who felt the parting. If ever any officer had done so, he had earned the love of his men, of whom many must now have felt that they were losing their best friend. It is not surprising, therefore, to read that his 'send-off' from Strensall Camp was one which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it; for never, by those who knew them best, had Scottish soldiers been known to exhibit such emotion.

The Colonel had arranged to leave York by the midnight express, after being entertained at mess, with Mrs. Wauchope, by the officers of the battalion. Accordingly, by the time he set forth, the camp was hushed—being to all outward appearance wrapped in slumbers deep and sound. But the first rumble of carriage-wheels was the signal for a striking transformation-scene. At once all was hubbub and activity, and from every tent issued helter-skelter its complement of soldiers. They had not stayed to dress, for their only thought was to see the last of their departing 'chief.' As he came in sight a storm of cheers arose, the carriage was surrounded, many and eager were the hands which were stretched forth for a last shake of his hand. And half-dressed as they were, not a few of the men ran cheering him far along the road. To an unconcerned onlooker the demonstration must have mingled strangely the grotesque with the affecting. But there is no doubt as to its true significance, and equally little that it must have gone right home to Wauchope's heart.

A little incident of this period will serve to illustrate at once his independence and his staunchness

to his old regiment. Before his present appointment had been officially made known to him, he received a kindly letter from an officer in a very high position —with whom his acquaintance was but slight—in which the Field-Marshal graciously requested him as a favour to take his son with him, as galloper, to the Soudan. Wauchope's reply was characteristic. Whilst most gratefully acknowledging the pleasing mark of confidence extended to him, he wrote that if ever he should be employed in the capacity named, he felt that the officers serving in his own regiment of two battalions must have the first chance—adding that they 'had not had much opportunity of late, and that among them were some right good ones who were dying to serve.'

The subjoined letter was written when on his way to the seat of the war.

To Captain W. MacFarlan, Adjutant, 2nd Battalion Black Watch.

'ss. "Shannon": at Sea, *July 18th*, 1898.

'My dear MacFarlan,—Well, here we are within a few hours of Port Said. It seems so strange to be away, and cut off from the regimental life in which I have been so long, and where I feel that I have taken such deep root. Oh well! the change had to come, and it came as well as it could.

'I felt very much parting with you. The relations of C. O. and Adjutant are very peculiar—well, I couldn't have had a better than you have been to me, professionally, socially, every way. Yes, you are hard to beat; but I mustn't make you conceited.

'I could have no greater satisfaction in this kind of thing than to serve with you again. I shall hope very soon to see your brother, and will be sure to drop you a line about him.

Now you must give your wife my love—she will know how bitter was my parting with mine. I pray she is all right. I don't like to think of it.—Ever yours,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

On the next day, July 19th, the Brigadier-General landed at Port Said. Thence *viâ* Luxor by rail to Shillal, where he arrived July 26th, after a journey which the dust of an Egyptian summer had rendered most trying. At Shillal he took steamer to Wady Halfa, arriving there on July 29th, and there again taking train—this time under much more comfortable circumstances—to Abu Hamed, Berber, and Darmali —where, on July 31st, he joined General Gatacre and his Staff.

During the thirteen years which had elapsed since Wauchope, then hanging between life and death after his wound received at Kirbekan, had left the Soudan, a great work had been in progress there, a great change had taken place. Tardily and reluctantly the British Government had come to recognise that the reclamation of that vast and inhospitable country was one of the duties which our occupation and management of Egypt had entailed upon us, and that this was by far too great an undertaking to be performed by any single military expedition within the limits of a single season. No doubt the inroads of the enemy which had followed upon the withdrawal of the Gordon Relief Expedition had tended to enforce this lesson. So also had the barbarities of the rule of the Mahdi's successor. Howbeit, in the fulness of time, the work had been intrusted to the sternest, most persevering, and most resolute of living British commanders, who,

realising its magnitude, had brought to bear on it the patience and thoroughness of a great mind. Save by teaching him what errors to avoid, all that had been done hitherto had helped him little; he had had to begin his task from the beginning. So, by creating the Egyptian soldier, he had forged his weapon; by insisting on the severest discipline, he had tempered it; by bridling the desert with a railroad he had assured his transport, and to a great extent overcome the opposition of the forces of nature—unquestionably the most formidable opposition against which he had to fight. All this had, of course, taken time. Nor had the intervening years been without their share of fighting; but in the main they had been years of consolidation, preparation, acclimatisation. At last the battle of the Atbara, fought on the 8th April of the year we have now reached, had prepared the way for a final blow, and that final blow was now on the point of being struck.

Soldier to his finger-tips as Wauchope was, he must have found the situation which confronted him on his return to the Soudan brimful of interest. Most generous as he ever was in his appreciation of others, he must now have outdone himself in admiration of the Sirdar's scheme of action and the details of its execution. Alas! that the flood-tide of military business should have robbed us of his comments on these things. For his letters of this period are hurried compositions[1]—interesting indeed, yet without scope for the least enlargement on such themes as the above. For example:—

[1] It is regrettable, too, that many of them have been destroyed.

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'Between Korosko and Wady Halfa,
'*July 28th*, 1898.

'I deposited a letter this morning at Korosko. Am writing this in the stern of the steamer, where it is shaking violently. I cannot write in my cabin, it is too stuffy even for me—110° in the shade, with a lot of oily smell about it. I slept on deck last night—it was very nice. It is trying coming out to so great a heat, and in uncomfortable circumstances, for we are very crowded on board here. There are about 200 souls on board. I am told it is 118° in my cabin quite in the shade. Korosko was always noted as being the hottest place in the Soudan; but we have no cause to complain, for the nights are cool. . . . It is fifteen days since I left. . . . I felt as if my heart would break. Dear old Niddrie! if only I get back, I am blessed if I ever leave it again.'

'Darmali, *August 1st.*

'Well, here we are at Darmali, where we reached last night, after a week's journey. General Gatacre received me at the train, where were assembled all the other officers commanding regiments, and then that night I was entertained at dinner by General Gatacre. He before all the other colonels proposed my health, and I was received by them with open arms, which is very pleasing to me, I can assure you. This morning the General had the brigade out—some 3500 men—and formally handed it over to me. Certainly they are a splendid lot of men, and look as fit as fleas. You will understand that to-day is a busy day with me—I am going round to see the different regiments.'

'Darmali, *August 2nd.*

'South wind blowing with a lot of dust, but it is not bad at all. The natives say the worst is over as regards climate, and I expect they are right. I am so well and fit. . . . My great wish is that I shall do justice to this splendid brigade, for it *is* a splendid brigade. I am in a mud house, which was

the harem, and I have a delightful angareb[1] for a bedstead. They say we shall be here for another week, and then we go to the Shabluka Pass, within forty miles of Khartoum.'

'DARMALI, *August 6th.*

'. . . We have got five ponies for self, Rennie, and Christie, who is my galloper, and I am to get another pony at Wadi Bishara from Captain Haig of the Egyptian Cavalry. Wadi Bishara is the place we make for from here, and it is some sixty miles from Khartoum. Rennie and Christie look well after me and the horses, and that is a great comfort. I have spent a small fortune already, and it seems to me I will go on doing so to the end of the business.

'Our mess consists of Major Snow; Brigade-Major Rennie; A. D. C. Sloggett, head doctor; Christie, Warwick Regiment, galloper; Father Brindle, R.C. chaplain. I have taken the last in, as he is an old campaigning friend of mine; and the Presbyterian chaplain is with the Camerons. We are living very well, and are happy and very well. It is, I believe, settled that on the 11th inst.—that is five days hence—we embark in barges, with a view to being towed up to Wadi Bishara, from thence to Khartoum. . . . From Wadi Bishara we march ten miles a day, and it is calculated that on September 6th we enter Khartoum.'

'ATBARA FORT, *August 8th*, 1898.

'Well, here I am—stuck here for some little time at least, I hope not for very long.'

'CAMP, DARMALI, *August 10th.*

'I have had to buy another pony, one of mine going sick, and I am afraid very sick. . . . Of course I am being worried right and left about all sorts of things, but my health is just tip-top, and we are a very happy mess.'

'SS. "DAL," *August 17th.*

'We are being kept longer on here than I had expected. . . . The river here is very beautiful—thickly wooded, with

[1] Native bed.

flowers and any number of birds. It has been very nice and cool. We came across, when tied up to the bank getting fuel on board, a large party of dervish deserters. Poor creatures! they were famished, and many of them died on the journey. There are rumours of more deserters coming in, which does not look as if things were going well with the Khalifa. We arrived in the middle of the night. Rennie is as well as possible. He is my right-hand man with a vengeance. He is so cool and quiet and resolute, and never makes a fuss about doing anything. There is a big bath on board the steamer, and we all have our turns fixed. There will be very little sleep for me to-night, I know. Two nights before Darmali was evacuated I just slept as I was standing, and that will be the case now continually.'

'SS. "DAL," *same date.*

'We are now within a few hours' steaming of Wad el Bishara, and soon we shall be landed practically within striking distance of Khartoum, where I presume we shall wait till the whole force is concentrated, with a view to the final advance on Khartoum. Long before you get this it will be settled one way or another—I trust I may do my share of it all right. I have many difficulties to encounter—I hope they may be overcome. We are very crowded in this boat, but we are feeding very well, and I am in the best of health. Rennie is very well and most useful—I rejoice that I brought him out. As I told you, I have an excellent galloper; but he is separated from us, having to bring up the horses. We are going to land at a place called Wad el Bishara, which is at the north end of the Shabluka Pass or cataract. This cataract is ten miles long, and the doubt is whether the Khalifa will defend this bit of cataract or not. I think he is a fool if he does not, so I presume that he will do so.'

'ABU BISHARA, *August 21st*, 1898.

'There is no doubt, I think, but that the Khalifa is going to stand. You will know all about it by this time, for I don't suppose you will get this for a month. I have seen

such a funny scene—it is a black soldier being had up for stealing biscuits. We had a tremendous storm of rain and wind last night—every moment, I thought, would see my tent fly away into the desert; but it kept up, though I could not get much sleep. We have not got finally started on our last jump—we are getting up supplies and reinforcements. I should think next Thursday would see us on the final move. I dined with the Sirdar last night—he was very nice. General Lyttelton is still behind with his brigade. . . . It is four weeks ago this very day since I left you at Charing Cross. . . . I have no presentiment of evil—quite the reverse. But, as the leader of the First Brigade, I must be in the front rank, though it is more than likely that my brigade may find itself in reserve. I will not try to get it in the front line—quite the reverse; I shall do nothing in this matter—will just take my chance. I take it you are at Niddrie now—dear, sweet Niddrie, where all will be so peaceful. . . .'

These letters I am permitted to supplement by quotation from the journal of an officer serving on the Brigadier's Staff. We have already seen that on August 1st Wauchope had taken over the command of his Brigade—the First—which was composed of the Camerons, Seaforths, Lincolnshire and Warwickshire regiments, with Maxim battery. The advance had been ordered for the 25th August. On the 24th (Wad Hamed), the diarist notes:—

'At 3 P.M. I rode out with the Chief and Christie on to-morrow's line of march. Found a bivouacking-ground about 6 to 6½ miles away—main track there being about one mile from the river; bearing W. to SW. Home at 5.30.

'*August 25th.* Good night. Second Brigade moved off about 5.30 A.M. I left camp 8.40 A.M.

with the Chief and Christie and rode to the same place as yesterday, trying to find a bivouacking-ground somewhat nearer, but without success unless we shortened the first two marches considerably. Back to camp 11.30 A.M. Struck camp 1.30 P.M. . . . Marched off in Column of Route, *i.e.* in five columns — Warwicks on left, then Seaforths, then Camerons, and then Lincolns. Then Rifle Brigade, Fifth Fusiliers, and Lancashire Fusiliers in one column.'

Thus far the Staff-Officer. The succeeding paragraph from the diary of the late G. W. Stevens, the war-correspondent, describes the scene as it impressed an eye-witness.

'. . . The march out of the First British Brigade this afternoon was a most imposing spectacle. The four battalions had all their baggage packed to the minute, and at the sound of the bugle moved off and took the road in four parallel columns.' Of these, three were carrying battalion flags, 'a new element of colour since the Atbara campaign. The ground just outside the camp was broken, but the men struck along with an easy swing from the loins, ignoring the weight of their kits. Many of the men were bearded, and all were tanned by the sun, acclimatised by a summer in the country, hardened by perpetual labours, and confident from the recollection of victory —a magnificent force which any man might be proud to accompany into the field.'

No one needs to be told that there was one man present who would share largely in this feeling of just pride.

So, on successive days, the march up the left bank of the Nile was continued. For the next twenty miles or so the bank was flat and more or less cultivated. Then, at Kerreri, the ground became rough with thick, low-growing, thorny scrub; and from thence to Omdurman it rose in a succession of sandstone hills, of from 300 to 500 feet in height.

For Wauchope this period was one of hard work combined with keen enjoyment. By an officer of his own or senior rank, he is described as 'extremely pleased with his command'—perhaps none ever more so. Owing to the fact that the river-bank, for breadths varying from one quarter mile to one mile and a half, was overgrown with vegetation, affording covert for an enemy, the left flank of the advance was the point of danger. It was occupied, on alternate days, by his brigade and another, the native troops being always on the right. The start for the day's march would be made, as we have seen, very early in the morning. Then Wauchope, mounted perhaps on his white pony, would ride on well in front of the advancing force. And so, as he mounted a hillock, would turn in his saddle to survey the army—when the sight which he beheld was one to stir a soldier's heart, and among all soldiers', his; for there was none more ready to respond to the moving sights and sounds of soldier-life. In one long line—extending for perhaps a mile, and broken only by intervals of a hundred yards or so dividing the regiments—the army advanced steadily. The sun, rising upon the left hand, caught the rifle-barrels, kindling them to a glow. And what immensely increased the impressiveness of the

spectacle—the sense of order, power, irresistibility, which it presented—as well as Wauchope's joy in it, was the admirable 'dressing' preserved by the advancing line. No wonder, then, that at such times as these he was extremely pleased with his command.

Later in the day, after the halt, he would be noticeable for his activity within the zareba—on which occasions his characteristics are described to me as being: first, never where it could be avoided to chance an uncertainty; and, secondly, never to leave work to another which he could do himself. It is added that he showed himself very keen for the welfare of his men. But though this is added for the writer's information, for him to add it here for that of the reader is, I hope, entirely superfluous.

It was not until August 31st, in front of Kerreri, that the British force got touch of the enemy. Then, after a further advance to within about seven miles of Omdurman, on the night of September 1st, at a spot where were some native huts, a zareba was formed. Its shape was that of an irregular pentagon, resting upon the river, which formed its longest side, and it was enclosed partly by entrenchments, but on the south-west face, which was that most exposed to attack, by a defence-work of wait-a-bit thorns. Several gun-boats, moored at either extremity, could sweep the plain to either side of it. The position taken up by Wauchope was towards its south-west angle.

A night attack was half expected. But the dark hours passed without any incident more formidable than a false alarm, occasioned by the driving in of two scouts, who had been sent out to occupy a rising

ground to the south-west. As they leaped the trench, one or two rifles were discharged; but the true state of matters was soon realised. At 3.30 A.M. the men of the First Brigade stood to their arms. And from that hour until 3.15 P.M. they may be said to have been hard at work. For it was soon to become evident that the enemy had decided to trust to their overwhelming superiority in numbers, and to fling themselves on our position.

So, as morning broke, the dervish standards began to make their appearance against the sky-line of the rising ground to the south-west. Then, as the sun rose higher, there appeared upon the west what is described as a 'sea of light.' It was created by the rising rays catching the swords and spear-points of a vast multitude—'more people than I had ever seen together before,' says one who was present. Their movement was at this time parallel to the British position. Then it began to sweep on over the intervening plain of some two miles' extent. The first gun was fired at 5.45 A.M., probably from a gun-boat up the river. The dervish fire opened at about 6.30 o'clock, and the first answering shot from our zareba was timed by an officer at 6.46.

Meantime, at six o'clock, Wauchope had lined his face of the zareba with six companies in the first or firing line, and two companies per battalion in support. On the right were the Lincolns, then the Camerons, Seaforths, and Warwicks, four Maxim guns being in the centre, a[illegible]pon the right of the Brigade—which flank [illegible]igadier Maxwell's Soudanese. Ranges had [illegible] computed and taken.

When the enemy's advance had brought them well within the British shell-fire, Wauchope's Maxims, directed by Captain Smeaton, R.A., opened upon them with good effect. A few minutes later his infantry opened fire with long range volleys at 1400 yards, their shooting being admirably controlled. But in spite of this, up to within 1200 yards the attack of the dervishes never faltered. After that it was only the bravest who persevered in the advance.

Of these several hundreds continued to come on to within a distance of seven or eight hundred yards. There, having availed themselves of a depression in the ground which confronted the centre of Wauchope's position, they proceeded to ensconce themselves, and, under a heavy fire of Maxims and rifles, blazed away for nearly half an hour; after which—the attack having now been repulsed all along the line—they at last drew off. The first lull in the firing occurred at 7.30 o'clock; the 'cease fire' call sounded at 8. Such was the first phase of the battle, during which (as in the later phase) Wauchope's men behaved with admirable steadiness. The plain before them was by this time littered with the dead or wounded bodies of the enemy.

A brief interval for recuperation followed the beating off of the attack. Then, the order being given to advance towards Omdurman, the second phase of the battle was entered on. For when the First Brigade had marched about a mile from the zareba—moving slightly in echelon on the right rear of the Second Brigade—a renewed attack of a fierce

and determined character was delivered on the right wing of the force. This right wing was formed by the Egyptian Division, having on its extreme right the Soudanese Brigade under command of Brigadier Macdonald. And, in order to meet the onslaught, the General commanding the British Division now ordered Wauchope to move his brigade direct to the support of the Egyptian right. Let words of his own describe how the order was carried out. 'And so away we went,' he wrote soon afterwards, 'and at a rattling pace—and here the Brigade, both officers and men, played up splendidly; for, though the ground was bad and heavy going, yet the men doubled with a will whenever called upon to do so.'

The zareba had been left at about 9 A.M.—Wauchope was detached at 9.35. He was now called on by Major-General Hunter to fill a gap which had made its appearance between Macdonald's Brigade on the extreme right and the right wing of the Egyptian Division. This he was proceeding to do under a heavy fire, which cost him seventeen casualties, when the severe pressure on Macdonald's right caused Hunter to modify his first order and divert Wauchope to that point.

To the right accordingly he now went as hard as he could go, and there meeting Hunter and Macdonald in consultation, rapidly discussed the situation—with the result that his brigade was divided—the Lincolns under Colonel Lowth being detached to Macdonald's right, where they rendered valuable service, whilst Wauchope with the Camerons, Seaforths, and Warwic[illegible]nder heavy fire, reoccupied the gap before

referred to. Fierce as it had been whilst it lasted,[1] the attack was now not long in flagging, and the dervishes were soon again in flight. Such was Wauchope's share in the battle of Omdurman—of which the remaining principal features do not here need recapitulation: an active and a highly serviceable, if not a positively brilliant share. For if 'Fighting Mac' and his Egyptians had borne the brunt of the battle, and carried off the honours of the day, Wauchope and his brigade had ably sustained their efforts at a very critical moment. To their honour be it said that soldiers are seldom slow to recognise such services as this. The present case was not exceptional. General Hunter warmly acknowledged the assistance furnished by the First Brigade; whilst General Macdonald, acting for those under him, sent to the Lincolns the best standard which had been captured during the day. A second standard, sent to Wauchope, was accompanied by the following letter:—

'OMDURMAN, *September 5th*, 1898.

'DEAR GENERAL WAUCHOPE,—I am requested by the Brigade under my command to forward for your acceptance the accompanying Dervish flag in recognition of the relief you afforded the Brigade on the 2nd inst. at a most critical phase of the action fought by the Anglo-Egyptian forces on that day.—Believe me, dear General, yours most sincerely,

'H. A. MACDONALD.'

The standard here alluded to now hangs in the hall at Niddrie Marischal. On a gold band which encircles

[1] Yet by no means without science. The dervish manœuvring was, indeed, very remarkable; for 'they seemed to feint here and strike there, just where they weren't wanted.'

the staff is the inscription, 'They were brave foemen, those Dervishes.' In the joy felt by Wauchope over the victory, not the least ingredient was a generous delight in the brilliant part played by his brother Scot, the romantic splendour of whose military career he had the heart and the imagination to appreciate. On the other hand he deplored the slaughter of dervishes which followed the battle, and afterwards expressed himself strongly to the effect that no British troops had taken part in it.

On September 4th (*sic*), he wrote to Mrs. Wauchope, dating his letter from Khartoum, as follows:—

'Well, we fought them yesterday, and licked their heads off; but they came on with a vengeance. I am simply worked off my legs, trying to get accounts written up. . . . How I long to be back! I hate war.'

On September 14th:—

'I have a splendid banner which was taken from the Dervishes, and which was presented to me by one of the Soudanese regiments. I will bring it home—also a shirt of mail which I will present to my old regiment.'

In the latter intention, however, he was disappointed; for this, the only loot he ever had (and for this he paid), disappeared when his black servant left him.

The fighting over, the First Brigade had proceeded in quest of what it most needed—water; then, having rejoined t 'sion, it marched to Omdurman, where Wauch men were bivouacked in a market-place hdi's tomb, and immediately in rear of elton, who occupied the west or

desert front. The casualties sustained by the brigade amounted to five officers wounded (of whom one died); rank and file, two killed and seventy-two wounded. The average expenditure of ammunition is noted as forty-six rounds per man. The number of the enemy's killed was officially returned as 10,834.

Wauchope's stay in Omdurman was extremely brief, for the First Brigade began its northward journey as early as September 5th. The intervening days were principally occupied in drawing up and collecting his official reports of the battle, and in bringing to notice the names of those whose services he desired to commend. One other incident of the time deserves special mention. On the occasion of the formal taking possession of Omdurman, it was decided by the authorities that a Gordon Memorial Service should be held, in which the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic chaplains should take part. But an unforeseen difficulty arose, for the Anglican chaplain declined to act in concert with the Presbyterian. There are some, not necessarily Broad Churchmen, who would have felt that such objections were singularly ill-timed. Others, given the circumstances, might have expressed their opinions somewhat freely. Not so Wauchope. Hard-worked as he was, he brought persuasion to bear upon the cleric. But the cleric remained obdurate: he could not see his way to give in. A great national effort had been crowned with success, a great national hero fell to be commemorated; yet the Almighty could not be approached collectively. Because of what? Because of clerical punctilio. Seeing that the General himself was a staunch, though

by no means narrow Presbyterian, it was a little hard on him. Some might have asked where the religion came in. He simply said, 'Then there is nothing for me to do but to report you to my General of Division.' So, in due course, the matter came before the Sirdar. The Sirdar uttered a magic word, and the refractory one fell into line. The service, when it came to be held, was an impressive one. The British and Egyptian flags had just been hoisted amid the firing of a salute from a gun-boat. Then the Dead March and 'Flowers of the Forest' were played by the military bands and pipes, and prayer and Scripture reading followed. Two days later (September 6th) Wauchope started on his down-Nile journey. One regrets to add that an inexpert Reis, combined with sand-flies, mosquitoes, and a sharp attack of illness, contrived to make the first part of it a somewhat unpleasant experience. He reached Cairo on September 19th, and two days later issued the following Farewell Order to his Brigade:—

'Brigade-General Wauchope, before leaving Egyptian soil, wishes to congratulate the several battalions which he had the great honour so lately to command on their safe return to Cairo and Alexandria; and to point out that, although the First Brigade, of Atbara and Khartoum fame, has ceased to exist, its noble deeds, as done in 1898 in the dark Soudan, will live for ever, giving history one more bright example of British courage and fortitude under the most trying circumstan (*Signed*) A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

'CAIRO, . 1898.'

Most this book will remember the enthusia eted the victors of Omdurman

on their home-coming. Of the welcoming which awaited them Wauchope naturally received his share. Its warmth fairly took him by surprise. For instance, on his arrival, accompanied by Mrs. Wauchope, at Niddrie (October 10th), a vast crowd met him at the station. Then, all that could be done by triumphal arches, by displays of bunting, by presentation of addresses, by taking the horses out of his carriage and supplying their place with willing hands, by brass bands, processions of school-children and the like—all this was eagerly done for him by the Niddrie miners and tenantry. And, as the spontaneous manifestation of the love and admiration they bore him, there can be no doubt it touched him deeply. In the course of his speech of acknowledgment he said, 'If there is one thing that makes a man nerve himself to accomplish a difficult task, it is the thought that he is thought well of by the people in the midst of whom he lives.' The sentiment affords an insight into his deeply sympathetic nature. And the Niddrie demonstration was indeed a particularly gratifying one; for it was only on the previous evening that the miners had got wind of his approaching return, and they had consequently spent the night in preparations to give him the most splendid reception in their power. Shortly afterwards he addressed them on their bowling-green—for the last time as it proved—giving a most interesting account of the recent campaign, which was unfortunately never publicly reported.

Other marks of honour showered upon him at this time were more conspicuous; that they could be more gratifying was scarcely possible. He was commanded

to Windsor, and had the honour of dining with the venerable Sovereign whose gracious and heartfelt interest in her soldiers had ever been among her most striking and most lovable characteristics; he was gazetted a Major-General; he received from the Edinburgh University the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; with the other general-officers who had been engaged in the late campaign, he was entertained at a great banquet in Edinburgh.

In June 1899 the Member for South Edinburgh, Mr. Robert Cox, died unexpectedly abroad. Wauchope was invited to contest the seat, and, though very unwilling to do so, yielded to exceptional pressure brought to bear upon him by the party. From the first the conditions of the fight were against him. For one thing, though he had zealous and able fellow-workers, the local Liberal-Unionist organisation was by no means so good as had been that of Mid-Lothian in 1892. Nor was there time now to amend it. Nor, again, was the constituency one to which military considerations made any special appeal. Worst of all, the shortness of time—owing to peculiar circumstances it was exceptionally short even for a by-election—told fatally against the General. For, by depriving him of the chance of canvassing, or, more properly speaking, of making himself known to the electors individually, it cut the ground from under his feet, or, in other words, rendered ineffective the best weapon in his armoury. So from the first he clearly recognised that he fought a losing fight. But with that wonderful self-repression which c[illegible]cterised him—and which at a somewhat later [illegible]s to employ in far more trying circum-

stances—once committed to the fight, he kept his misgivings to himself. For the public, and even for his intimate friends, he preserved a bright and cheery exterior—to such a point, indeed, as to inspire them with a confidence which he did not feel. But to be able to act thus is one of the qualities of the born leader of men. On polling-day in particular, his manner as he visited the committee-rooms diffused cheeriness wherever he went. And yet, long before that time, he had finally given up all expectation of success. The same effect was produced by the speeches he delivered, which to the very end of the contest were marked by all his former fire and courage. When the poll was declared, the Liberal candidate, Mr. Arthur Dewar, had a majority of 831—the votes cast for the General numbering 4989. The supporters, whose spirits as in duty bound he had to the end done his best to keep up, were disillusioned. Not so himself.

It is true that after the declaration of the result, instead of at once coming forward to congratulate the successful candidate, he remained seated in deep thought. This by some who were present was interpreted as a symptom of surprise and disappointment. But to those who knew Wauchope best, and were familiar with his fits of abstraction, it seemed much more likely that his thoughts during those moments were far away from elections and everything connected with them. That there was at least no surprise in the case I have the most irrefutable of evidence. This incident is, of course, a very trifling one, yet in its own way characteristic.

Though resulting in a defeat, the contest was marked (as was bound to be the case where Wauchope was concerned) by several pleasing traits and incidents. Among these were the friendly relations maintained by the rival candidates. For instance, one day, owing to a mistake of the agents, both candidates had been announced to hold meetings at the same hour at some big works in the constituency. It was the over-time of the employés' dinner-hour—in any case a short enough interval. Here was a fix! Wauchope met it, however, by proposing that they should hold a joint meeting, speaking successively, and that the first speaker should be allowed a reply—an arrangement which resulted to the satisfaction of all.

Again, this election served to bring out many striking instances of the hold he had gained on the affections of those who had worked for him in his previous contest. 'For example,' writes one of his committee-men, 'I remember particularly a miner, whose name, I think, was Y——, who every evening for a week before the election came all the way from Penicuik after his day's work, and worked till all hours of the night at any work he was asked to do—ending by sacrificing a whole day's pay on the polling-day, and working for fully twelve hours at the dullest of committee-room work. He had nothing to gain by his exertions, and he obviously felt more than sufficiently rewarded by a shake of the candidate's hand.' The writer adds that many similar instances might be quoted, and indeed that the most striking point of the whole contest was the pleasure and fidelity with which working-men who had known the candidate years

before gathered round him in South Edinburgh, often at considerable sacrifice to themselves. Well might the General write, as he does to Mr. Craig-Brown of Selkirk, May 17th, 1899, 'I have made during my political tours friends of the very best.'

For the rest his candidature was signalised by his usual outspoken honesty and heartiness. Home Rule for Ireland and the grievances of the Transvaal Uitlanders were perhaps the most burning questions of the moment, and on both of these he expressed himself in no ambiguous or half-hearted terms.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BOER WAR—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS—MAGERSFONTEIN—DEATH AND BURIAL—CONCLUSION

It is the opinion of one who was probably the most intimate of the General's many friends that, towards the end of his life, the idea of retiring from the Army was occasionally present to his mind. It was not that his natural energies were in any degree abated —far, indeed, from that. Nor was it that the hold of military life upon him had become slacker—rather that the hold of certain other things upon him had for long been growing ever firmer. For example: for a man of his great personal influence, of his interest in every form of useful local work, and willingness to devote himself thereto—for such an one, the oft too otiose life of the country gentleman presented of itself great opportunities. Then there was a political career—as regards which he may be said to have had the ball at his feet; and if in this direction he was not ambitious for himself, there were others who were ambitious for him. There was also his strong attachment to N Yetholm, Edinburgh, and to his countless l classes in those places. Most of all the appy home life. For a man of his deep ections, to turn his back on all this was he felt it so, when the time

came, there is the best of evidence. Lastly, though I may have said otherwise above, I think that with his unavoidable severance from his old regiment—first from one battalion, then from the other—the strongest tie which bound him to the Army had been broken. But, in spite of all this, it must be clearly understood that any thoughts or feelings of this tendency which he may have entertained had not yet assumed concrete shape. Nor were they destined so to do. Through the later summer of 1899 the war-cloud looming ever bigger and darker on the horizon, though uncertain still of bursting, put such thoughts entirely out of his head. 'Should a war break out what will happen then?' he had been asked by a heckler in the contest of 1892. And in 1899 his spirit remained the spirit which, in no uncertain tones, had rapped out the answer, 'I shall be there.'

It was natural that his knowledge of the Boers and their country should lead him to watch the progress of the present negotiations with special interest. The following letter conveys clearly his opinion on the questions at issue between the Transvaal Government and our own :—

To the Rev. Dr. Paton.

'Niddrie, Midlothian,
'*September 25th.*

'My dear Mr. Paton,— . . . This Transvaal business is long in maturing. Well, I for one am in entire accord with the Government.

'Everything must be done to try and settle the matter without war; but two things we must stand up for:

'*1st.* That we are the Paramount Power in South Africa, and therefore responsible for its law and order;

'*2nd.* Equality of treatment as between a British subject and a Dutchman—at the same time making every allowance for the Jameson Raid, and the rush of a perhaps not very desirable population to Johannesburg.

'And this is the programme of the Government.—Very sincerely yours,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

It is unnecessary here to trace the course of events which led, a fortnight after the date of this letter, to the presentation of the Boer Ultimatum. That Ultimatum was a practical Declaration of War, and three days later the first shot in the war was fired. This gave to Wauchope the undesirable satisfaction of beholding the fulfilment of a prediction of his own. For, ever since 1881, he had consistently maintained that a war between the Boers and ourselves was a question merely of time. It was a subject upon which he often spoke, and on which his opinion never varied. And, if in time past he had foretold the war, he now foretold its magnitude —a very much more exceptional feat. For no reader will have forgotten how, during the excitement of those first few weeks of a new order of things, even professional men and experts talked of it as likely to come to an end before the approaching Christmastide. Later on it was allowed an extension until the following Derby Day. From these insane prognostications, some deductions must probably be made on the score of kindly consideration for friends and relatives at home. On the other hand, many who gave voice to them were simply uttering what they believed. Of these Wauchope was not one. Though he never had the sm[illegible]t of its ultimate result, from the first

he spoke of the war as a very serious one, likely to occupy the country long, and severely to tax its resources. At times he was specific in his estimates to the point of saying that it would take two years and 200,000 men to conquer the Boers. And so, throughout the remaining fortnight of his life in England, he consistently checked any tendency to make light of the coming contest.

In the next letter are embodied some of his anticipations of the future.

To David McLaren, Esq., Putney.

'Cooling's Private Hotel,
'Dover Street, W., *October 12th*, 1899.

'My dear Mr. McLaren,—Many thanks for your letter. I hope that war may not last long, but I am too old at the business not to realise how uncertain war is, especially in South Africa, where I served in the disastrous times of 1880 and 1881.

'As for evil effects being left behind it, I don't believe any such argument. We don't intend to crush the Boers once they elect to treat our people on equal terms with themselves.

'Were the end of the war to mean for the Dutch our trampling under foot their liberties, religion, or anything which free citizens or a free state desire, then there would be bad blood.

'I fancy our terms will be if we beat them:

'1. Razing of the forts at Pretoria and Bloemfontein. (They are levelled at us and no one else: this proved by their armament.)

'2. Not disarming of the Boers in regard to rifles, but right of the Outlanders to have permission to bear rifles as they please and where they please.

'3. Equality of citizenship as between Scotchmen, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Dutchmen.

'4. The Transvaal and Orange State to bear the expense of this war, which really means that the Outlander pays.

'I think the Government have shown marvellous patience, and a true Christian feeling towards the Dutch, which impartial historians will in the future tell.

'My great-uncle took the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch about ninety years ago—my father has often told me that he used to speak of them in the highest terms.

'Some twenty years after that, my great-uncle Admiral Robert Wauchope was stationed there, and for years he lived chiefly with his wife at Cape Town, and they knew the Dutch just as much as the British—then there was equality.

'We have no feeling against the Dutch if they will only be so kind as to treat us not as their inferiors but as their equals. I trust the day is very near when we shall be able to be magnanimous, and very magnanimous, after victory.

'We were misunderstood when we took that line, as in 1881, after four defeats.—I remain, very sincerely yours,

'A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

It will have been noticed that the above letter is written from London. The General had left Niddrie a few days before, slipping away quietly and without warning, so as to escape the 'send-off' which he knew was contemplated by his well-wishers in the neighbourhood.[1] But the public was not to be thus deprived of its chance of demonstrating in his honour, and accordingly the send-off fell to the share of his groom, Jobson, who, accompanying a favourite mare, left Edinburgh at a somewhat later date *en route* for South Africa. This, like Wauchope's own departure, was on a Sunday night, when I am assured that the Waverley

[1] Though all precautions had been taken to keep his departure from Edinburgh a secret, a large number of persons somehow got wind of it ...ed out to see him off.

Railway Station was besieged by a crowd of sympathisers, every one of whom was eager to 'get a clap of the General's mare,' or a shake of the hand from the General's man. Surely a Sabbath evening might easily be worse spent than in such spontaneous and warm-hearted hero-worship. Thus, at any rate, it was that Edinburgh said good-bye to the last of its General. He has been heard to say that he loved the very pavement of the dear old city—clearly his attachment was returned. I should have said that, long ere this, he had received intimation that, in the event of a war, he would be commissioned to command the Third or Highland Brigade; and that the Brigade was now under orders for Port Elizabeth, to serve in General Clery's Division. Also, if at the last he had left Niddrie without warning, he had not done so without adieux. For before leaving he had visited the neighbouring cottages, and bid good-bye to their inmates; had attended a farewell service in New Craighall Church, and had enjoyed a final stroll with Mrs. Wauchope through his own favourite shrubberies.

The next letter is addressed to his elder sister.

To the Lady Ventry.

'26 Dover Street, W.
'*October 20th*, 1899.

'I will look to you all to give my wife a good cheer up. She is beginning to shrink, but there it is—it can't be helped. My best love to his lordship, and say I entirely agree with what he says about South Africa and other matters. Chamberlain is the greatest Minister we have had for generations, and though personally I loathe and hate and detest this war, I know it has long been inevitable, owing to the Dutch being

determined to oust us in South Africa unless we were content to let Englishmen and Scotsmen and Irishmen be treated as inferiors. So I go in the knowledge that it is a righteous war and inevitable.

'Well, we start for Southampton to-morrow. I hope you'll be all right soon. You and I have had many hard knocks, but they will come—things will go wrong and we just have to put up with them. Give my best love to Hersey [Miss Wauchope, his younger sister], this letter is meant for her as well, and for you all. I have a lot of letters to write, and I hate writing.'

In view of misleading reports which have been circulated, it is perhaps desirable here to describe Wauchope's demeanour during this period. It was grave, as, in one who realised the stern work which lay before him, one who felt the strain of parting as did he, was only natural. But of conspicuous or persistent depression there was about it nothing. To chance encountered acquaintances he generally presented a cheery exterior—though, as we have already seen, this was no sure index of the state of mind within. And just as many years before he had talked laughingly of bringing home King Koffee's umbrella from the Gold Coast, so now in a passing lighter mood he cracked his joke about Kruger's tall hat. To an intimate friend who said to him in leave-taking, 'We shall be thinking much of you, Andy,' he answered merely, 'Thank you.' It is not without a reason that I am thus particular. Nearly three years later ther[illegible]olished a review-article which contained the [illegible] statement that 'it was known through the [illegible]at, from the moment of his landing in [illegible] Wauchope 'regarded his own death

as certain.'[1] Similarly the novelist Sir Conan Doyle has thought it worth while to record that, on the eve of the fatal battle, there were some who claimed to have seen on Wauchope's face 'that shadow of doom which is summed up in the one word "fey."'[2] Now I do not question that both these statements are made in perfectly good faith—I merely declare that they are neither of them worthy of a moment's serious consideration. In reply to the first, I can but say that what is there spoken of as 'known through the brigade' was unknown to the General's nearest friends. To what babbling confidant, then, had he intrusted it—he, a man who knew, if any did, when to speak and when be silent, and who erred, if at all, upon the side of silence? The second statement is pure superstition. Both alike are cases of theory formed after the event, and as such I here dismiss them, merely adding that there is no evidence whatever that, now or at any later time, the General regarded his life as exposed to any greater or more special risks than those which await all men of his daring, and of his military rank, who engage in arduous warfare. Certain it is that almost at the last he was debating plans for Mrs. Wauchope's joining him by and by in South Africa. At the same time the statements quoted are worth noting if only as proofs that, in Wauchope's case, legend was of even swifter growth than is usual in the case of popular heroes. It began, in fact, to grow up about his name almost ere life had left his body. Nor, in

[1] *Fortnightly Review*, July 1902, p. 79.
[2] *Great Boer War*, p. 154.

a book concerned solely with facts, is it essential to the point at issue that that legend was always affectionate in impulse and idealising in tendency.

To return from this digression, it had been arranged that the General should sail for South Africa from Southampton, on Monday, October 23rd. Wishing to have a quiet Sunday together before parting, he and Mrs. Wauchope therefore left London on the Saturday for the port of embarkation, where they spent the next day. The following letter, addressed to his colliery-manager, is possibly the last he wrote from England :—

To Mr. Martin.

'Southampton,
'*October 23rd*, 1899.

'I am just about to embark. Please go and see Mrs. Wauchope when she gets back. She will act for me at all times according to my spirit. I hope you understand about the send-off. I hate a fuss. Give my love to all my numerous friends in the works. I hope "Klondyke" [a new working] will prosper and flourish. I hope the war will soon be over. Symons[1] is a terrible loss. He was one of our best. The British officer and soldier are showing to the world that they are not behind their fathers in the days of the Peninsular and Waterloo. I hope all may continue so to do, and then make it up with the Boers, who really must be reasonable. We have no grudge against them, beyond that we can't allow a Dutchman to be worth three Scotsmen.—Ever yours,

'A. G. Wauchope.'

To his head-gardener, Mr. Alexander, he wrote under the same date, 'Please convey to all our men and women my thanks for their faithful service to

[1] General Symons fell at the battle of Glencoe, October 20th.

me, and that I will hope to see them soon again.' The same afternoon he went on board the Cunard liner *Aurania*, a hired transport of remarkable steaming-power, which at 5.45 P.M. cast off, in the presence of a huge crowd of well-wishers, and bore him finally from England. The ship carried the First Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, besides some Engineers and Mounted Infantry. The General was accompanied by Captain Rennie, of the Black Watch, as A.D.C.

During his voyage to the Cape, the General wrote with great regularity to Mrs. Wauchope, his habit on this and similar occasions being to post a daily letter in the ship's post-office—a plan which he preferred to the more usual one of a single diary-letter. To Mrs. Wauchope I am deeply indebted for the following extracts:—

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'ss. "Aurania," *October 24th*, 1899.

'We steamed away for a few, a very few, miles and then we anchored, and here we are with a fog as dense as dense can be, and at present little or no prospect of the fog lifting—it really is bad luck, for it means delay in landing troops at the Cape. I am in the deck-cabin. . . . It is no use connecting this room with you, so I must just drive it out, as one has to drive out so many things if one wants to get on at all. By this time you will know the real result of the last Glencoe fight. I do pray that our troops have been successful once more, but we shan't hear for another seven days at the very least, when we get to St. Vincent, where we coal. The ship could go right on, but the order is for us to take to the Cape as much coal as we can, so as to have a large stock. The fog is beginning to lift. I have handed over command

of the troops to Colonel Sharpe, an Engineer officer. The Captain of the ship is a very nice man, and so I'll make good friends with him. . . . Fog is clearing away, and soon it will be full steam ahead, and away from old England where my heart is. . . .

'The mare is very well, and I think happy. The men look very well—they are very crowded, I fear, but that can't be helped.'

'*October 27th*, 1899.

'The ship is most comfortable, and we are fed like fighting-cocks—I never saw such a "bill of fare." We are all wondering as to what is going on in Natal. It is very tantalising not to hear, but we shall touch in at St. Vincent and hear there. It will be a heavenly delight to hear good news, but I am quite prepared to hear the other. I am afraid about the Glencoe people being so far away from the Ladysmith lot. However, at Elandslaagte battle they seem to have been able to reopen communication, and if they can keep it clear that ought to help on matters greatly. You will know everything. . . .'

'*October 28th*, 1899.

'I have done a lot of work since I left, and am in a good way to do a lot more. We are now two days from St. Vincent. I wonder so what has happened. We have made a marvellous run in this ship—something like 420 miles every twenty-four hours. I like the Captain so much. I go to his chart-room and have a crack with him whenever I feel inclined. He is a real old salt, and very anxious to oblige. The mare is well. . . . The men are too crowded, but they are all very well—they are all sleeping on deck to-night, which will please them. However, we shall have to be on the lookout, because the rain comes on very suddenly in these climates at this time of the year.'

'*October 29th*, 1899.

'To-morrow morning we are to arrive at St. Vincent, and I am very anxious, as you may suppose, in regard to the

news we shall get when we arrive there. I do hope and pray that they are to be of a favourable nature. And why am I so anxious? one reason because if they are favourable it would mean that I shall be all the sooner back. . . .

'I am quite prepared to-morrow to hear news not satisfactory. I have read and re-read the accounts of the *Elandslaagte* Glen fight, and I must say I am not altogether too satisfied. I do hope I am a croaker, and that my dismal prognostication will turn out altogether wrong. We are having very hot weather, of course we are well into the tropics and can expect nothing else.

'I really think I deserve a time of perfect peace—tho' I have had a time at home, yet there has always been something on.'

At 9 A.M. on October 30th the *Aurania* anchored in St. Vincent harbour. Her voyage so far had been prosperous, the only mishap experienced being the loss overboard of a man of the 71st Regiment. On arriving here, the first instalment of the eagerly-awaited war-news was received in the form of a telegram announcing the evacuation of Glencoe and the leaving behind of the British wounded. There was more bad news to follow. On this Wauchope writes:

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'St. Vincent,
'Monday, *October 30th*, 1899.

'I have seen the telegrams, and they are far from good. Well, long ere you get this you will know whether White is holding out or not. As you know, I always dreaded the space which separated poor Symons from White—at the same time I have no doubt there were excellent reasons for doing as they did. . . . But the Cape Dutch will be enormously excited, and before we come out a lot may happen. However, there it is, and there is no use to try and make

things out worse than they are; but they must be bad enough. I fear the Government will be getting it hot; well, I don't see how they could have done much differently—the Boers must have a much larger force than we gave them credit for. Have just heard that the Boers have captured 1500 mules, which is a bad business. How thankful I am that I am not in London hearing all these things roared out in the street! It will be a good long time, I fear, ere we get once more together, and great events will very likely have taken place. . . . We think now that it is very likely for us to be sent to Natal, for this ship is very fast, and we are likely to outstrip them all—to arrive even before the Guards, who left this some forty-eight hours ago. You must just keep your heart up, and don't fear about me. . . . I know and feel that a great work is before me. I hear Buller is arriving at Cape Town to-day or to-morrow. I wish he had been there some two or three months before. We have belittled the Boers too much. However, in Buller I have the most complete confidence—he is absolutely cool and reliable. I hear we are not to get off from here as soon as one would expect, owing to the slowness of the coaling, which is very stupid. There is going to be a cricket-match on shore between the telegraph people and the officers of this ship. The transport arrives in with the old corps at any time.'

'SS. "AURANIA,"
'ST. VINCENT, *October 31st*, 1899.

'No news to-day, which is not encouraging, I fear. It seems to me as if we have been completely misled, and I don't envy White. . . . I fear the Government will be terribly blamed, and that a great upheaval may take place against it, which I dread; both as regards home and foreign affairs, it looks as if a great trial was before the Nation. As I have said to you so often, we should have done nothing unless ready to take the field in crushing numbers. As for horses and mules, we must raise them anywhere and everywhere; the cost will be frightful, but there can be no looking back.'

'SS. "AURANIA," *October 1st*, 1899.

'The most distressing wires are coming, and the persistent way in which they do arrive makes me fear the worst. I fancy we shall hear at the Cape that White's force is practically wiped out as a fighting machine. Well, I hope the Nation will wake up, and be the cost what it may, fight it out to the bitter end. The news must have a tremendous effect in the Cape Colony, and what we may find on our arrival there I don't know. However, Buller is there, and that is a great matter. I know so well how your heart will bleed at all this. Well, don't be disturbed, be of good cheer—this may do us a lot of good yet. Of course these telegrams may be false, but I must say any hope of such is dwindling away as far as I am concerned. Our waiting will soon be finished, and the sooner the better.'

On October 30th, the General had visited the Eastern Telegraph Company's premises. Meantime coaling proceeded slowly, until the Portuguese labourers, by whom it was carried on, were reinforced by blue-jackets from a British man-of-war then lying in the harbour. After this, enlivened by the music of the pipes and band of the Highland Light Infantry, the work proceeded faster. But it was not till 5 P.M. on the evening of the 31st that the *Aurania* could resume her journey. Ere this, telegrams had come to hand announcing that the Boers were closing on Ladysmith—10,000 men on a radius of six miles, and stating the number, up to date, of British prisoners at 2000, including the Colonel and other officers of the 18th Hussars. A gloomy hearing to those in enforced inactivity. Other transport ships, bound to the same destination, had been encountered by the *Aurania* at St. Vincent.

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'ss. "Aurania," *November 1st*, 1899.

'There is a dog on board that reminds me so of Stoney! What wouldn't I give to be back with you and Stoney! . . . but every time the screw moves I am getting further and further away. . . . But for all that I am more cheery to-night. I was dreadfully low at the sad news—it clean took me overboard, not only because it meant longer separation from you, but also for the evil, and I fear, pernicious effect that it will have on our country and the world at large. All the Radicals in the country, and there are many, will be chirping with delight, and their chorus will be, "Didn't we tell you so?" which is deplorably sad to think of and to have to bear. However, the result may come out all the better in the long-run, if the Nation can be true to itself and its interests. If we can only get our transport in the shape of mules quickly put in shape, we may yet give the Boers a sound thrashing before very long, which may make up for all the bad of the last fortnight and have lasting results to the glory of our land. Of course I feel very anxious for Sir G. White and what is left of his army. You will know what the state of affairs is long before this—if he is able to shove ahead in Natal things may not be so bad even there.

'But we must send out more troops, more than we thought of doing when I left Southampton. I would like to see Wolseley come out—he would rally things round as no other man can in a crisis such as this. And then, with Buller at Natal and Wolseley at the Cape, we ought to get along without any other botches. . . .

'. . . We ought to arrive at the Cape to-morrow (Thursday) week, and what a fussing there will be then! We shall be one of the first to arrive, and it will be very exciting to know where we are sent to. So far as our South African horses ar[illegible]ed, I wonder shall we ever see them?'[1]

[1] n arranged for by Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson, and met arrival.

'SS. "AURANIA," *November 3rd*, 1899.

'Well, six days at most will in all human probability see us at Cape Town, and then we'll know what is to happen to us. . . . I am not going to bother about what the news of the situation may then be—I have given that up. All we care about now is to know where we go to—whether we disembark at Cape Town to go up to the borders of the Free State, or to Port Elizabeth, or to Natal. I hope the original plan may still hold good, viz. that we disembark at Port Elizabeth, though I fear things will be so bad at Natal that we shall be sent direct there, though what we are to do without our transport of mules and horses I know not. However, it is idle to speculate. I am more than comfortable on board this ship—food fit enough for Mrs. —— to have cooked it, good wine, and very nice companions. And as for a ship to go, I have never been in one like her—there is quite a heavy wind against us, and yet we are driving a good fifteen to sixteen knots in the teeth of it all. Well, this is Friday; one fortnight ago I was with you in London—our last evening there. . . . Four weeks ago we left Yetholm; five weeks ago to-morrow I went to the Shepherds' Show; and now it seems strange to be here at the Equator. . . . The mare is very well—she is sweating a bit, for we have had it very hot, but she is feeding well.

'I wonder if —— is still alive. I would like them to be easily treated in regard to their rent, for I fear they will be hard up when the old man dies. . . .

'By the way, I never did anything about that Episcopalian who wants land near Niddrie for a Church. I want him liberally dealt with. . . .'

'SS. "AURANIA," *November 4th*, 1899.

'. . . Another day has passed. I hope I have done some good in getting our arrangements perfected for the days of trial that most surely are before us. I like this regiment, the Highland Light Infantry, more and more—the men are big, fine fellows and the officers a good lot, and I think like a capable lot, with a good Commanding Officer. I wonder

where you are. . . . Well, it 's no use to sigh—the work is before us both, or rather I should say the trial is before us both. Perhaps you have the worst part to bear—I believe you have; but we have to go through with it, and through it we will go. I hope I may be guided aright in the hour of trial. . . . I told Bobby Martin that you would look after the miners' interests, as I have tried to do. Their brass band will want help. The mare is very well—we are past the heat of the Equator, and so there is no fear of her going wrong, but still they are apt to get a kick, and I shall be glad when we get her on shore. It is a fortnight since we went to Southampton.'

'SS. "AURANIA," *Sunday, November 5th*, 1899.

'A Sunday has passed and gone, and they say Friday or Saturday next is bound to see us at Cape Town, so the time is getting very near indeed. This day a fortnight ago we were in that nice hotel at Southampton, . . . but at the same time the shadow, the black shadow of coming separation was upon us. . . . The mare is very well.

'Now the question as to our four horses. If we land at Cape Town, I 'm afraid we shan't get the horses for some time, as they would have to come round from Port Elizabeth. I am very anxious about Colonel Ewart, who is to be my Brigade-Major—if he is at the landing-place it will be a great comfort. It is so curious to find oneself on board ship, knowing nothing for all these days, when such stirring events must be taking place all over South Africa. Sir Redvers will have his work cut out for him, if ever a man had. Well, he is a big, clever, and great man, and we ought to be very thankful to have him. I have studied my books to that extent now that, if books can do anything, I ought to be a terrible soldier.'

Meantime [illegible] was proceeding uneventfully, leaving littl[illegible]arist to chronicle. In due course the w[illegible]come oppressively hot, then it became pl[illegible]r. The fact that the usual

shipboard amusements of cricket, quoits, and so forth seem to have been rather a failure is evidently an indication of tense feeling prevailing among the passengers. The soldiers were exercised in physical training; junior officers employed themselves as best they could. Wauchope, as we have seen, found plenty of work to do. On November 7th there was an attempt at a concert; but as a strong head-wind was blowing at the time, the singing was inaudible to the audience, who, however, made up for this by shouting the choruses. The band performed a selection from *The Runaway Girl*. On November 8th the ship rolled a good deal, the 'fiddle' appearing for the first time on the dinner-table. Next day it was blowing almost a gale, which during the twenty-four hours following moderated to half-a-gale—the ship still rolling considerably.

I resume my quotations from the General's letters. It is evident that he was in a very anxious frame of mind, and that the reverses sustained by his country's arms were preying deeply on his spirits.

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'ss. "Aurania," *November 6th*, 1899.

'This is Monday, and on Saturday in the early morn we are to be at Cape Town; and what a lot we shall have to hear there! You will know everything all this time—we poor children on the sea know nothing. Would to God we were to hear something good after all the bad tidings we got at St. Vincent! But I fear that's too good to be true. It is only a miracle that could have saved Sir George White, and the days of miracles have passed away. The old mare up to date is very well. . . . I wonder what Sir Redvers

Buller is doing. Sir William Gatacre and the two other Divisional Generals should be arriving to-morrow at Cape Town—some four days before us, and they all will have, I take it, a Grand Council of War.

'From the accounts we got we heard nothing about the Boer losses; if they have been heavy, that might save the situation. I have been so comfortable on board the ship, and I have kept my spirits up towards outsiders; yet I have been very down in my luck, and so have you at home, I fear. . . .

'I expect the Radicals will be crowing over our misfortunes. Isn't it sad that our country should be like that, when we are fighting their battles?'

'SS. "AURANIA," *November 9th*, 1899.

'The ship is steaming full speed ahead against a gale of wind, and she is tossing about like anything, but she is going at a great rate; but it is difficult indeed to write, and the cabin is very stuffy. Well, the day after to-morrow (early) is the wind up of this long voyage, and we shall know what you know when I am writing this letter as to what has happened in these last ten days. I cannot hope for any good news, so I shall not be disappointed at whatever we may hear. I shall be rejoiced to hear that Mafeking and Kimberley are still holding out. I shall be rejoiced to hear that the Dutch in Cape Colony have not risen. My great hope is that by some miracle the telegrams we received at St. Vincent have been exaggerated. These hopes are based, I fear, on no solid foundation—on the contrary, I expect to hear the worst.

'This is a splendid ship, and we have had a most prosperous journey. If by good luck we are sent to Port Elizabeth it will show that things are not so bad.

'I am not going to read any papers until we have things pretty right again.'

'SS. "AURANIA," *November 10th*, 1899.

'Well, to-morrow we are to reach Cape Town, so the end of this voyage is drawing to a close. It has been blowing

all day, and great seas have been against us; and yet this great ship has ploughed its way at a great speed. We shall soon hear all, and, as I said before, I am prepared to hear the worst—it seems to me that it is nothing but a miracle which can save the situation for the time. Of course the result in the long-run can only be in one direction, viz. the complete conquest of the South African Republic; and perhaps in the long-run it will have been all for the best. And also it is possible, and more than possible, that, when the big army gets under weigh, our task may prove to be easier than we can think will be the case at present. I have the most unbounded confidence in our superiors, especially Buller. Would that he had been on the ground sooner. He has a most capable staff. Now, what is likely to happen to me to-morrow? Well, time alone can prove; but I think there are three chances for me.

'1. To land at Cape Town and go to the Orange River at the junction.

'2. To go to Natal.

'3. To go to Port Elizabeth, which is the original idea. I would much prefer No. 3. It would enable the brigade to see each other and get together, and enable us to equip our transport. But the exigencies of the moment will have to be considered, and what they may be God alone knows as far as this ship is concerned and all on board of it.

'Three weeks to-day we were in London—how strange it all seems!'

At 10 A.M. on November 11th, the *Aurania* reached Cape Town. The news which met him there must have come as a great relief to Wauchope's worst fears: Kimberley and Mafeking still stood; there had been no rising of Cape Dutch. He also learnt that the original idea for his employment had been altered (as had all along been probable), his present orders being to serve in Lord Methuen's (the Western) Column

for the relief of Kimberley—the Highland and Guards' Brigades in the meantime to concentrate at De Aar, the junction of the Port Elizabeth and Cape Town railways. But let him tell his own story.

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'ss. "Aurania," *November 11th*, 1899,
(at Cape Town) *Saturday.*

'This has been a busy day indeed. The situation is not so bad, but it is bad enough. I go to the De Aar Station immediately. It is towards the Orange River but not on it. I am to be under Lord Methuen, and with the Guards. We are to be employed in the relief of Kimberley. I do hope I may do my duty in a manner worthy of you and myself. Our difficulties are great and we have a determined foe against us, who seems to be using his opportunities with marked skill and effect. My thought outside all this is of you. . . .'

After an interview with Sir Redvers Buller, the General started for De Aar, where he arrived at 3 P.M. on November 13th, and took up his quarters in a newly-formed camp. The journey thither had been through a sandy, desolate country, interspersed with hills and overgrown with scrub, which in some of its main features recalled the Soudan. Next day he proceeded to Orange River Station to meet Lord Methuen, by whom it was decided that, for the present, the Highland Brigade should be employed on the lines of communication—two battalions being stationed at De Aar and two at Orange River—whilst the Guards and 9th Brigade (which had already been for some time on the spot) should pro-

ceed to the relief of Kimberley. On his return to De Aar, a remarkable demonstration awaited him. The Second Battalion of his old regiment had reached Table Bay two or three days after his own arrival there, and had followed him up country. The first sight of their old Commanding Officer was the signal to the men for a demonstration of their love for him, recalling that which had been witnessed at Strensall, eighteen months before, when he last took leave of them. They happened to be at dinner when he came in sight; but as on the former occasion they had left their sleep, so now they left their food to do him honour. Cheer after cheer went up to greet him, and there must certainly have been something particularly pleasing to the General in a welcome which told so eloquently that he was not forgotten by those whom he had served so well. It doubtless raised his spirits as almost nothing else could have done.

The period which followed was one of extremely hard and trying work, during which he was mainly occupied in getting together transport and supply. The difficulties encountered in respect to carts and horses were great, whilst the prevailing pressure and confusion complicated his task. On November 18th he carried out an order to re-occupy Naauwpoort. Next day he superintended the repair of a railway-bridge two miles from De Aar which had been damaged by dynamite. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders arrived at De Aar, and were followed on the morrow by the Seaforths. On the 20th the General went to Orange River, whence on the 22nd he writes as follows:—

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'Orange River, *November 22nd*, 1899.

'My life since I wrote last has been a continuous worry. I will wire to say how well I am, which is a fact. I have been one week at De Aar and half a week here. Long ere this you will know what has occurred in so far as the Methuen column is concerned. I hope all will go well with them, though I must say I have my misgivings. There has been such a tremendous rush and everybody has been in such a hurry that I cannot help feeling queer. How I hope all may go right, and that soon Kimberley may be relieved and all be well with us! I am here trying to work things up at this station. I have a big job in hand. I am never with my Brigade, but, on the contrary, am arranging about supplies and everything of that kind.

'I find this climate so healthy, and it is a real good place for the men—they enjoy themselves highly, but, poor fellows, a lot of them don't quite know what is before them. I was interrupted by two messengers just come from Kimberley; they report that it is all right yet. I am worked off my legs. . . . Well, important events are now before us, there can be no question of that. I am afraid things are in a confused condition—the whole plan of the army was changed, and it has resulted in a complete jumble up.

'I have the Brigade all over the place, spread over 130 miles of ground. I have so few.

'The Coldstream Guards are now going to start—I must see them off; the station will be much less overcrowded then, and there will be more breathing-space.

'The Regt. and departments have got split up, got into a lot of different detachments almost impossible to get together again. I am thinking always of you . . . and if it pleases God Almighty to bring us together again, there is nothing will ever make me leave you.'

On November 23rd the battle of Belmont was fought by Methu[illegible] On the 24th Wauchope writes:—

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'Orange River, *November 24th*, 1899.

'News just in that Methuen met the enemy about 16 or 17 miles from this, attacked the Boers at Belmont, and I am afraid has met with heavy losses, which will be difficult for him. You will have heard all about it, and long before this you will know whether I am in the land of the living or not. . . . The next five or six weeks will be terrible times, I expect. Well, you must be brave and face it. I know that for my sake you will do exactly as I have been doing . . . and you will live for duty. . . . I shall not have any time for writing. To the last I shall think of you, and I will not forget my dear sisters. . . . Of course things may improve greatly in a way which seems to me absolutely impossible.

'Here we are hundreds and hundreds of miles inland, away from our lines of communication.

'The exact news of what has, or has not, happened has not yet come in. I fear that, in so far as to-day's fight is concerned, from what I hear, and that by men on our side, they could not be more annoying; for though we have gained the heights, we have done so at very serious loss, and that on the first day. I don't know that they can send up many more troops—I believe they are not in the country. The mobility of the force is not so great, as we have depended entirely on the line of railway. Well, I shall hear more to-night.'

The diarist now chronicles the coming in of Boer prisoners, and of hospital trains bearing wounded. The reports of the battle are still various and conflicting.

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'*November 25th*, 1899.

'. . . This station is full of wounded, and at any moment we may hear of another lot coming in. It is a fortnight since we landed; it seems a perfect age. It looks like a hundred years since I left you. . . .

'I am going to have a parade of the troops at 3 P.M. I fear they will find it very hot, but it can't be helped. It is five weeks to-day since I left Southampton. . . .

'I can see by the papers that every one is very much shocked at home, and well they may be. It is the foolish spirit of belittling our enemies that is at the bottom of all our troubles. I am afraid the Government will get into hot water; it isn't really their fault so much as the system which enables the politician to try and not give way to the advice of the soldier. Curious how little one hears in a place like this—you will know everything that is going on and I absolutely nothing. Our horses are turning out very well, and I think will prove to be a very useful lot.

'As for me, I am in the most perfect health, as every one is here, for the climate is as near perfection as anything can be in this world. The wounded heal in a perfectly marvellous way.'

On November 25th Methuen fought the battle of Enslin, otherwise Graspan.

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'Orange River, *November 26th*, 1899.

'This morning I got a wire from Lord Methuen that I was to join him with the Highland Brigade at once. So we got ready; and then came a wire contradicting the whole thing, but that two Highland regiments are to go to him. They fought a desperate battle yesterday, and I fear lost heavily; but I have not heard the particulars, nor have I heard how the fight went on. I think we are getting on in spite of all our losses. If we could only get a good crack at them. There are some three or four hundred wounded coming in by a train this afternoon, and they should bring us news. [illegible]d Methuen is two miles on the further side of t[illegible]iver, and if that be so we are getting on. The[illegible]nberley up to now must have taken 900 men [illegible] wounded. I hope you got my wire yesterday

'It is now five weeks yesterday since I left you. . . .

'I expect Methuen will halt on the Modder for some days before pushing forward. He has had a hard time of it, and must be a real gallant soul, and he does shove along. It is wonderful how well the men are behaving, and how fearless and brave they are—nothing could surpass their bravery. Well, war is a horrible thing—especially a war like this, which in many ways has the characteristics of a civil war.

'The Boers are no doubt a brave lot, and they are determined to go on to the bitter end. I see that there is every prospect of an advance towards Ladysmith—what a blessing it would be if the place could be relieved. I am awfully lucky in having the P.M.O. up here that was at York, and I do not know what we should have done without him with all this heap of wounded coming in day after day. . . .

'The mare is looking as well as possible, and enjoys herself—she seems to like the sun, which is plenty about here.'

On the evening of November 26th a report was brought into camp that Boers had been seen on the railway between Belmont and Witte Putts, but on investigation it led to nothing. Occasionally a despath-rider came in from Kimberley. Meantime wounded and prisoners were passing down the line, and fresh troops were passing up it. The equipment of the latter was at times a work of great labour. On the 27th the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and four guns of the 62nd Battery left Orange River for the front.

To Mrs. Wauchope.

'Orange River, *November 28th*, 1899.

'I have been round the whole station with young A. G. W. [Captain Wauchope, D.S.O., Black Watch, his galloper], and I feel much more comfortable. As for my health, it never

was better, and they will all tell you so. I fear the stream of wounded which Methuen is sending down must have a very weakening effect on him. I get up at 4 A.M., and Goddard [his soldier servant] brings me some very hot tea, and then we go out for a ride round the different posts, and then back to the Headquarters Office to wait for telegrams coming in, but which I have not been getting the last 12 hours, I don't know why. Well, you will know all about it long ere this—that's always a comfort to me. . . . Then there is a refreshment kind of hotel at the station here, and I go to have breakfast there at 7.30 A.M., and then it is just the same thing over and over again. Well, of course there is a good chance of my being back with you . . . fancy being at dear old Niddrie once more. . . . The Boer prisoners we do take are not at all a bad-looking lot, and I think are deeply grateful for the kindness shown to them—we treat them just the same as our wounded, so we couldn't do more, could we? Our men are all very well. The Black Watch have just come in to this station, at least half of them—the other half being left at a place called Naauwpoort. All are in the very best of health. It cheers one greatly to see them. The 71st H.L.I. are leaving for Modder River where Lord Methuen is, and the Argyll and Sutherlands are going also. I will wire you to-day saying I am in perfect health and strength. . . .

'Just received orders to proceed to Modder River, there to join Methuen, with the Highland Brigade, and you may be sure that we shall be in the thick of it. But long ere this reaches you, it will be known to you what has happened. . . . It seems so curious to be writing in this strain . . . but there it is. I know we have a very severe task before us before we reach Kimberley, that is sure, and we are so very far away, and our lines of communication desperately long—but there it is, one must fight it out, and God Almighty give us the victory. We are in the right, that is sure. We shall have great hardships to encounter. The marches will not be very long, but the weather is hot. The enemy have entrenched themselves with great vigour and skill, and will be fighting behind cover, while we shall be in the open; but there it

is, such must be done. I proceed by route march to-morrow.

'Yes, it is so sad how absolutely we have under-estimated the Boer power. Well, I fear it will be a long business—the great mistake we have made is this: not to exercise our men together, say at Salisbury Plain, in this kind of fighting.

'I feel that we ought not to have come up for relief of Kimberley just now—it is too far, and our lines of communication too slender.'

November 28th was the date of Lord Methuen's battle at the Modder River; but the news was not received at Orange River Station until the day following, its reception being presently followed by the arrival of trains bearing wounded. On the 28th half of the Highland Light Infantry and some Cape Artillery had left Orange River for the front. On December 1st, Boers having been again reported in that neighbourhood, four Companies of the Seaforths were despatched to reinforce Witte Putts, and the General went there in person. But, as before, the Boers had disappeared. On his return to Orange River, the General received his orders to proceed to the front.

On December 2nd the Gordons arrived at Orange River, whence on the same day half the Black Watch started to march to Modder River, the remaining half proceeding thither from Naauwpoort by train. On December 3rd the Seaforths started on their march to the front, the General catching them up at Witte Putts. On the 4th the march was continued to Van der Wyck's Farm, two miles beyond Belmont; on the 5th to Enslin; and on the 6th to Honeynest Kloof. The

'going' is described as bad in places, yet the men accomplished about two and three-quarter miles an hour. The weather by day was hot, and by night cold in proportion.

To Mrs. Wauchope.

"Honeynest Kloof, near Modder River,
"*December 6th*, 1899.

'Well, here we are, and to-morrow will find us at Modder River, within 22 or 23 miles of Kimberley—the three days' march which we have had having not been at all unpleasant. To-day has been nice and quiet—it is the lull before the storm. We have just had such a nice tea—Rennie, A. G. W., and self—tea and raspberry jam and biscuits in a nice Dutchman's garden.

'We have been with the Seaforths. I like them very much. To-morrow at Modder River the whole Highland Brigade will be concentrated.

'The fight will be a stubborn one, and I think our difficulties will be very great. The mare is doing very well, she is eating well and is really very fresh. I like the idea of your coming out very much indeed. . . . Of course distances are very great, and for a good bit you would have the greatest difficulty in getting up by the train, so perhaps I am too hopeful. . . . I fear it must be a very long time ere troops can leave the Colony, even supposing things to go extremely well for us. It was so nice of the Parish Council asking me to hang on. Have you seen Mr. Burnett lately?[1] How is Bobby Martin?[2] he will be very interested.'

Having ridden on ahead of the accompanying force, Wauchope and his A.D.C. had arrived at Honeynest Kloof at about 5 A.M. They found a squadron of the 12th Lancers just moving off. The Black Watch had

[1] Minister of Liberton. [2] Colliery Manager, Niddrie.

started about three-quarters of an hour earlier. And here I may take up the words of the diarist:

'Station-house and store had been looted by the Boers, and everything destroyed. Water scarce: one well, but low. So we decided, after watering the Seaforths on arrival, to go on to Wittkop's Farm (where water was reported plentiful) three miles NE. of Honeynest Kloof. On arrival there—we rode on ahead again—found one well, but no bucket or windlass, and a large dam. Water looked very dirty, but was tasteless. Arranged to water men on one side and mules on the other. One or two small farmsteads in the neighbourhood—everything looted and broken. Some stray Government horses and mules about three miles off. Seaforths arrived in camp about 8.45 A.M. Quiet day afterwards. Vague rumours of an action at Ladysmith in which Boers are supposed to have lost heavily. We move on to Modder River (estimated distance eight miles) to-morrow. Track from Enslin to Honeynest Kloof fairly hard and good.

'*December 7th.* Marched off 4 A.M. with Seaforths, arrived Modder River about 7 A.M. No sooner had we arrived than we heard that the Boers had been shelling Enslin since early in the morning.[1] The Seaforths were ordered to proceed there at once by train, the 12th Lancers and 62nd Battery by march. The last two started at once. We (General went in command) got off by 10 A.M., but owing to block on line only arrived Enslin 1.20 P.M. Found the Boers had fired about seventy shells at the place. We

[1] This refers to an abortive attempt by Commandant Prinsloo to cut the British line of communications.

extended the Seaforths and went out about a mile, but only to see the Boers take their departure about 2000 yards off. Guns and cavalry had practically driven them away before our arrival. Reported strength 1000—from Jacobsdaal, and believe they retired there. They did a good deal of damage to line between Enslin and Belmont. Our casualties: wounded, eleven Northamptons, two Lancers, one guide. Remained Enslin the night.

'*December 8th.* Armoured train arrived with breakdowns going from Modder. We left half battalion Seaforths at Enslin, two guns and one squadron, and sent remaining guns and cavalry to Modder, returning there ourselves with the other half Seaforths. Started 10 A.M., arrived Modder River 2 P.M. Encamped N. side of river. Bridge now up for train to cross. Pretty well tired out.'

On December 9th the diarist records: 'Cavalry and Naval Brigade made a reconnaissance this morning. Howitzer Battery arrived, and line was repaired south of Enslin. Rumours of an intended advance to-morrow.' It is perhaps to this day that belongs a letter addressed to Mrs. Wauchope which is dated merely December 1899, and which terminates with the words: 'You are ever in my thoughts, and will continue so to be to my last hour.' This was the last letter received from the General. The next day was Sunday—the day preceding the advance on Magersfontein. But before proceeding to describe that final scene, it is desirab[illegible] to review the present position of affairs [illegible] Lord Methuen's column and the events [illegible]d up to that position.

The object of that column is stated in Lord Methuen's evidence before the War Commission[1] as being 'to relieve Kimberley, throw in a large supply of provisions, clear out the non-combatants (elsewhere estimated at about 11,000 in number), and return to Orange River'; and his movements to this end were to be made 'with as great celerity as possible, because Kimberley seemed to be in straits according to Mr. Rhodes, and because there was the danger of reinforcements coming from Natal to the enemy' as soon as Methuen's advance should be known.

In proceeding to carry out the above instructions, General Lord Methuen had fought, in rapid succession, the battles of Belmont, Enslin, and Modder River (November 23rd, 25th, and 28th), in all of which his tactics had been similar—a direct frontal attack on a resolute foe—and in each of which his victory had been dearly bought. Belmont, 'originally planned with some tactical skill, had become, through no special fault of any one concerned, a soldier's battle';[2] Enslin was chiefly memorable for the valour displayed by the Naval Brigade in storming the enemy's position, and these battles had resembled each other in so far that in either case the Boers had been dislodged from points of vantage on high ground.

The comparative ease with which they had been driven from these positions, coupled with the unexpected heaviness of their casualty-lists, had by now gone far to dispirit the losing side, and prisoners in conversation with their captors were already pro-

[1] *Minutes of Evidence*, vol. ii. pp. 119 *et seq.*
[2] *The 'Times' History of the War*, vol. ii. p. 332.

fessing themselves sick of the war. But at that juncture the command of this portion of the Boer army passed practically into new hands, and those the hands of one who united ardent determination with a high military genius. Quickly turning to account the lessons of experience, General De la Rey had grasped the fact that the tactics hitherto pursued had been at fault, that (as had been shown as long ago as at Majuba) high ground was not by any means a necessary or unqualified source of strength, and that for troops armed with modern rifles a horizontal fire was likely to be far more effective than one proceeding from above. The immediate result of these deductions was seen in the Boer ambush in the bed of the Modder River, with the deadly consequences of its fire upon our troops surprised in their advance. Except that the later surprise came in the darkness, instead of by daylight, the situation was very similar to the commencement of the coming battle of Magersfontein, which it may be said to have foreshadowed. Only in the second case the Boers had shown the additional subtlety of occupying a low-ground position in immediate proximity to a kopje—thus securing, in addition to a horizontal fire, the further advantage of hoodwinking our commanders as to their real whereabouts. Doubtless ere now the Boers had learnt that in the matter of reconnaissance they had little to fear from Methuen. He has himself stated[1] that 'with modern weapons, firing 2000 yards, to reconnoitre over a perfectly flat plain and give any good reconnaissance report is an impossibility.' Yet this hardly

[1] *Minutes of Evidence*, Question 14, 355.

avails to justify his neglect to use the balloon, which had reached him by December 7th, for reconnaissance purposes. (It was not used until December 11th, when the battle was in full swing.) Nor is it conceivable, scientifically though their trenches were contrived, that the activity of the Boers now occupied in forming them could thus have escaped observation. At any rate it was upon this chance that the preventibility of the approaching disaster depended. These, then, were the circumstances amid which Wauchope came forward to take a leading part in the advance on Kimberley, though of course these circumstances were not then realised with the same fulness and clearness as now. Arriving as he did on the afternoon of December 8th, it was natural that he should expect to reap the benefit of the knowledge of the surrounding country which had been acquired by those who had been for ten days on the spot. But that knowledge, as we have seen, was *nil*. The reconnaissance of December 9th does not seem to have augmented it, whilst the following day was lost through Lord Methuen's indecision. But, had time been allowed him, it is impossible not to believe that Wauchope would have made good this defect. For, great as was his personal daring, it is agreed by those who knew him best that, where men were to be led, his caution was not less.

To return now to the narrative. On December 10th the General had an interview with Lord Methuen, now sufficiently recovered from his wound received at the Modder to have resumed the chief command. As to this interview wild stories have been freely circu-

lated, of which it is enough to say that they may be dismissed as resting on no evidence whatever. They form, in fact, a part of that crop of legend of which I have already spoken as having grown up with astonishing rapidity around the fallen General's name. At the same time there is good ground for believing that he had not now that full confidence in his superior officer's soldiership which had been his pride on former occasions, and which in military service is so great a source of pleasure and of inspiration. It may seem harsh to say it of a gallant soldier, but a very moderate knowledge of the state of matters which had preceded the battle of the Modder, or of Methuen's supineness since that battle, would have gone far to justify the said lack of confidence. Wauchope, however, was too staunch and too well-trained a soldier to allow to this feeling more than its due weight. He received his orders, making a jotting of them in a little pocket-book which lies before me as I write.

It would appear that, as at the Modder, almost up to the very last, Methuen's frame of mind had been one of indecision as to the plan of advance to be adopted. He had before him the choice between a flanking movement and a frontal attack, and the fact that as late as 3 P.M. the force at his disposal was paraded with five days' provisions seems clearly to indicate that at that hour he inclined to the former alternative. At the last other counsels prevailed, and the aft[illegible]arade resolved itself into a demonstration [illegible]e enemy. Even then, in the opinion of *T*[illegible]torian,[1] had Wauchope been left to

[1] Vol. ii. p. 394.

himself he would have seized the ridge which formed the extremity of the enemy's position on the left, and which, owing to the tardiness with which the Boer plans had been formed, was weakly manned and imperfectly entrenched. The result of this movement would have been, in the said historian's opinion, the evacuation of Magersfontein. But Wauchope was recalled, and the night attack determined on.

It was during the afternoon's evolutions that he was seen for the last time by one of his former brother-officers, who has thus described the occasion: —'The last time I saw General Wauchope he was riding on our right, parallel with our advanced companies, about 4.30 P.M. on December 10th. We were moving in battle formation against the left of the Boer position. We were the leading regiment, and before extending my Company, and while the movement was being carried out, General Wauchope sat on his horse by my side and gave me his instructions just as he had done many and many a time before on a Field Day. That was the last time I was near General Wauchope, and I shall never forget his face on that occasion—so calm and yet so keen. Afterwards he rode on our right until we were ordered to retire at dusk by Lord Methuen.' The same correspondent adds some interesting particulars as to the General's activity during the preceding period, his assiduity in going round outposts, and his habit of being in the saddle at daybreak.

From the letter of a second correspondent who was with him at this time I quote the following striking and significant statement:—'On the occasions when I

remember him exercising the troops in his brigade, he worked at an extension of five to ten paces: this sounds natural now—it was not so in 1899.'

On Saturday, December 9th, a few trial shells had been discharged at the Boer position. On the Sunday afternoon the whole of Methuen's available artillery was paraded with the rest of the force at 2 P.M. At 3 P.M. a bombardment of the Boer position was commenced, which was maintained for over three hours, until dusk. Shortly before that time, and presumably with the intention of drawing the enemy's fire, some of Wauchope's infantry were extended and demonstrated towards the enemy's position, but elicited no response. The bombardment was intended, of course, to prepare the way for the night attack, a great moral effect being anticipated by Lord Methuen from such a furious cannonade. But, as ill-luck would have it, the moral effect was entirely in the other direction. To quote the words of a not altogether unfriendly critic,[1] 'not a stone, not a bush was left unscathed; all were smashed to pieces, but not a single Boer was killed.' Entirely out of harm's way in their trenches a hundred or two yards in advance of the base of the hill, they had time to grow accustomed to the fire which passed over their heads and to learn to despise it. More than this, it served the to them useful purpose of giving intimation of the coming attack.

The e[illegible] of chance, which had ruled in the matter [illegible] alloon, had a large part in the approa[illegible] dy, and even now it was active. For ex[illegible] t the shelling was in process, one

[1] [illegible] *Experiences of the Boer War*, p. 120.

or two shells had fallen short of the hill which was their target. These were observed to raise a dust of a peculiar kind, from which a Colour-Sergeant of the Black Watch drew his own inference, remarking, 'There must be trenches there.' His conclusion was but too correct, yet it so happened that his observation failed to reach the proper quarter. Similarly, about the same time, one of Rimington's Guides is stated to have come into camp reporting that the Boers had deserted the hills, and betaken themselves to the plain in front. This information also was allowed to pass unattended to. So day passed into night.

Methuen's plan for the attack was that the Highland Brigade—the freshest of his troops—should march for Magersfontein at 12.30 midnight, should reach the hill at its south-east point or salient just before daybreak, and should rush it in extended order as the Guards had rushed Belmont; and with this view he had now disposed the rest of his troops—the Ninth Brigade being broken up to act as a reserve, and the Guards receiving their instructions for supporting the Highlanders. In the meantime the Highland Brigade—consisting of the Black Watch, Seaforths, Argylls, and Highland Light Infantry—was bivouacked in rear of a rising ground which had been christened Headquarters Hill, which immediately confronted Magersfontein Hill, and was distant from it by the line of march to be followed about two miles and a half. With the Highlanders were most of the Cavalry, to whom was to be assigned the task of covering their right flank. Having rushed the hill, it was Methuen's intention to entrench and hold it with a part of the

attacking force whilst the remainder should push on in the direction of Kimberley, and the consideration which had led him to prefer this attack to a turning-movement was the fact that the latter would necessitate the rupture of his communications.[1] He has been severely criticised, not only on this ground, but for incurring the risks inseparable from a night attack. At the same time it is only fair to add that, up to the present time, a collation of the dicta of his 'expert' critics does not reveal an absolute consensus of opinion.

We have already seen that, in regard to the plan of attack, Wauchope differed from his commander. But it may be assumed that, in conformity with Army tradition and his own training and character, he would forbear to press his objections. 'His not to reason why.' When at the last unfavourable weather caused it to be suggested that the enterprise might be deferred, he is said to have declared himself against this proposal. Since the night march and frontal attack had been decided on, let them be carried out forthwith, and in the face of obstacles. It is even possible that, given Lord Methuen's tactics, Wauchope recognised in storm and darkness elements not wholly unfavourable to a night march leading up to a surprise.

[1] His o… as follows:—'Without wishing to rake up more than I c… sputed question as to whether or no my force should h… nd the enemy's left flank, I consider that such a mover… s it did quitting my line of communications, leaving … of which Magersfontein formed the key in the enemy's … e been unjustifiably hazardous. My reason for saying … force was not sufficiently mobile, nor was my mounte… by one cavalry regiment, adequate.'—*Minutes of Evid…* 69.

Some details as to these the last hours of Wauchope's life have been gathered from his servant, Goddard, a reservist who, having previously served him, had re-entered his service on rejoining the colours at the outbreak of the war. According to the testimony of this witness, as also to that of the civilian groom Jobson, the General's manner was cheery to the last. Only he had been somewhat perturbed during the day by the loss of a belt, with knife and compass attached, which had been the gift of Mrs. Wauchope. He had also, as it happened, met with an accident to his sword, which prevented his carrying it in leading the attack. He carried instead his old regimental claymore. After returning to the bivouac from his interview with Lord Methuen, he was served by Goddard with some beef sandwiches, and he then lay down in his blanket-sack in the open to snatch some rest before starting on the march. Since his landing in South Africa it had been his custom to sleep without removing his clothes.

It was rather more than half an hour after midnight when the Highland Brigade moved off. The story of its advance on Magersfontein has been told too often to require detailed recapitulation. From the first the luck was against it. The weather, which had before been unfavourable, had now grown worse: a thunderstorm broke, and a continuous downpour of rain descended. This was accompanied by pitchy darkness. The Brigade advanced in the only formation which under the given conditions was possible—that of mass of quarter columns—company behind company in close order. Even so, and with the

additional precaution of guide-ropes, the preservation of the formation was difficult, and many men became detached from their companies. What materially added to the difficulty of the advance was the nature of the ground—encumbered with boulders, overgrown with prickly brush, and now reduced by the rain to mud. Again, the compasses held by Major Benson, R.A., the staff-officer who acted as Wauchope's guide, were repeatedly falsified by the electricity in the air, the ironstone rocks, the proximity of the rifles. All this caused delay, of which there is clear proof that Wauchope fully realised the danger. Under the circumstances the wonder is that the Brigade should have succeeded in reaching its destination. Before starting Wauchope had explained his plan to his Staff and Commanding Officers. It was briefly as follows:—To approach Magersfontein Hill and deploy under cover of darkness, and, lying down, to wait till there should be light enough to advance. Wauchope's intention then was to 'envelope' the hill, getting well round the eastern side of it—the Black Watch being on the right, the Seaforths in the centre, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders on the left, and each of these battalions having ultimately two companies in front, two in support, and four in reserve. The Highland Light Infantry was to be kept back to act as a general reserve. This plan, as things turned out, the delay above referred to must of itself have sufficed to modify.

The bearings given at starting had been forty-five degrees for 1000 yards, and then thirty-two degrees on to Magersfontein Hill. When the column had

been for over three hours on the march, an occasional lightning-flash showed the outline of Magersfontein Hill looming indistinctly ahead. But with the experience of Tel-el-Kebir probably present to his mind, the General decided to gain a few more yards before deploying. It must be remembered that he was still more than 700 yards from the foot of the hill, and that the existence of the trenches which ran out into the plain before it was entirely unknown to him. At this juncture a further delay was occasioned by the impingement of the leading battalion, the Black Watch, on a particularly dense mass of bush, whilst in order to get the entire column clear of this obstacle a further advance was necessary. Then Wauchope gave the order to deploy. And in doing so, he presumably recognised that the leading of Major Benson—admirable as, when all things are considered, it must be allowed to have been—had conducted him somewhat to the west of the 'salient' of Magersfontein, the point at which he had aimed. For, instead of, as previously arranged, directing that both the Seaforths and Argylls should deploy to the left of the Black Watch, he now ordered that one of these battalions should deploy on either side of the leading battalion. By this means he sought to correct a deviation which, as it turned out, was to have serious results—though these could not have been foreseen—for it led the column right on to the strongest part of the Boer trenches.

There are various stories current as to the means by which the Boers were informed that the British were approaching. It is said, for instance, that the

waving of a light from the left of the column gave the necessary warning. By whom it was waved, or how the waver escaped detection, is not stated. Other stories speak of a signal by lanterns from a farm-house near the point of departure, and of a sentry posted in front of the trenches. By one means or another there could be little difficulty about making the intimation, and it is known that throughout the night the Boer officers were active in the trenches keeping their men on the alert to meet the expected advance.

The deployment was proceeding, and had reached the leading companies of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—so that in a few minutes more the whole Brigade would have been ready for the attack—when, without warning, from the trenches in front, to right and left, and from the hillside above, a converging fire was poured in by the enemy. The surprise was complete, the Brigade was caught at a terrible disadvantage. It has been stated elsewhere that the one redeeming feature in the circumstances was that the Boers had not fully realised the closeness of their enemies, and hence much of their fire went too high. This was, however, scarcely the case; much of the aiming was of deadly precision, whilst numerous bullets also struck the ground in front of the leading battalion. Instantly grasping what had taken place, the General gave the word to charge. But the intensity of the fire made an advance impossible. The leading battalion, however, completed the deployment as if on parade, the only confusion which occurred being due to some of the companies becoming entangled in a barbed wire fence.

When the fire broke out Wauchope was standing a little in advance of the column, with Major Benson, who had acted as his guide, Captain Cumming-Bruce of the Black Watch, who had been assisting Benson and one of his own A.D.C.'s, his kinsman, Lieutenant A. G. Wauchope of the same regiment. With the same calmness which had characterised him on parade that afternoon, he now advanced straight ahead, and then a little to the left. The bullets were flying thick and fast, and as he advanced he half turned to Lieutenant Wauchope and repeated twice the words, 'This *is* fighting.' The object of his present movement was to reconnoitre the Boer position. Before him, to his right front, there was a considerable gap in the line of fire—this being the point at which Captain MacFarlan of the Black Watch succeeded later in passing the enemy's lines. Quickly seizing this fact, the General turned to his A.D.C. and said, 'A. G., do you go back and bring up reinforcements to the right of A company.' To prevent mistakes, the young officer repeated the order, and then hastened back to execute it. On his return to the front, of the three figures he had left there but one remained standing. Wauchope had been shot by two bullets, of which one entered the groin, the other furrowing the temple. When his body was found next day by Captain Rennie of the Black Watch, the legs were slightly gathered up, as would be caused by the muscular contraction following the wound in the groin. This would appear to indicate that death had been swift if not instantaneous.

A story, which is believed by the rank and file throughout both battalions of his old regiment, though

the writer has sought in vain for evidence on which to base it, would assign to his dying moments the words, 'Don't blame me for this, lads!' It will be seen that this speech is capable of widely different interpretations, according as the emphasis is laid on the second or third word of the sentence. For, by emphasising the 'me,' what is otherwise a mere reference to the proverbial fortune of war assumes the character of a reflection on some other person or persons. In the nature of things there is nothing unlikely in Wauchope's having used these words in the first sense, though, as I have said, beyond the vaguest hearsay, there is no evidence that he did so use them. That he would have used them in the second sense is to all who knew him incredible.

Thus, at the head of his troops, in the performance of his duty, died one of the bravest and truest soldiers, one of the most perfect characters, and one of the best-loved men of his time. He perished in the moment of disaster, but for that disaster he was in no sense or degree responsible. A well-nigh impossible task—one which partook, indeed, of the nature of a forlorn hope—had been set him, and against this his better judgment had protested. But, having received his orders, he loyally did his best to carry them out. In one sense he was the martyr of circumstances, in another he died a death as noble as even his heart could have desired. The pity of the tragedy lies with ourselves—left to bewail the sacrifice of such lives as his to the lethargy or infatuation which seems almost inevitably to affect our military nature when it has become inured to peace. Twice

within living memory has this spectacle been witnessed, and it is scarcely too much to declare that the blessings of peace are dearly purchased at the cost of it. For the future there is better hope, and it is largely due to Wauchope and to those who fell with him that this can even now be said.

To describe in detail the battle which followed the General's death does not fall within the scope of this book. Suffice it to say that his last order was promptly obeyed—such officers of the Black Watch as had not been placed *hors de combat* doubling forward their men to the right of the companies already extended, where they were joined by the Seaforth Highlanders. Thence, in the face of a deadly fire, they pushed forward, surmounting obstacles which had been placed in their way, so that, within twenty minutes of the first surprise, several hundred men of the two battalions had made their way into the gap which had been espied by Wauchope on the right of the Boer central trench, and in this manner had reached the foot of the hill. One little party under Captain MacFarlan of the Black Watch rushed straight up; another party penetrated to the reverse side and began to ascend there. So, for a time, it looked as if the fortune of Otterburn were about to be renewed, and 'a dead man would win a field.' But death had been too prompt for that—Wauchope's controlling mind, which, had he been spared for half an hour longer, might well have guided his men to victory, was too sorely missed; and despite the noblest gallantry displayed by the Highlanders, the temporary advantage had to be forgone. Many

there must have been in these earlier stages of the fight who looked anxiously for their loved and trusted leader. Later on it was reported that he had been carried wounded to the rear. After that the heat and burden of the day were still to be endured—when, through many hours of thirst and famishing, exposed to burning sun and murderous rifle-fire, despite the failure of Lord Methuen to support them, the troops still clung with heroic tenacity to their position.[1]

But for ourselves the story is already told. On the Tuesday the General's body was discovered by his faithful aide-de-camp, Captain J. G. Rennie, within 200 yards of the Boer trenches, and that night, amid the mourning of a host, was solemnly interred. An eye-witness thus describes the ceremony:—

'Last night we buried poor General Wauchope, his Brigade giving him farewell honours. I shall never forget the scene. The body, wrapped in a soldier's blanket, was laid on a stretcher borne by four Highlanders of the Black Watch. Pipers from every regiment solemnly preceded it, playing a lament—in front of them the firing-party with arms reversed, and behind hundreds more, voluntary mourners, marching unarmed.

[1] Of the conduct of the troops the author of *The 'Times' History of the War* writes as follows:—'Few accounts yet published have done sufficient justice either to the splendid courage with which the unshaken portions of the brigade sought to retrieve the initial disaster, or to the endurance of the rallied men who hung on practically unsupported for eight or nine hours in front of the trenches. It was during these gallant struggles and not in the original surprise that the heavy losses of the brigade, especially of the two leading battalions, were chiefly incurred.' In killed and wounded, the Highland Brigade lost 46 officers and 706 men, of which total 17 officers and 338 men belonged to the Black Watch.

'The procession passed close to the hospital, and quite a number of men with one arm hanging limp by their side raised the other to the salute as it passed.

'The service was taken by "Padre" Robertson, Chaplain to the Highland Brigade. At its close the sun was setting in the glorious beauty for which this country is famous, and we left "Andy" Wauchope, as most of his brigade had learned to call him, where he will lie peacefully enough when the tide of war has surged over his head.

'I have never met a man of whom it could be more truly said, "Every one who knew him loved him."'

Soon afterwards the body was removed to Matjesfontein, some 300 miles down the Cape Town railway, where it was interred in the private burial-ground of the Honourable J. D. Logan, a member of the Cape Legislative Council, and a native of that Scottish Border-land which had been Wauchope's foster-mother. An opinion which he had been heard to express when speaking of those who had died in battle abroad determined his representatives against bringing home his remains.

In the opening pages of this memoir some attempt was made to describe the grief with which Scotland mourned the fallen leader of the Highland Brigade. The historian of the war finds time to turn aside from the course of events to tell us that his death was 'felt by the whole nation as a personal bereavement'—adding that 'it was not only among his soldiers that "Andy" Wauchope's fearless courage and unwavering high principles had made him beloved, but wherever

men had enjoyed the privilege of knowing his grave dignity and uncondescending sympathy.' This is true and finely expressed—assuredly without exaggeration was it said at the time, that throughout the length and breadth of the land his loss was felt as that of no other Scottish soldier could have been.

The grief of those nearest to him remains sacred; that of his innumerable friends and admirers of every class and calling found the customary means of expression in letters of condolence, spoken and written eulogies, resolutions of public bodies, public memorials, and the like—all having their very real value and interest, but too numerous to be mentioned otherwise than collectively. One exceptional mark of respect paid to his memory by the Service to which he had given his life was a Special District Order, issued in Edinburgh three days after his death, which directed that officers in the Scottish District should wear mourning for him and those who fell with him. The Church of Scotland, of which he had been so staunch a supporter, was not behind the Army. In a tribute to his memory the General Assembly, after referring to the kindly and generous help received from him by the Church, recalls affectionately the cordial greeting with which he was at all times received when he entered the House, or took part in its proceedings, adding that 'his features always bright and beaming, the calm, unassuming demeanour with which he rose to address the Assembly, invariably commanded the attention of the House, whilst the clear, earnest words that came direct from his heart never failed to touch responsive chords in those who heard them.'

An adequate selection from the letters referring to him which were written shortly after his death would demand a volume to itself. They represent, as has been already indicated, the opinions of all sorts and conditions of men. Thus a minister of religion writes: 'There was something inspiring in the brave soldier being so ready to take his place in the ranks of Christ's followers, in the company bearing the banner of the Church of Scotland. When I saw him in the front I used to say to myself, "*Nec tamen consumebatur*"—there are strong men coming forward still. But I am sure there are very many who will think of the man himself, and will tell you, in phrases that must be like each other because they are true, that they never knew a man more simple and single, and straight and considerate and helpful—and above all truly religious.'

A University Professor adds: 'I keep thinking of those bright, happy days we had together at Loch Ness last summer (1899), when we had so much interesting talk; and of the many previous opportunities I have had of learning to admire his beautiful simplicity of character, that inflexible tenacity to what he thought right, and that unsparing, unselfish devotion to duty which made him the idol of his soldiers. How charmingly kind and sympathetic he could be to any one working under him my son experienced last summer. . . . I don't wonder that he was loved by all under him.'

A soldier, one who knew him as few others did, and is on other grounds well qualified to speak, writes at a later date demurring to the present writer's classi-

fication of Wauchope as *par excellence* a 'company' or 'regimental' officer. He was that, indeed, but, though as yet scarcely tried, he had in him the making of far more. 'He was late in his too short life,' writes this gentleman, 'in getting command of his regiment, and this was a great event to him, but only a stage in the career that he had in view. He cared for regimental details, and tolerated no slackness in himself or his subordinates, because the regiment is the unit of the service, on the perfection of which all depends. But his talk and his thoughts were of great commanders and their achievements. He studied strategy and not only tactics, and cared much for the strategy of Montrose's marvellous campaigns in the Highlands.' All remarks, says this writer, which might convey the impression of a contemplated retirement from the army were but the expression of a passing sentiment. 'He was cut out for a great commander, and realised this more and more during his last years.' The same correspondent alludes to the General as 'a man of "infinite wit, most excellent fancy,"—a side of his character which many of his friends hardly suspected. But the feeling that "all things are big with jest" was always present with him, and pulled him through his long and often lonely work in Mid-Lothian, and no doubt elsewhere.'

Finally, I append the estimate of his near neighbour and most intimate friend, Sir Charles Dalrymple, M.P., of New Hailes, published a few days after his death :— [1]

'The country has had many losses in the war in

[1] As a letter to *The Scotsman* of December 15th, 1899.

South Africa, and home after home has its own special sorrow. Apart altogether from the grievous loss to his home and his neighbourhood, the country has to lament, in the death of General Wauchope, the loss of a most distinguished soldier and citizen. His military career, with its services and distinctions, will be duly chronicled, and the mere narration of the varied scenes of duty through which he passed, beginning with a short service in the Navy, will remind his countrymen of what he had achieved. But it was the man himself—the man who loved and cared for his soldiers, the man who had a sympathetic heart for the miners who were his nearest neighbours, the man full of chivalrous devotion to his profession, but who counted no duty small that fell to him to perform—who will be mourned truly and for long, and who will be missed as few have ever been. He was the most modest and unassuming of men, and diffident of his own intellectual powers; but, with the gift of a natural forcibleness, and the grace of a transparent sincerity, he constantly strove to equip himself, by reading and study, for duties to which he was called. So it was that when he addressed his fellow-countrymen publicly he reached their hearts, and made a deep impression upon them. He was the most liberal-minded of politicians, keenly interested in social questions, absolutely free from narrowness or prejudice on any subject. That such a man should have been dubbed by a political name which, in those who uttered it, implied a suggestion of narrowness, was as ludicrous as it was inappropriate.

'He set himself, whenever he was permitted by

professional duty to remain for a while at home, to serve his Church and his country in every way that lay in his power. The sight of him was a stimulus to all that was good; the words that he spoke kindled enthusiasm in all who heard them. He loved Niddrie and Yetholm, and was never, I think, so happy as when he could dwell among his own people. The call of duty took him away over and over again, and if it had pleased God to spare him, he would have been welcomed back with even greater rejoicing than when he last returned from Omdurman.

'We shall not look upon his like again; but the thought and the recollection of him must stir all who knew him to a higher view and a more faithful discharge of duty. His country appreciated his services: the public press will do justice to him: comrades in arms will recount what he was to those with whom he served or who served under him.

'I have ventured, as his friend and neighbour, and fellow-worker in many causes, to offer out of a full heart a poor tribute to his memory. Thank God for him!'

Memorials to General Wauchope were erected soon after his death, by public subscription, at Niddrie village, in the Presbyterian church where he had worshipped at York, at Perth, and on the village-green at Yetholm. At the unveiling of the last-named, in presence of many of his old friends, a speaker summed up in the following words the chief points in the General's character and career:—

'We are met to perform an act of sacred import,—to consecrate, by means of a poor human symbol the

memory of one whom in life we loved and looked up to; whom, being dead, we mourn and would remember. And seldom, indeed, has this our Border-Land—the nursing-mother though she be of many good and true—seldom, indeed, has she had cause to mourn a name so pure and bright, a broken record gallant and untarnished, as the record and the name of Andrew Wauchope! Nay, not perhaps since Collingwood, great Nelson's friend, demitting only at the last his watchword "Duty," was consigned worn out with toil and battle to Northumbrian earth, has she bewailed a martial spirit of so fine a temper, a life so knightly gentle.

'To arms, and to the service of his country and his kind, he with a whole heart dedicated such gifts as are bestowed on few. To rehearse the tale of his campaigns is to recapitulate his country's wars of the last thirty years. Thus many skies and various climates knew, and many adventures, labours, accidents befell him, steadfast still in duty and unchangeable:—the miasmatic swamps before Kumasi, the thirsty Soudan, and the stony veldt; the piercing of a virgin jungle whilst exposed to onslaughts from insidious foes; the painful navigation of the Nile towards Khartoum, the discipline of Haussa troops, the reclamation of the lawless Cypriote; the victories of Amoaful, El Teb, and Kirbekan; the storming of Tel-el-Kebir, where sword in hand he was among the first to pass the enemy's defences; lastly, Omdurman, in which battle a timely movement of the brigade under his command is believed to have averted a reverse.

'Repeated were his hair-breadth 'scapes; in all but one of his campaigns he sustained wounds; after each his country, not ungrateful, recognised his services with distinctions, decorations. It is, indeed, a splendid record. And yet, to those who knew him, how little does that record tell of what is to be told! For to these I think that it will always be less what he *did* that made the man than what he *was*. I have touched but on his foreign service. Less brilliant possibly, but not less useful or less faithfully or ardently performed, were his daily duties with his regiment at home. For if there be one thing which strikes us as we read the story of his life even more than his daring gallantry, it is his care and kindness and sympathy for the men under his charge. He was indeed a heaven-born leader, and as such was recognised by those he led. More than this. A staunch adherent of Christianity, he manifested from the first that other courage to stand forth, when occasion asked it, and bear witness to the faith that was in him. He met at last a soldier's death, falling in the discharge of his orders, at the head of his gallant Highlanders, with face set towards the foe.—So have died many at their country's call,—surely attesting by their deaths their nobleness of race, freely discharging with their lives the debt they proudly own, forging upon an "anvil hot and hard" the iron chain of empire—that so the nation's destiny may be fulfilled, and out of strife at last rise brotherhood.

'Now, let the rest be silence. For who would vex, with light impertinence of praise, the deep and still emotion of this hour of memory? He stood above,

as he has passed beyond, our human estimate—blind, hasty, and imperfect as that is! Suffice it, then, that to one higher than ourselves — more gifted, more a man—we raise, here by the quiet hills where sometimes he dwelt, a frail memorial. Frail! and yet may it speak, in times to come, with no uncertain voice,—exhorting those, less favoured than ourselves, who have not known him to courage and true manliness, kindness and piety. For of those virtues, whilst he lived, the General shone a gracious incarnation and example.'

To these estimates the writer need add nothing. He is deeply conscious of the shortcomings of his book—of its failure to do justice to the man who for a while moved among us, his radiant nature scarce obscured behind this 'cloud and veil of Time.' These shortcomings, however, he cannot now hope to amend. In one sole item has his task been easy —it has demanded from him no reserve, necessitated neither compromise nor consideration of expediency. For Andrew Wauchope's was an open life, and gains all—loses nothing—from the daylight. If we must confine his character within the limit of a phrase or formula, that character may, perhaps, be said to represent the highest result attained by military training. That he was a great soldier in more than the potential sense we do not claim for him: no man can be great in spite of opportunity, and opportunity of great command he had not lived to know. Neither in him, as in many others of his calling, had the more abstract intellectual attributes received the last development of which they were susceptible. Nobler than this,

however, the sense of duty, of self-abnegation, self-sacrifice, had been cultivated to the highest pitch. For this is the loftiest lesson taught, the loftiest benefit conferred, by the profession of arms. And so, in a new calendar of later saints who were plain men, Wauchope might fitly take the place of Martin, called Christ's Soldier, because this lesson he had deeply conned, of its inspiration he had deeply drunk, and in the faith which springs of it he lived and moved a type and pattern for all soldiers. And till our swords and spears be turned at last to gentler use, there are few higher destinies. Thus, then, we sum him up. But the formula still leaves unaccounted for the initial kindness of his heart, the chivalrous aspiring nature which had marked him from a boy.

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Maj Gen.l A.G. Wauchope C.B., C.M.G.

Born. 5. 7. 1846.

~~Cornet~~

Midshipman. (HMS. St. George) 5. 11. 1860

Discharged at own request in
order to enter army. 3. 7. 1862

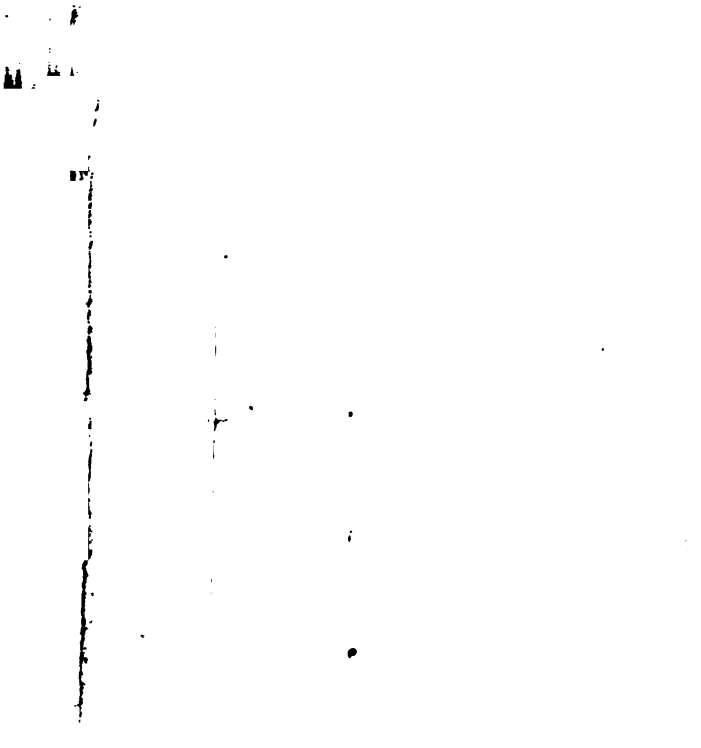
Ensign. 42nd. 21. 11 ..65

~~Capt. 42nd.~~ ~~11. 9. ..78.~~

Adjt. 42nd. 1870.

Ashantee Campaign
Wounded at Jarbinbah
& again severely at Bodaksu. 1873-1874.
Mentioned in despatches
Medal with clasp

Captain 42nd. 12. 9. 1878
C.M.G.
Commissioner Paphos, Cyprus 1878-1879
for which he received C.M.G. in Aug. 1880.



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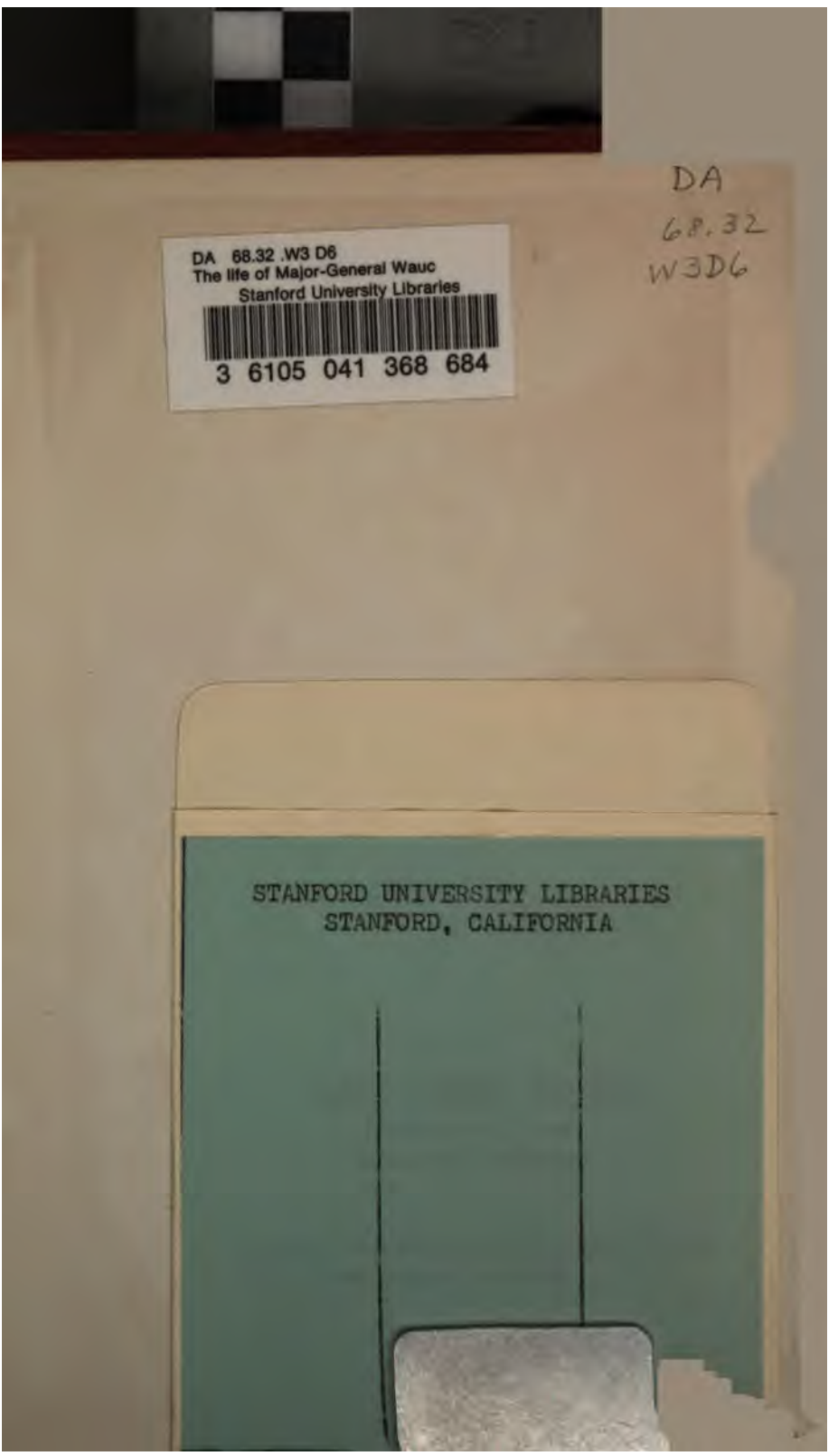
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